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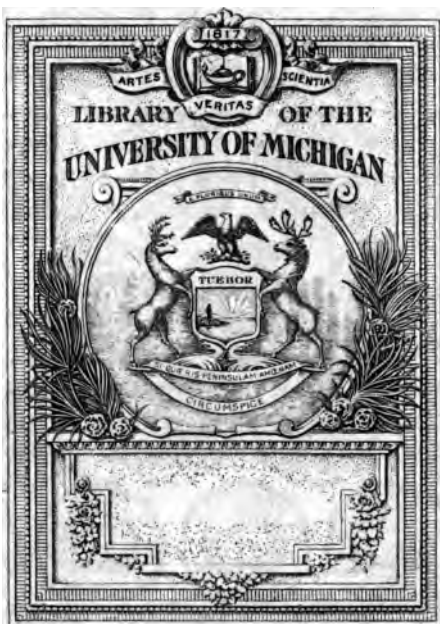
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PEASANT LIFE

IN

GERMANY.

BY

MISS ANNA C. JOHNSON,

Author of the "Iroquois," "Myrtle Wreath," etc., etc.



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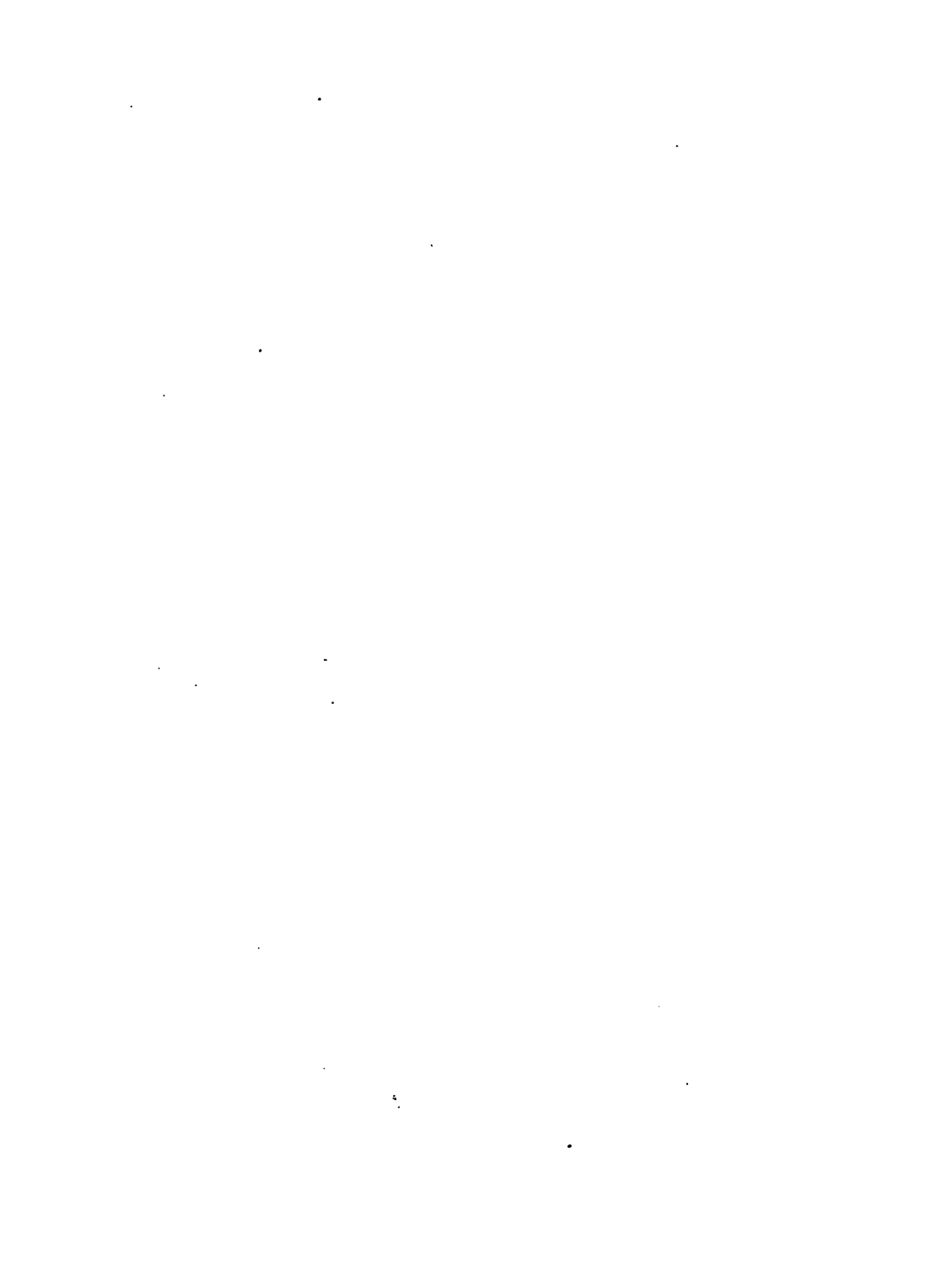
SAMUEL RICKER,

"CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FOR THE HANSEATIC
AND FREE CITIES OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION,"

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE GRATITUDE OF THE AUTHOR FOR THE PROTECTION AND
ASSISTANCE CORDIALLY AFFORDED IN ALL PLACES WITHIN HIS JURISDIC-
TION, AND FOR HIS COMMENDATORY INTRODUCTIONS TO OTHER CON-
SULAR AGENTS, WHICH SECURED FOR HER ALL THE OFFICIAL
AND FRIENDLY AID SHE NEEDED UPON A DIFFICULT MISSION
IN A-STRANGE LAND.



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PEASANT LIFE IN GERMANY.

INTRODUCTORY.

“To GERMANY !” “Yes, to Germany.” “And do you intend to write a book—to add another to the catalogue of stupid details of travelers’ experiences, telling how many times you lost your carpet-bag, how many lords, and dukes, and nobles you saw, and how many times they condescended to bow to you ; how far off you were permitted to stand to gaze at a princess, and how some stupid old baron permitted you to walk through his stables, provided you uncovered your head in the presence of his horses, and left not the dust of your republican feet on the threshold of his dog-kennel ?”

Yes, indeed, we intend to write a book, though not after that fashion. We do not intend to make it a copy of guide-books, as those have done who write as you portray, taking verbatim descriptions of castles from MURRAY and BOEDIKER ; talking of dinners in the palaces of dignitaries which they never ate ; going into ecstasies over cathedrals which they never entered, and enthusiastically expatiating upon pictures and marble figures, because they were executed by old masters, and which very likely they never saw. We intend to write a book, and you shall see that there are not only new things

to be seen under the sun, but new things to be said. We will describe the people—who have been passed by as if they were dogs, or worms to be trodden upon, because they bend their necks to the yoke of princes. We will tell you how they live in the cottages, for into these we shall certainly find admittance.

“The peasantry!” exclaims a fashionable young lady, “those stupid people, what can you tell about a blowzy old FRAU, making *Sauerkraut*?”

By this, we confess, our spirits were a little damped, but we still answered, “You shall see.”

Another exclaims, “Alone, what can you do traveling alone—and how are you to understand them? You do not speak the language, and in no two villages do they speak the same language.”

Alas! deeper and deeper did our heart sink at this. “Alone,” to be sure; but that we were in this humiliating position did not make us fear or tremble. We only thought of “what the world would say.” We were doing something unconventional, and might as well commit regicide. The language we did not know, but that we could learn. In spite of all this, we heard a voice, saying, “Go, and the Lord will prosper you.”

We came, dear reader, and if prosperity is any evidence that the Lord has been with us, we need not spend any more words to prove that we have *done well*, in departing from the beaten track of tourists, and departing from a certain conventional rule that would have doomed us to a life of idleness and uselessness, had we obeyed it, instead of obeying the voice of God in our soul.

Yet it was with a depression upon our spirits, not to be told

in words, that we found ourselves alone upon the deck of the great steamer, that bright, cloudless day, the 21st of March, 1857; and as one by one the cables are slipped, one by one the ropes are loosened, one by one the chains fall heavily, the anchor heaves and the good ship Hermann drops down the bay, we feel as if the chords of our heart were snapped, and every link that bound us to earth were severed, instead of a few threads torn asunder that connect us to our native land, and that will only be cemented all the stronger when we come back, with the love of home and friends and country increased a thousand-fold.

Yet we were not long alone. It was a gallant ship with a gallant captain,* as ever sailed the seas. We had none of the ordinary "sea voyage" experience. The vessel was like a lady's parlor for neatness; the discipline, we were told, was like that of a man-of-war, but so perfect we could not see any discipline at all. The company was as if the captain had invited a select few to spend a fortnight agreeably together, and all the way to Southampton was one long day of new and fresh delight. We enjoyed every moment the exhilaration which breathes in each word and line of Barry Cornwall's song :

" The sea, the sea, the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !"

being in all its variations a new world of beauty and glory and majesty.

We have always heard of the sailor's love for his ship and the mighty deep, and learned, if not to understand it, at least

* Captain Edward Higgins. The ship has since passed into other hands, and he has left the sea.

to wonder at it, for not in a year, or any number of years, had any cot upon the land so linked itself to our affections, or the communion of many months so bound our heart in holy sympathy and friendship, as these few days shut out from all the world beside, tossed in a frail bark upon the rolling waves.

Bremen was our destined port; and now came the pang, the sting for which there was no balm—a bitter cup which had in it no drop of sweetness. We learned for the first time the anguish of parting when we said *good bye* to ship and ship's companions, and found ourselves upon the little boat that was to take us lazily up the Weser. Not a word could we understand, to be sure, of the jargon that was jingling and grating upon our ears. "How can it be possible," we exclaimed, "when God made of one blood all nations under Heaven, that they can make themselves so different, not only in tongue and tint, but in all thought and action. In all that is within and all that is without, there is scarcely a human resemblance between the American and the German."

The first feature of the land, upon which our eyes rest, tells us of the transition from the new world to the old—the little mud-walled cottages, over which the grass has grown till they look like green mounds dotting the plain upon which they stand. Even the green is not the light, fresh green of an American meadow, but darker, and the stems more thickly set upon the sod. How much heavier the little fishing smack and the great net of the fishermen. How strangely the quaint little boats dot the borders of the stream, and how stiff and grim frown these old walls as we near the city. What narrow, dingy, crime and poverty nestling-places are these old streets. Yes, we are in the old world, where antiquity is the pride and boast,

Bremen is not renowned for art or for anything that attracts strangers to dwell long within its borders. Yet it is one of the most beautiful of German cities. After the French war, the ramparts were demolished, as they were also in Hamburg and Frankfort, and converted into beautiful promenades, for pleasure-loving throngs. The ditch was widened and filled with water, which is often renewed and kept fresh by pumps which connect it with the river, and running, as it does, in a winding way through the centre of the town, affords most delightful and refreshing retreats for those who will walk or rest at any hour of the day.

Our first exclamation is, How beautiful ! And as we wander about, whichever way we turn our eyes, there is something that strikingly evinces a love of that which gratifies the taste, and brings over the body and spirit a dreamy, languid sensuousness, instead of waking it up to thought and action. This is to be found and experienced everywhere, and to an American is peculiarly grateful, coming as he does from the excitement and whirl of the modern Babel, and wishing as he does for a little time to forget care and business, and revel in enjoyment. If we had traveled from city to city in this way, with no time or thought, or wish for anything but the beautiful, we should have returned as our countrymen do, to say, "Oh, that we could be like unto them !"

But our mission led us also among the contrasts to all these things. Alas ! what a gulf between the prince and peasant—the palace and cottage ! We have seen both, and have only one predecessor in this new field of observation which we have chosen. Twenty years ago, Howitt dwelt three years in a German village, and wrote of the rural life of the people. We have done the same, though upon a different plan, and pro-

fitting somewhat by his advice and experience, executed our task in a different way. We have dwelt a little while in many villages, instead of a long time in one, and having no house of our own, were obliged to dwell with them, night and day, and thus became initiated into their ways of thinking and living, as would be impossible in mere casual visits. Our readers will probably still wonder how we could learn all these things while the language was yet a sealed book. If they accompany us on the way, they will see that we were not only pleasantly, but *conventionally* attended—not a single mile did we go alone—spent not a day without the companionship that was both more agreeable and more profitable than that of any fashionable lady, whose silks and satins and fastidious tastes would have made her an object of aversion to the honest *Bauervolk*, and among whom she would not have thought it possible to live a day. No lady or gentleman could accompany us upon such a tour, and only one who would write a book would make the tour herself. But we found no difficulty in obtaining at any time a young girl who could speak German and English; and a peasant girl, whose mother tongue is the dialect of the illiterate, can better understand other dialects of the same class than one who speaks the language according to its grammatical construction. A young girl of this description could also obtain for me information which I could not obtain for myself, if I spoke every dialect, as she would immediately be admitted to their confidence. Other girls would tell her their secrets; and, being in her company, they do not distrust me. One, as will be seen, *made her luck* in this way. Among the peasantry, when a girl has obtained a lover and husband, it is called, *making her luck*. She is settled for life. When a man is refused, he *gets a basket* instead of a *mitten*, as with us. But

they add also, when accepted, he has a basket with a *whole bottom*. A great reproach it is, and very sheepish he looks, when it is whispered about, "he has had a basket *without a bottom*."

Sometimes when this has happened to some luckless swain, he finds upon the door-handle, or under his window, when he comes forth in the morning, an old basket, the foundations of which are entirely gone. And far off stand a group of mischievous young men and maidens, to *hoot*, when in a fit of passion he kicks it out of sight. A most unprepossessing specimen of humanity he must be who cannot find a *mate* in *Deutschland*,* where *to get married* is, more than anywhere else, the one thing hoped and the one thing needed.

As we said, our first and favorite companion *made her luck*, and we felt as if our own were lost forever. But the next, though entirely different, proved equally good and more intelligent. She left us for a convent, not to take the veil, but to educate herself for a teacher, whence we often have most amusing descriptions of the old monks and quaint little nuns, whose devoutness and sacrifices are to her only so many themes for merriment. "Oh, no," she says, "I will never be a nun;" she likes the gay world too well, and "chatting with the beaux."

Each change seemed at the time a calamity; but we found it, on the whole, good, as we were thus furnished with a variety in them, and had the benefit of the observations of different minds. Their freshness and originality were to us a constant wonder and diversion; and amidst the new things which they alone could understand and explain, we felt that they were

* Pronounced as if spelt *Doitchland*; we may often use the word, as it is the one universally heard for Germany, and has become very pleasant to our ears.

the superior beings to whom we must look up. But in this old world so distinct is rank, and so impressed is every class with the rights and privileges of its own position, that no degree of familiarity, or inherent superiority, leads any one to presume. They are ever conscious of the line which separates them from *born ladies*; however lady-like themselves, expect only the privileges of servants. Yet we have met with no born ladies more truly noble, or more intelligent, or whose society we so much enjoyed.

But we must not allow our king and castle-worshipping audience to suppose we have not "gazed with all the gazing town," at crowns and turrets. Royalty is not so exclusive in Germany as in France and England, and one may, in the course of the summer, see half of the German princes at watering places, in public gardens and galleries, where they go in and out, and live from day to day in the most unassuming manner. Our eyes have thus been gratified in beholding, in all their majesty, the King and Prince of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor and Empress *of all* the Russias, besides any number of grand dukes and inferior princes, and potentates without number. To their credit, we are able to say, they are not at all different from other people; but we cannot tell what effect it might have had upon our judgment, had we been honored by a bow or an invitation to dine. When Mrs. Trollope was in America she saw nothing but vulgarity and filth; in Germany she saw nothing but refinement and elegance; never looked lower than a castle tower; ate only at the tables of dignitaries, and traveled only in one grand cavalcade of rank and honor. We shall have to confess that we have had no such experience. We have traveled usually in third-class cars, according to the dictates of economy, and in order to see

in every possible light the people whom we wished to describe, and often found that far richer people did the same, though they will probably not confess it to their friends or put it in a book. Yet the third class is not less respectable than the first, and the *Bauersleute* are not less courteous than the *Vornehmenleute* (the nobility).

Our pleasure has not been less than others, in exploring ruins, and visiting battle-fields. Stupid, indeed, must be the mind that does not revel amid all those scenes so rich in historical associations. But we must have been infinitely more ignorant than most tourists when we came among them, for it has taken months of study, in connection with constant and persevering observation, to enable us to understand or appreciate them at all. How those manage who see and know all Europe in six months, we are not able to comprehend.

An English author says his countrymen and Americans have about as much appreciation of the fine arts as a New Zealander. For others we cannot say, but for ourselves, though capable of receiving the most exquisite pleasure from things of beauty, we should as soon think of employing our pen upon New Zealand, which we never saw, as upon the canvas and marble which we still may be in danger of almost worshipping; and most true do we find it, that all pens have been employed in vain, as far as conveying any just idea of what they attempted to describe. We have ventured to say what, we doubt not, will shock a great number of ears polite, and what we might not have ventured to say, had we not found among all the host of authors who bewail our indifference on these subjects, and our want of encouragement of this kind of talent, one to sustain us in a different view. Our diary was quite filled, our reflections all made, and our book half finished before we came across the

voluminous works of Laing, a Scotchman, occupying one of the highest offices of state, now three score years and ten, whose observations were made after the manner of our own, and many of them so word for word what we had ourselves written, that we were almost afraid to let it stand as original. But with full credit for many hints that were new, much valuable information, and a profound philosophy to which neither sex nor age would allow us to pretend, we are not a little gratified to be countenanced by such authority. We have said, and repeat it here, that this excessive patronage of the fine arts and sensuous indulgence, obtained by continual contemplation of this species of beauty, is relic and evidence of barbarism rather than superior civilization.

One of the young girls, who was long our companion, had lived in England three years, in a family of rank, and had acquired notions of refinement that perhaps amounted to fastidiousness. Before she went, she had been only among those in her own sphere of life, and knew not how those above her lived. We were constantly amused to hear her remarks upon the contrast in the manners of the people of the two countries, who could be considered on a level and mingle in the same drawing-room society.

"Oh," she exclaims, "these horrid dishes of sand and sawdust in every corner!"

"And do they not have those in England?"

"No; what disgusting, barbarous things among decent people!"

This led us to notice them more particularly, perhaps; but in every saloon, from the highest to the lowest, in every palace or picture-gallery, through the whole length and breadth of the land, we found in the most conspicuous corner the dish of saw-

dust, which is certainly a most incongruous *bas-relief* to a "Madonna," and reflects no holy light or softened shadow upon the "Transfiguration."

At a watering-place we were beyond endurance annoyed by the *staring*. If resting in some quiet nook, a troop of men would pass along and keep upon us one uninterrupted gaze, looking back over the shoulder, after having passed on.

"What are they who stare so?" we ask. "Do they belong to the rank of gentlemen, who are guilty of such rudeness?"

"Yes," she says, "in Germany it is always the gentlemen who stare; in other countries it is the gentlemen who do not."

Never, among the meanest and rudest in young America, did we see such impoliteness. Almost every day she would come in convulsed with laughter, because she had interrupted some gentleman at his observations through a key-hole, and in many rooms she found holes made with gimlets for the same purpose. She had been much in England with ladies at such places, and never once saw anything like it; and we are sure every room at Saratoga and Newport may be inspected, without such a discovery.

In England she lived in a noble family, as teacher of young children, where they kept thirty servants, and said she sat always at the table, and was in the drawing-room in the evening, introduced to all company, and treated as a young lady; but in the same position, in Germany, she would be a slave, and be treated like a cook.*

On leaving a picture-gallery one day, we asked of the lady

* For which we take her word, not knowing anything ourselves of the matter.

who accompanied us, if young girls were in the habit of frequenting such places.

"Why, yes; why not?"

"We had a doubt about the expediency of familiarizing them with such exhibitions."

"Oh, one never looks at such things," she replied.

But what, then, is the use of them? We thought wonderful works of art were for contemplation. What folly, to spend so much time and money to procure and place here what it is not considered decent to look at!

What the effect may be we are not quite sure; but of this we have had many proofs—that the ladies who live in the habitual contemplation of what in America would be condemned as obscene, are not purified thereby. We have sat stupefied by amazement to hear a mother, whose daughters were just budding into womanhood, talk of a *liaison*, without blushing, or thinking it was anything to blush for. She would even be quite willing her daughters should know it all. She hated her husband, and she loved her *paramour*; therefore there was no sin in her infidelity. We might in some degree have been able to comprehend this, though not to pardon, if she had not been a mother. But what more did she need to fill her heart, to employ all her energies, and make her supremely happy, than those young trusting ones, who came to her every day for the well of affection which was to them life and joy? Yet for them she had no love, for them she did not wish or care to live. When she could not revel in *his* caresses, there was nothing more for her in life. And this was the holy mother's love we hear so much about—a love which is thought to purify the most corrupt heart, and ennoble the most groveling spirit. Yet this same lady could make a little variation from conven-

tional rules a subject of eloquent condemnation, and talk of her faith in God and unshaken reliance upon his providence and mercy in a way to seem a saint.

We have been struck very often with the importance attached in different countries to conventionalities, affecting the freedom and deportment of women, and have found them require a course of conduct exactly opposite. In America, a woman cannot go to the opera or theatre without a gentleman—would not even be admitted to a respectable place. In Germany, if you go at an early hour, you will see the door surrounded by a crowd of *ladies* waiting to rush in the moment the lock is turned, and doing so in a manner scarcely less rude than the boys around the Bowery, in New York. A lady may go quite alone, or with a servant; but on no occasion with a gentleman, unless he be brother, husband, or betrothed. In both these cases the reputation of the woman is forfeited by a departure from conventional rules, yet in neither case has real propriety anything to do with the matter. In Europe, a lady may travel anywhere, any length of time, with a servant only. But what real protection is a servant, in the consideration upon which society bases the necessity? Not the least; and European ladies are seen everywhere attended by troops of servants, and living in such a way as not even to screen their reputations. American ladies may come with their children, and a mother with grown up daughters is entirely safe from scandal at home. Yet such a one has been obliged to leave a respectable house, because her rooms were too much frequented by officers in gay uniform. Yet there is no pleasanter way for a lady to see Europe than to take up her abode in some central city of Germany, and Frankfort is the most central and most accessible, making from there excursions to the watering-

places, to Italy, to Switzerland, as opportunity offers, and as strength and leisure allow. She can see more of Europe, with less expense, in this way, than in any other ; and where there is a minister or consul at all fit for his duties, he can at any time provide her with escort, obtain her board in a pleasant family, and afford her all the aid she needs in business matters, till acquaintances and friends have been made that make her feel as much at home in one land as in another. How many we know who might thus enjoy a year or two of travel, who stay at home because they think a gentleman, or a party, and ten thousand dollars necessary to a European tour. Two ladies, in company, may go anywhere, in the most agreeable and pleasant way, without the slightest difficulty, provided they know enough of the language to ask for what they want. A quiet, refined, and dignified woman needs no other protection in these days, and all the watching in the world never preserved a wicked or a vulgar one from sin or shame.

In this way we have traveled, and strewn our path with pleasant friendships and remembrances, experiencing very little that was disagreeable, and nothing to lead us to regret for a moment that we came. The skies of no land are ever cloudless; and the flowery walks of these luxuriant gardens are not quite free from thorns.

Had we published our note-book verbatim, it would have made three folio volumes; but we have only culled here and there what seemed to us most likely to illustrate the character of the people, and be most interesting to those in our own country who had never been in this. We have not thought it necessary at any time to say at what hour we rose in the morning, when we left one railroad station, or arrived at another ; how many carpet bags we took, or how many we lost. The

trials and tribulations of travelers had some interest in the days of knight-errantry ; but in these prosy times of steam and lightning the experiences of all are too much alike for any amount of genius or *bel esprit* to hope for the reader's attention to one's personal adventures. To our success in what we really undertook to do the succeeding pages must testify.

We may also add that we have not been a spy in the land. In any house we have entered, we have said frankly, we have come to study the manners and the customs of the people—to learn how you cook, how you wash, how you woo, and how you wed. All that you tell me I write and publish, and wish only the simple truth concerning the most simple every-day life. German housewives are so conscious of their celebrity, and so sure they excel all others in domestic virtues, that never once did we find the least hesitation in exhibiting to us garret and cellar, and initiating us into all the mysteries of *Braten*, *Suppe* or *Eingemachtes*.* We were infinitely amused to see how ignorant they took us to be because we were American, and authoress besides. They have always heard that American ladies did nothing but lounge in rocking-chairs ; and when, after elaborately explaining to us the various operations of sweeping, dusting and cooking, all done by servants, we have drawn a picture of some poor editor's or professor's family in America, where a lady with more Latin, and Greek, and mathematics in her head than they ever dreamed of, and more accomplishments than they think it either proper or possible to attain, with perhaps one, and perhaps no servant, washes, and irons, and bakes, makes all her children's clothes, and provides good dinners for her husband, with her own hands, they have stared as if we had told them some monstrous story of giant or goblin ; and could

* Roast, soup, and sweetmeats.

in nowise credit that it was possible for a lady to do su work. And still more did they stare when they actually saw an American lady sew and knit, make her own dresses, and trim her own bonnets ; half the time clean her own room, because the servants left it in no habitable condition ; and teach them to cook many things they never heard of before.

They have the idea not only that ladies in America know nothing of *great stacks of fine linen*, but that they have no linen at all. They have heard that a marriage *outfit* consists of two night-gowns, four *Hemden*,* three pairs of stockings, and twenty-four silk dresses ! We are afraid some of them do provide these things in this proportion ; but, on the whole, an American lady's wardrobe is more complete than a German lady's. We have never seen in Germany the long *robe de nuit*, now universal among English, French, and American ladies. The peasantry do not wear night-gowns or night-caps, though they wear white caps all day ; and the young ladies, when at their work don the coquettish little *Mütze*. But the *robe de nuit* is a short jacket of thick corded stuff, gathered into a belt behind, which ties in front. If they are very nice, they have also a three-cornered kerchief crossed over the bosom, and a coarse *Nachhemd*, made something like a gentleman's shirt. They pronounce the *robe de nuit* too warm, and very extravagant. They could not afford such fine dresses for night ; but in many cases we should have preferred to spend in this way the money which they devote to embroidery upon the bottom of their skirts and trimmings upon their street dresses.

There may be some among our readers who will think we descend to very insignificant things, and feel it almost necessary to blush over some pictures we have drawn of " life among the

* Chemise.

lowly," though they would have no scruple in standing hours before pictures which conventional rules make it proper to see, and study, and talk about, but from which they should be prompted instinctively to turn away in disgust.

There is nothing we so much wish to know as the daily life and habits of a people ; and the things which are disagreeable and painful, perhaps, to say, are those which most vividly portray the character. We have had no motive but to present what we saw, in a way to aid others in seeing what we have seen, and knowing what we have learned. If we had any prejudice when we came to Germany it was in favor of this country, to the disparagement of our own. We expected to see elegance and refinement in the people beyond anything we had dreamed ; and, as usual in such cases, our expectations have not been realized. The author who talks of the rawness of American society in comparison with German, could not have had his judgment formed among the elite of Boston, and the gentry of New England, to excel which, in all that is cultivated and high-bred in mind and manner, we have seen nothing in Europe ; and a very unnatural effect of causes it would be if the descendants of the families who settled in Massachusetts, Virginia, and Maryland—the nobility of England—had all degenerated into boors in a free country, where the means of improvement are more abundant than in any other, and each is at liberty to make what he pleases of himself, with the very highest incentives in the reward which is held out to all who become worthy. Besides which, every year sends among us the learned and accomplished of modern Europe. Is it to be supposed they immediately become clowns because they are on American soil ?

We have endeavored to avoid the fault so common, of judg-

ing all by a few, and ascribing to any great number the follies or vices by which we may, in a few instances, have been annoyed. Infinitely amused we have been to see from what examples we are judged. A gentleman remarks that he is astonished at the custom of American gentlemen in keeping on their hats when they enter a room. We answer, that this is not the custom. Why he has scarcely ever seen a gentleman take off his hat. But where has he been to form his judgment? He is a merchant, and has a large packing house, which is frequented by sea captains, and, perhaps, stewards, who enter on business, remaining only so long as business requires. But he was really happy to learn that there were gentlemen in America who knew enough to take off their hats on entering a saloon. We smiled as we thought of the honorable gentlemen of Harvard University, who, we are quite sure, as far as manners are concerned, would not be out of place in Potsdam!

We remarked to a lady concerning an American gentleman, that he was very accomplished and high bred. "Very different, then, from most American gentlemen," she remarked. "Where had she seen any?" Why, there used to come a man to their house, who was engaged in the shipping business, who seemed a very clever, good sort of person, but not much of a gentleman! This was the only American she had seen. What a liberal-minded woman! But the universal charge is, "Americans think of nothing but money, money," and they have repeated it till they forget entirely what it imports. A young man remarks, that he has just received a letter from a friend in New York, who is not at all contented; the people are so mercenary, he cannot find anything like friendship. We express our surprise in the utmost simplicity, remarking it is very strange, when there are more Germans there than

there are in his native city, that they should all be so immersed in the greed of gain, that he cannot find one who has time or thought for anything else ! He does not again look up, or speak. For ourselves, we have never seen *Grote* and *Kreutzer* magnified into quite so much importance as among these very critics, and we have met one German who says among first class American merchants there is a high-toned principle, and sterling reliable honesty, he has never found in any other country, be it English, French, or German. Of this we can be no judge.

In the same superficial way their judgment is formed concerning domestic life. Those who write, judge entirely by what they see in a few great hotels, which are filled with people who are in nowise the true representatives of any country. But American authors sometimes give very unjust impressions concerning their countrymen, and especially their countrywomen, because they have lived only in cities, and learn only the life of boarding-houses. With all due reverence, we are prompted also to say that gentlemen do not seem exactly qualified to describe domestic matters, and we cannot help thinking a man as much out of his sphere in the kitchen as a woman in the forum. Had we undertaken to write a history of the German Diet, we should expect it to be about as correct as a gentleman's history of the family life and housekeeping of his own or any other people. He would never be admitted to the kitchen at all, and must have marvelous courage to ask an entrance to the garret or cellar, and most likely sleeps in a lodging-house, and eats at restaurants, seeing, therefore, nothing of regular family routine, and learning nothing but what ladies tell him in the parlor. And one astonishes him, by saying she must leave the company to go and see to the

dinner. If he had accompanied her, he probably would have found all she did was to ask how it was going on. An American lady would probably have gone out upon some other pretence ; but there are not many families in New England where the ladies do not see to their dinners, and attend well to the ways of their household, it being quite as disgraceful not to do it as in Germany.

Another instance that strikes a gentleman as evidence of excellent housekeeping, is that the ladies make the coffee themselves, not being willing to trust it to a servant, and this is the reason why it is good, whilst in America it is never good. The reason it is good is, that it is made in a *biggin*, an article which is not so unusual here as there, though far from being unknown. The way the ladies make the coffee is this. The servant burns or roasts it in the kitchen in a rotary tin or sheet-iron oven, which she turns constantly till it is finished. When it is well roasted it is almost impossible to make bad coffee of it. She then grinds it in a movable machine which she sets upon the table, or holds in her lap. Then with a little copper tea-kettle of water, over a little brass furnace of coals, she carries it to the parlor, arranges the coffee-cups, and retires. The *biggin* is something in the form of a garden watering-pot, of tin or earthen. Within is inserted a smaller pot with two strainers. The lady puts a bit of white blotting-paper over the upper strainer, on which the coffee, allowing a large table spoonful to each person, is then placed, and the water poured till the small tin is full. She then takes her work, or book, or continues her conversation till this has drained through, when more water is added. This is all done according to rule, and requires no art and no labor. The apparatus stands on the table all the afternoon, and every one who calls is offered a cup of coffee,

and there is never an hour when coffee is not welcome to a German the same as tobacco.

The government prescribes the hours when windows must be washed, and door-steps swept, and if the *Madchen* lingers a moment beyond the time upon the last pane of glass, a policeman is seen to call before the day is out to demand the fine. This law is with reference to the comfort of those in the street, but it does not prohibit the wood Sawyer from performing his task before every door in the city, which is the most provoking of all inconveniences. One must walk as if he were treading a herring-bone ; one moment in danger of the saw, and in another of a cart, at all hours of the day, and in the most fashionable promenade.

There is not so much danger in saying of any custom, it is universal, in Germany, as in America. They have lived so long in the land, and the governments are so disposed to imitate each other in what concerns the people, that there is a great similarity in all things, which we shall be many years in attaining, with the constant influx from all nations with every possible variety of character, and a government that attempts scarcely the slightest control of individual action. They read of New York with its murders and rebellions, and think all America is in just that state, utterly unable to believe what we tell them of quiet old New England ; where there is not a policeman in hundreds of square miles, a crime scarcely heard of in half a century, and doors unlocked night and day. But when they talk to us of slavery, we are obliged to blush and hide our heads. Would that some ocean wave might wash it out forever ; and when they ask for our boasted freedom of speech amidst those disgraceful congressional rows, we know not what to say, except that those are by individuals, who have no

further power, and not by a king whose authority is unlimited.

With all our efforts to prevent it, we cannot be sure we have not made mistakes, though we have set down nothing which we have not seen, heard, or which did not come to us upon authority we could see no reason for doubting. We have sometimes felt a little bitter envy for a people who owe so much to America, which they will never acknowledge, and to hear nothing but reproaches against a country towards which they should feel only gratitude. They give the poor peasant the alternative, America or starvation, and when he arrives in a land of plenty, profess to feel the greatest sympathy and interest in his welfare, really fearing he is not looked upon with the honor and consideration he deserves. Very proud they are of the amount and influence of the German element in our Republic ; but it is only when they have increased and multiplied and prospered, as they always do, in other lands, that the peasantry are gratified with praise or affection from their own.

That the language was at first a strange tongue was an affliction ; but necessity compels to strange exertion, and we were not content until we were able to hear from their own lips their story, though we had many amusing adventures in the meantime. It happened to us once to be left for a day with only a village maiden, who could not speak a word of English ; we tried to make her understand that we wanted two bunches of grapes, which after a long time she said she quite comprehended, and departed to bring them. What was our amazement to see her return in due time with *two pint tumblers of hot gin punch* at ten o'clock in the forenoon ? We began to fear greatly for our reputation even in a land where this beverage would not be so reprehensible as in our own.

At another time, in a city, we were requested by a friend to call upon a German lady who had been in America, and whose name was Mrs. Weisman. We took the name and number and began our search. On asking in a grocery over which she was said to live, they knew no such person. At the opposite corner we saw two ladies at the window, and ventured in to ask if they could aid us. They said "Oh, yes ; and the maiden should show us the house." We were guided round two or three corners into a large court, and told to inquire within. We asked the first person we met if Frau Wiesman lived there, and she said yes, *oben* (above). We ascended one pair of stairs and at the top repeated the question to the maiden who appeared at the kitchen door to see who came, and she still answered *oben* ; so on we went, repeating the same at the next, still to hear, *oben* ; but consoling ourselves with the thought, that the roof of no German house reached quite to heaven. At the top, we met an old lady, who said "yes," to our question, and asked us in. Soon appeared a young girl, who asked, in order to be certain, whom we wished to see ; we still said Frau Wiesman. There was then some mysterious whispering, and they both went out, returning after a long absence to show us into another room. There we waited some time, when a gentleman entered and shut the door behind him. This is mysterious indeed, and we begin to think perilous. We say it is Frau Wiesman we wish to see, and he informs us that his wife is dead ! But he speaks English, and we are able to explain our position, and learn that the name has been given to us wrong ; the two little letters *i* and *e* have changed places for once to our great detriment. The name was Weisman, and when we went back to the grocery with this, it was not in vain.

A few such experiences are the best spur to the acquirement

of a language, and as we stop to listen to the mud-besmeared children in the street, over whose tongues and lips these horrible long angular words roll without choking, and hear the market women jabbering away in a speech, that seems to us like moving a mountain to attempt, we resolve to try, for what is possible to them must be possible to us. Our first reward was in reveling in the incomparable children's literature, in which Germany is so fruitful. It will be a good work when some one shall translate it, preserving its genuine spirit and simplicity, to take the place of the prosy stuff with which American children are obliged to be content. Our full reward is in talking with the people. We have learned to know them, and like them so well, that we consider it the best thing we can do for our country to encourage them to go. They are soon elevated by what they learn there, and there are many things we may learn of them. America has begun at the bottom—her glory is her government and the homes of her people. When she gets so far as to make the encouragement of art possible and proper, there will be for beauty and ornament a foundation which will present a *tout ensemble* without the incongruity which strikes one so painfully amid the tottering thrones and cheerless hovels of Europe. There is just now, a subscription throughout Germany, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Luther in that city, to commemorate his remonstrance against the unpalatable *diet of Worms*. A hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed, and the kings and princes are giving liberally. If the great reformer could speak, we are sure he would say, "Let the marble perish; but scatter the seeds of knowledge among the people." There came the other day a letter to the authorities, with a hundred dollars and these words: "For the monument at Worms, to Luther,

the great struggler for truth, knowledge, and freedom—but whose efforts were in vain for the people.

(Signed,) “A JEW, in Nuremberg.”

No marble is necessary to preserve the name of Luther, and though the work will employ an artist and a few workmen, it is not a productive industry, and only a few among the rich and traveled can look upon the statue, however ennobling may be the sight ; we should say first, build up these worm-eaten cottages, and supply these poor with the bread of life, and the bread of knowledge. Who needs to be told that Guttenberg invented the printing-press, and Luther translated the Bible ? How useless to engrave names upon marble that are engraved upon the hearts of every living soul. What a miserable farce to do it—when the printed page of every book is so costly that not one in a hundred cottages is blessed with a ray of the light, which emanated from these glorious minds. A monument to Luther, generously encouraged by the king of Prussia, who does not allow his people, on pain of punishment and fine, to worship in the simple manner which Luther thought meet ! A monument to Guttenberg, in a land where a poor colporteur is not allowed to pass the custom-house without being detained a day, perhaps a week, that the Government censor may inspect every line he distributes ! A bronze horse with a grim rider, to preserve the memory of some young chieftain is more consistent. But the best way to honor him who translated the Bible, and him who made it possible to print it, is to give to the people the fruits of their labors.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—GOING TO CHURCH—SUNDAY PIC-NIC— AMUSEMENTS—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Our book will partake something of the character of our mind during the time we were gathering together the fragments of which it is composed. For many weeks we could do nothing but stare wildly around, so bewildered where all was new and strange, that we were not capable of rightly seeing anything, or comparing one thing with another. One tells us we must go here, and another tells us we must go there ; one we must see this, and another we must see that. And knowing nothing ourselves, we follow this advice, feeling all the time as if we were in an opiate dream, or perhaps gazing upon a diorama. We were still in the world and among human beings, but saw them all in such different occupations and so differently arranged, that we could hardly believe we had not been transferred to the moon, or at least to some unknown planet.

We must go to church, of course, and see how people worship God in a strange land, and enter one of these grand old cathedrals, founded by Charlemagne (it is marvelous how many there are in Germany boasting the same honor), with the richly-stained windows, and the great organ as large as a New England meeting-house. The service is Lutheran, and the clergymen of this denomination, though wearing gowns, perform their toilet at home instead of having a looking-glass and

dressing-table behind the pulpit. They are seen walking through the streets in full canonicals, and preach, and sing, and pray, in the same dress. The women of the congregation do not seem to be governed at all by Paul's instructions in the matter of "proper attire," but sit in church with "uncovered heads," not seeming to think with the apostle, that "it is a shame," and the men stand, half of them, with their hats on, removing and replacing them to suit their convenience.

We stare about, and think how funny! The floors are uncarpeted, and the seats uncushioned; and yet before our eyes are long rows of saints and beatified men, that we presume are rare and costly works of art, upon which we ought to gaze with profound admiration, but we have not yet learned this species of homage.

The choir consists of some thirty or forty little boys and girls in uniform—the former in blue jackets, with bright yellow collar and cuffs; and the latter in black gowns, with white, three-cornered kerchiefs crossed in front, and long white aprons. A pretty sight. Besides these, the whole congregation join in the singing. The sermon we cannot understand, except that it is about the blessedness of freedom. After this comes the holy communion, to partake of which all must be dressed in black, each one going to the altar to receive it at the clergyman's hands.

A large portion of the congregation were soldiers in military array, present according to the requisitions of government. On leaving the church, they assemble upon the parade ground, and two hours are spent in the evolutions which perfect them in the science of killing as many people as possible with the least expense and trouble. This is Sunday, and this a regular Sabbath exhibition.

After dinner we are invited to ride ; and without definitely understanding where or for what purpose, except that it is in the country, where we wish especially to go, we accept the invitation. At three o'clock there comes to the door a big wagon, so long and broad that it will hold twenty people ; and as we descend to take our seat in it, we are greeted by a little group of merry-hearted maidens, and find it is an excursion. There are eight gentlemen and eight ladies, with an elderly lady to matronize, as there must always be on such an occasion in Germany. Our road is through a succession of green fields and luxuriant gardens, dotted by farmhouses and peasant cots, and is itself bordered the whole length of the way by the oak, and elm, and linden, till we reach an open *Platz* in a wood, where are tables and benches to rest and lunch. A little back is the domicile of the owner of this pleasant domain, and after walking about a little, we enter the great door, and find ourselves in the great hall of a *well-to-do* northern German farmer. It is so large that one is instantly reminded of an immense barn in New England, and is no more finished than many we have seen, but yet has a sort of baronial grandeur, and exhibits the same ideas of architecture as the palaces and castles, the most elegant of which are reached by halls and staircases of the rudest description. On one side are the stalls for the cows, whose horns we see above the sliding-board, which is raised and lowered as becomes necessary in feeding and cleaning them. They are munching their hay, and look in the thrifty condition of cows which are kept for the purpose of the greatest possible productiveness to the owner. On the other side of the hall, but not opening directly into it, are the pantries and storehouses for the household, at the end of which is the kitchen. It is very small for so big a house, and the

stove occupies the whole length of one side, being at least from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and bearing a little resemblance to the modern range, being only about two feet in height. The cooking utensils are arranged around the sides of the room, and, engaged in the preparation of the various boils, and bakes, and stews, are half a dozen women, looking in no respect different from all women under the same circumstances—"hot and greasy and blowsy!" and we are reminded of the remark of the fashionable young lady, and begin to ask'ourself what we are to say to interest our readers about a blowsy old *Frau* making *Sauerkraut*, or frying ham. But we will see. In one corner of the great hall, upon hooks fastened in the beams overhead, are some thirty or forty great hams, "hanging up to dry." In another corner, upon the floor, is a hen-coop, and the roost for favorite fowls is *oben* (over). Yet there is an airy, healthful, cheerful look and flavor, which gives one the feeling of being in the midst of the utmost plenty and perfection of comfort. In the storeroom are butter golden-hued, cheese, pans of milk, great loaves of rye bread two feet long and half as thick. The *earthen-ware* is the common white of American kitchens, with not so great a variety of articles, as the number of dishes served on any occasion is by no means so great as in a farmer's house in New England.

But we have not yet seen half the house. Running the whole width, forming with the first-mentioned apartments a cross, is another hall, quite as spacious as the first, and more finished. There are comfortable-looking sofas and tables for convenience in winter and rainy days, and the whole length of the hall, doors opening into smaller rooms for sitting and sleeping, with painted wooden chairs and little earthen ornaments

upon the mantel-shelves and tables. All is clean and sweet, *gastfrei* (hospitable) as one need to wish.

There is no public road within nearly half a mile, but here and there shady avenues leading to the highway ; and as far as we are able to walk in every direction, fields of oats, rye, and barley ; a large garden as neat as wax-work, where the rows of beets, onions, carrots, and cabbages stand in such juxtaposition as would be considered death instead of life to them in America, and yet exhibiting such vigor and consciousness of their worth as we never saw in "garden sauce" before.

Our party have come to enjoy themselves, where it is not necessary to dress or play the court lady ; and having taken a general view of the premises, we seat ourselves under a clump of spreading oaks, when a consultation is held concerning what shall be ordered for our refreshment. In consequence, appear directly six bottles of beer, eight tumblers of milk, and a pot of coffee with milk and sugar thereto. As often as twenty times a day, ever since we have been in Germany, we have found ourselves exclaiming, "how funny!" and here we add, what would our good friends in America say to such a sight as this ?

When all have eaten and drunk they dispose themselves for amusement. The first play is something like what we remember to have heard called *tag*, when a child ; each stands by a tree, and one in the centre will try to find himself a place as the others run from tree to tree, and they try to change places so quickly that it shall be impossible. Afterwards comes "blind Jacob." One being blinded and standing in the centre of a ring, endeavors to recognize the others, who keep moving round to bewilder him as much as possible. When weary with play they take another glass of beer or cup of coffee,

and then walk, during all the time so merry, so perfectly like children in their sport, that if our eyes were shut we should suppose they were from five to ten instead of from fifteen to twenty years of age. At other tables and in other openings of the wood are a dozen parties of the same or different descriptions, and the air is filled with the echoes of their happy voices. They are not rude ; there is no vulgar familiarity ; they are only merry ; the exuberance of their spirits, like the foam of the beer, as impossible to repress, and, as it seems to us, as harmless. There are also troops of children skipping and hopping and rolling on the grass, while swinging and sec-sawing and various games employ the boys and girls.

Before we go we have supper, which is not less *funny* than the lunch. Before each person is set a plate, knife and fork, and pewter spoon, the viands being a large dish piled with slices of raw ham, which is a favorite article of food in Germany, and which they eat cut in little *junks* and placed between slices of rye or black *Bitterbrod*. This we cannot swallow. But what is this in brown earthen pans, holding about two quarts, and given one to every two persons ? Bonny-clabber, covered with powdered sugar and cinnamon—a delicacy well known and duly appreciated in the southern States of America, but not at the North. Oh, yes ; we can relish this very well, provided our dish is shared with a relishable person. Each takes a table-spoon, and placing the pan between, they dip alternately and smack their lips as if it were custard, and we are quite willing to pronounce it very good. After this we drink a glass of fresh milk, then follows a dance on the green, in which the old lady joins, and we are ready to return to the city. On the way they sing, in a more softened strain, being weary and influenced by the creeping shadows and the

"Moon-beams' misty light."

And at eleven we are again upon the rattling pavements, and among the dingy walls of the town.

On the way we have noticed that the great hall in many houses is filled with dancers and crowded, while the smoke of cigars converts the atmosphere into poison, and beer is slopped all about. Yet the external arrangements indicate a taste and love of beauty such as with us is only seen around some gentleman's villa. The trees, perhaps, will be placed to have the effect of pillars, wreathed with vines, and blooming with flowers. We have seen one where the house was entirely covered with bark, the portico supported by trees as they were cut from the forest, a long verandah and little booths here and there in the garden, in the same style, and the whole so variegated with green and gold and scarlet that one might think it the abode of fairies. What a desecration it seemed of such a place as we looked within. And it is this incongruity, this want of harmony at which we have marveled everywhere. We pass on, though not as quickly as our pen, and as we go farther south it becomes infinitely more surprising.

In Hanover and Cassel, when we enter the doors of the people of rank, we can think of nothing but a livery stable. The ground-floor is earth, in a great open place like a shed ; the stairs are of rough boards, and when you get to the top of each flight, the first object is the *water-closet*, with no accessible water, and the next door is that of the kitchen, so arranged that we cannot understand how human beings can think of eating and living there for a single day. The way tourists see all these towns is to leave their baggage at the depots, which are now the finest in the world, take a carriage and ride from one gallery or museum to another, drive through the kingly parks,

looking in at the zoological gardens, visit the *Wilhelm's Höhe*, which is a magnificent fountain in front of the palace of the Elector of Hesse, and only surpassed by that at Versailles, and, dazzled and bewildered by so much that is grand and all open to the public, they think—

“How beautiful to dwell among princes.”

But whilst we are writing, there passes a little group in the street, that reminds us that there are others than princes amid all this glory. “We hear the voice of singing,” and looking out, we see a company of boys arranged rank and file marching out of the city. When they are just without the gates, the foremost cries “*halt*,” and turning around, he uncorks the bottle which he has before held high in the air, with a cotton bandanna tied to the neck for a flag, and drinks to the health of his companions. A glass is then passed from one to the other, and when all have drunk they sing another song and proceed on their way. The leader of the little band was a journeyman shoemaker, who had just finished his apprenticeship, and now commenced his wanderings through all the fatherland to perfect himself in his trade.* He cannot *set up* on his own account, till he has passed through this experience, and when he goes forth, his brother apprentices accompany him a little while on the way. They try to make it a joyous occasion, and while they are merry with wine and singing, cheer the heart of the lone wanderer, who soon enough becomes sad in prospect of his long exile, poverty, and friendlessness, from which there is no escape.

But with more pity do we look upon the women who come

* The details concerning laws and customs in relation to mechanics will be given elsewhere.

into town from the surrounding country, bent almost to the earth with their great packs ; the most forlorn, poverty-stricken looking beings we ever beheld. Their husbands and brothers are soldiers, those fine-dressed, smart-looking troops, of which the Prince of Hesse Cassel is so proud, though he is not kind enough to allow a soldier or officer to acquire any great degree of prosperity. If an officer is *stationed*, and of so high a rank as to allow him to marry, and has the means, it has often happened that when the prince passed his residence, and observed a nice garden, and an appearance of thrift and happiness, he has immediately changed his quarters, and for no reason than because his sour nature cannot bear to see others happy. Alas ! he has been soured by a guilty conscience, and should serve as a warning even to princes, that injustice and vice bring their own punishment. From his people we have never heard a word but " curses be upon his head," for only curses has he heaped upon theirs.

Again, we ask ourselves, what are we to say about these woe-stricken women ? digging the earth, ploughing, hoeing and driving carts, reminding us of those of only a little darker hue that we have seen on southern plantations. Alas ! in some other respects they resembled them—in their deep degradation. One who has lived here long, and mingled with them in a way to know, says they are bought and sold every day, not at public but private auction, and the trifling sum for which they may be had, proves how wretched must be their poverty ; and it has come to our knowledge, that one had parted with all she possessed, and set out for America. At the custom-house she was detained, under the pretence that her passport was not correct, or her trunk contained something contraband, and day after day put off, harassed, and insulted by the highest official of

the government at that station, till there was nothing more for her, a helpless, friendless maiden, but to become the victim of the man of power, and instead of going to a land of freedom, to better and elevate her condition, to go down to death. We know the remainder of her story, but it is too dark for our pages.

As we see them by the road-side, in the fields, and at the market, we can hardly believe they are women. More and more are we bewildered as we pass on.

But here is at least a curious contrast to the preceding, in the same office, and perhaps, not less illustrative of the parental care of government ! It is the custom in many parts of Germany, after the wedding ceremony is over, for the brother of the bride to prepare a full *trousseau* for a very different personage, a very insignificant little creature, who it is hoped will soon be in want of it. A box of such paraphernalia was to be sent across the Prussian border, and because the articles were all new each must be paid for separately. So here, in a government office, on a great table, surrounded by government officials, are spread out such a variety of bibs and tuckers, and of such rare beauty, as we have never before seen. Each little frock, apron, ruffle and band is taken up by the great rough hands, that one fears will annihilate them, and each recorded in a great book, which we presume goes to the inspection of the State Treasurer. Upon one article our own eyes are riveted, the christening dress, a robe some two yards in length and width, of the richest embroidery, lined with white satin, and ornamented with countless bows. What a beautiful and costly article for a baby ! When the examination is finished, they are replaced, the box is nailed, the required seal and certificate given, and it goes on its way rejoicing.

At the watering-places the peasantry are in their gala dresses, and in such employments that they keep fresh, and bright, and gay ; and, had we seen them nowhere else, we might have received the impression that they were the handsomest and the happiest among the people. At the *Brunnen* they dip the water, and in the shops they sell the wares, and for these offices there must be great pains taken to select the fairest and the most attractive, for it is seldom we meet one whose cheeks are not blooming and whose eyes are not sparkling.

At Homburg the spring is a bubbling fountain, like that of Congress Spring at Saratoga, and having nearly the same analysis. But all the arrangements are infinitely superior for the comfort of visitors. The platform upon which we stand is of red stone, very porous, arranged in mosaic. Those without are separated from those within by an iron railing, painted green. The tumblers are of the beautiful Bohemian glass, of every variety of color, and arranged upon long, neatly painted and grooved benches, upon which also stands a tub of clean water in which they are rinsed every time they are used. Four, six, eight girls, according to the season, dip the water by taking three tumblers by the handles in each hand, and filling them without slopping, and supplying those in waiting so fast that there is no crowd and no jostling and impatience. Their dress is black, or dark grey, home-made woolen cloth, the bodice in many folds, and fitting closely, the skirt full, with innumerable little plaits, and reaching a little below the knee. The sleeve is short and narrow, but below it comes the snow-white chemise, the fullness gathered into a band. The hair hangs in long braids down the back, fastened at the end by a clasp, but upon the top of the head is a little coquetish cap, upon the breast a gold or silver brooch, and high-heeled shoes upon the feet. One need not say

that water, ever bright and sparkling water, is more refreshing from the hands of such dippers. They are to be met upon the piazzas of the hotels, in the walks, in all places where one may possibly need attention. To make beautiful and attractive all that is to meet the public eye is the rule here as elsewhere, and beautiful indeed are the grounds where the public congregate. After dinner, all the world comes forth in full dress to promenade in the park, where there are seats for two or three thousand people, a band in full play, verandahs, shady walks, cozy nooks, and every possible convenience for health, pleasure, and comfort. Here are little tables upon which coffee, wine, and creams are served, instead of retiring to the hotels, to eat in crowded rooms; and the taste with which little mounds are covered with flowers, and a circular platz in the greensward bordered with roses, pyramids wreathed with vines, old walls made new, and new walls made old with creeping ivy, bids one marvel at every step, and marvel still more when they see the simplicity and rudeness of the daily home-life of these same people.

Farther south, at Wiesbaden, Baden, Wilbad, Carlsbad, and Gastein, we see the peasants in a greater variety of costume, as they come from many different districts, with what they make themselves, or to sell what others have made; and behind the rows of glass cases, extending for half a mile along the piazzas, they are standing, their forms in bright colors that can be seen afar off, and their faces in bright smiles that tempt all who come near to linger, and often, perhaps, to buy what they take only to please the charmer. It is related that, not half a century since, a margrave of Baden met in his walks a peasant girl selling fruit, whose marvelous beauty was like enchantment, and to whom the promises and flatteries of a prince proved

irresistible. In a neighboring city may be seen the castle which he built for her, surrounded by the beautiful estate which he gave her, and where, with the titles which he bestowed, she lived like a princess, the mistress of his affections and partaker of all he possessed that he was free to give. How far these made her happy we do not know, but during his life she experienced no diminution of his love.

Graceful and elegant as is Parisian costume, there seems to be something peculiarly becoming and attractive in these quaint relics of the olden time that makes one almost wish to adopt it ; yet, were it universal, it might lose its charm. But true it is that the present *mode* must be rich and elegant, in order to be beautiful, and upon those who can only afford in a slight degree to follow the fashion, it is almost hideous.

It is a proverb among the peasantry that "all should be homespun and home made which the *Bauermann* wears." It is observable, also, that more sober colors obtain in the north than in the south of Germany, though by some this is said to mark the difference between the Protestant and Catholic. We are inclined to think it is the climate only, as bright colors are again favorites in Norway and Sweden, and the temperate zone seems to betoken not only softened hues, but freedom from extremes in all things.

When a peculiar dress has been worn for centuries by a people living in the same valleys and roaming the same hills, it gives a character to them and their country, and clothes each with an interest without which we might scarcely remember to distinguish them. The Tyrolese once seen among his mountains is never forgotten—his leather small-clothes and long stockings, his broad girdle and suspenders over the bright red vest, the short jacket and large round hat, with wide ribbon ; or,

deep in some valley, the green or yellow straw hat, green vest and dazzling white shirt-sleeves, black neckerchief, and blue stockings; or, upon another mountain, the high sugarloaf-crowned hat, the short, full coat, dark vest, and wide leathern girdle, ornamented with feathers. There are a manliness, a stateliness, and courtly dignity about the genuine Tyrolese of the mountain that are seen among no other German peasantry, and there is a true nobility of character to correspond.

A troop of Bohemian girls among the shadows of the forest is still more picturesque; their skirts of the brightest carmine red, reaching a little below the knee, not to conceal the snowy stocking and silver-buckled shoe. Around their head is a turban of one bright or many colors, leaving unconfined only a few plaits of hair upon each temple. The little jacket reaches not quite to the hips, and wide open in front and low in the neck, to allow the snowy chemise to show to full advantage, coming, as it does, in full gathers to the neck, where it is fastened by a bright red ribbon or silk handkerchief. Beneath the jacket is a bodice covering only a small part of the back and bosom, but richly ornamented. Their lovers are in black leathern small clothes, and white stockings, or blue stockings and half boots, a red, or blue, or yellow silk vest, and bright carmine neckerchief. Before they are bent and browned by toil, there is something in their movements of the Eastern Princess and the beauty of the heroine of Lalla Rookh. There are a softness of voice and liveness of limb, that tell us their fathers were wanderers in another land, where they toiled not neither did they spin, and no degree of cold or hardship for centuries has destroyed their sportive gaiety, nor the fawn-like grace which characterizes the daughters of sunny climes.

But we are not content with this superficial and desultory

manner of observation and reflection. We must enter the homes and get at the hearts of the people. We must glance back a little through the vista of the past, and if there is anything to tell us, learn something of the whys and wherefores of all these strange things. We cannot think our readers will be unwilling to accompany us for a little time, as ours only will be the labor, and to them the fruit, and as flowery as possible we will make the thorny path of knowledge !

CHAPTER II.

UNITY, LIBERTY, AND SLAVERY.

CONTEMPORARY with Charlemagne, who was the first king to be entitled "His Majesty," were Alfred the Great of England, Harold Haarfager of Norway, Eric of Sweden, and Gorm of Denmark, whose lives were devoted to accomplishing the same end—that of reducing a hundred petty kingdoms to one, and extending law, religion, and the protection of one great power over the whole—to make of many small and weak principalities one great nation, united in all interests of war and peace.

With all the others this plan was successful, and the kingdoms they founded, or rather the nations they formed, remain to this day, cemented only the more strongly by centuries of mutual defence of the same soil, rights and privileges. But that of Charlemagne fell asunder almost as soon as it was released from his grasp, and there has never been found a tie that could unite together the different states of Germany in permanent brotherhood. While having the same origin, and speaking the same language, and lying contiguously, they are as distinct and almost as antagonistical as France and Russia. To unite them as one kingdom, or after the manner of America, by a federal constitution, has been the dream of poets—the policy of statesmen, and the attempt of all, in vain.

We see in all the German States, among a great mass of the people, the love of liberty and restlessness in bonds, which characterizes all northern nations ; but though there are revolutions and valiant struggles, after a little while they settle back into the old order of things, and dream on as before. There is lacking some essential element of unity, either in themselves as a people, or the physical construction of the country, and the nature of this element has been for half a century the speculation of philosophers and politicians, without resulting in any conclusion that promises peace to poor turbulent Germany.

But why should there be now and then a free city, and here and there a little strip or tract of land, where the people have attained to a measure of freedom, while those living upon another strip or tract, not fifty miles distant, remain for centuries in bonds. We have found in the "Notes of a Traveler" * many curious speculations upon this as well as other subjects, and as his reasonings and inferences seem also plausible, as well as interesting, we shall avail ourselves of them.

"Liberty," says the author, "will be found, however oppressed, to sit in some shape upon the sea-side and river bank." And as we look around, we find these free states and cities lifting up their heads where the sea, or the lake, or the river will aid them in bidding defiance to invaders. Upon the northern coast we do not find the traces of the feudal castles or feudal institutions that are scattered over all the hills and valleys of the interior. Neither do we find there relics which tell of the Roman legions—the conquering army of Julius Cæsar. If we look along upon the banks of the rivers that empty into

* By Samuel Laing.

the North Sea and the Baltic, we see institutions and results of industry that betoken a different people from those further south. A great proportion of the land was once sand, and mud, and marshes, yielding nothing, and fit for nothing, till drained and renewed. To accomplish this required not only energy and persevering toil, but interest and enthusiasm in the work, such as men will not feel unless it is for themselves. If they could look forward to a sure reward in land which was to be theirs and their children's, no expenditure was too great of time, or strength, or money ; but slaves would not toil thus for a master. Those who accomplished these things must have been lords of the soil, as we know they were. On the sea-coast of Holland, Flanders, and Friesland, and about the mouths of the rivers which water these countries—the Scheldt, Maase, Rhine, Ems, Weser, Elbe, and Eyder, the land has from earliest times been owned by peasant proprietors, instead of a few lords and barons, to whom the people were subject ; and in no other way could these coasts have been defended but by the owners of the soil.

The little spot called ANGELN, lying between the North Sea and the Baltic, the river Eyder, and the muddy Schley, was the home of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and by many said to be the birth-place of the freedom of the world. They were almost surrounded by water, and were necessarily a seafaring people, with a life that requires and creates in those who follow it peculiar virtues—courage, boldness, self-reliance, energy, and independence.

But England was also an island ; and the ancient Britons were a brave and fearless race, whom the Romans had never succeeded in subjugating ; and it is not at all proved that they yielded to the little band of adventurers who came to them from

across the Channel. And if they did they were too few to people the whole island ; and there is no record of their having brought with them their wives and children. They must have incorporated themselves with the inhabitants they found there ; and when afterwards they were themselves subdued by the Danes, and then by the Normans, there followed the same result. So that those who would claim to be kin of the liberty-loving children of England and America, because they are born on the same side of the Channel as that little band of Saxons, may still lack some very important ingredients to give them the same combination of virtues. Neither English nor American blood is all Saxon. And brave and fearless conquerors as they were, the Danes and the Normans were not less so ; and there must be a mingling of the blood of four of these indomitable races in the veins of all the sons of England, after the tenth century.

Yet those who are born on the same side of the Channel exhibit natures as different as if mountains and seas divided them. Those of the same language are not always the same people ; for while this is retained, other circumstances may so modify and change them, that there is no resemblance or bond of sympathy, as we often see happen in members of the same family.

The different lives which those live upon the coast have made them a different people from those in the interior. They are independent and self-reliant where the others are almost abject. Under whatever form of government they have lived, those at the north have always retained the right of managing their own private and social affairs. In Schleswig and Holstein, in the districts of Eyderstad and Ditmersh, though belonging to the autocratic government of Denmark, the people choose their

own inferior officers, and submit to no dictation in matters which concern their interest alone ; and only one estate is held by noblemen in the whole tract from the Eyder to the Elbe. In a few other districts in Germany the land has been always held by peasant proprietors. In Westphalia, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Tyrol, Lombardy, and Tuscany ; and in all these States the whole nation is as different from those which have been ruled by feudal tyrants, as any nations whose languages have not a single word in common.

The picturesque part of the Rhine, with its castle-crowned hills, lies between Mayence and Cologne ; and here, in every valley and upon every green slope, we find traces of the Roman invasion, as well as the strongholds of feudal lords ; and these are seen, in every place, the one to have followed the other. The Romans could not subject the seafaring men of the north, and barons could not convert them into serfs.

We find also the language as much affected as the habits of the people by their invaders ; and in Holland, Friesland, and all the country bordering on the coast and the estuaries, called " Lower Germany," there are no *Latinisms* to betray their subjugation, no innovations upon their strong mother tongue. We often hear " low Dutch " and " low German " spoken of with great contempt ; and if being different from " high German " entitles them to reproach, they certainly deserve it. The language of literature can scarcely be understood by those who know only the language of conversation, and *vice versâ*. To understand German, one must speak twenty languages. Latin was the language of the Church and all literature, from the fourth century to the Reformation, and engrafted its peculiarities upon the languages of the people among whom the Romans obtained any permanent footing. " Low German " and Dutch, and the

dialect of many districts, have not the distinction of cases and genders in nouns and articles, and many other peculiarities which characterize the language of books, and that used by educated people. We have often wondered what could be the standard of "pure German;" for the people of no city or town will allow that the people of any other city or town speak "pure German;" those being only two hours' distant from each other pretend not to be able to understand what the others say, they use so bad German.

To own the land, "be lord of the soil" upon which he walks and sleeps, seems to be the universal desire of man, and when the choice is given him, he will prefer to be poor upon the land he calls his own, than rich upon that owned by another. Many of the great convulsions in the old world, have been to abolish serfdom, and give to the peasant a right in a bit of earth, however small. All over Europe, except in Great Britain, this great change has been, for the last half century, gradually coming about. In France, this was the cause of the Revolution, and in Prussia, the king granted voluntarily what was demanded in vain of the Bourbons, and what the people, therefore, took by force. Yet the quiet revolution of Prussia was in consequence of the bloody revolution of France.

When Bonaparte swept over the land, there was experienced the want of the unanimity and enthusiasm among the masses, necessary to any efficient resistance and defence. Baron Stein, who was then prime minister of Frederick William III., suggested that if the people owned the soil they would more willingly defend it, and to save it from being trampled by a French army it must be done at any sacrifice. So it was decreed, and that which had cost France millions of treasure and rivers of blood, was accomplished in Prussia and other

German States by the simple mandate of the king, and this was his reward—the enthusiasm of the fatherland awoke, and the peasantry went forth as one man to drive the invaders across the border. But when the great occasion which called them out was passed, they were no longer a united people, and felt no more interest in their neighbors than in those of any other name and country. Each returned to his home a unit; glorying, perhaps, in deliverance from a foreign foe and rejoicing to be free from foreign invasion, but for all civil purposes preferring to stand alone. (*See Appendix A.*)

The first step towards giving freedom to the German serf, was taken in 1807, and the first edict dated October 9th; but not till 1810 was their freedom secured, and not till 1821 was every vestige of this ignominious bondage removed.

Under the feudal “system,” the land was possessed by a class of nobles who held the peasants on their estates as serfs, or *leibeigen* people. The peasant worked every day, or a certain number of days every week, on the farm of the proprietor, and had a hut to live in, and a spot of land to cultivate for his own subsistence in spare hours. Another class of peasants, a little above these, held a larger occupancy of land, for which they paid certain fixed services, of carts, horses, and ploughs, to the proprietor, and certain payments in the crops they raised. These payments being of old standing, and fixed by usage at the highest rate to which they could safely or profitably be raised, were of the nature of *quit-rents*, or *free duties*, though not in general established by writings or charters.

There were *tacksmen* or *middlemen*, who took on lease a district or barony, with its village and peasants, from the noble or proprietor, paid him a money rent, and gathered in, and

turned to account the labor, services, payments, and whatever they could make out of the peasantry leased to them, and farmed the demesne lands of the estate with the labor of the serf and services of the other peasants. The same system existed in the north of Scotland, until a late period.

The nobles alone, in the greater part of Germany, could hold and purchase land that was free from such servitudes. The *peasant holdings*, or *feud lands*, held under services, often of a personal and even a degrading kind, were the only estates or landed properties that a capitalist not born noble could purchase or hold. The nobles also were exempt from all taxes, unless a personal tax, called a knight's horse, fixed at 48 thalers, and they were exempt from military service in person after standing armies were substituted for feudal services in the field. They had a monopoly of all the military ranks of officers in the army, and of all civil offices in any department of state.

There was a baronial court, a baronial judge, a baronial prison on the estate to incarcerate the peasants, and a bailiff to flog them for neglect of work, or other baronial offences. The cottages of the slaves were on the outskirts of the estate, and out of the little crops they raised, they paid tithes and dues to the minister, the surgeon and the schoolmaster, and to the barony or local judge who resided on the estate.

But the feudal lord was obliged to support his serfs, in case of destitution by flood, or fire, or failure of crops, and other calamities, and to provide medical assistance and medicines in cases of sickness. They were thus sure of a subsistence from the soil they tilled, and no peasant could remove from the estate to which he belonged without leave from his lord.

If a serf deserted, he was brought back by the military,

who patrolled all the roads, for the purpose of preventing the escape of the peasants into the free towns, Hamburg, Lübeck, and Frankfort, where they were secure after a year and a day's residence. Their punishment as deserters was imprisonment, and to be fed on black bread and water in the *black hole*, which existed on every baronial estate, and flogged. This was the system in all Prussia until the nineteenth century, and existed also in Holstein, Schleswig, Hanover, Brunswick, and all round Hamburg and Lübeck. (*See Appendix B.*)

It could not be expected that people would give their lives with any great enthusiasm to the support of such a system as this, especially when called to fight republican armies, that promised liberty, and all manner of untold blessings. There was nothing for them to be attached to—nothing for them to defend. Those to whom they belonged, and to whom they might have become attached, often residing in cities, retiring to their estates only for a few weeks, and taking no interest in their people except to make of them constant demands for money, which they found it difficult to satisfy. If they must fight, there must be held out to them some inducement.

The first step towards bettering their condition, was to secure to the *feud-holding peasantry* the possession of their lands as long as they paid the rents, thus giving them a legal right to them. The next step was to include the serfs who lived on the outskirts of the land, and paid for the use of their patches in daily labor; and at last came the final measure that they should be *absolute proprietors* of their several *holdings* and *patches*, upon conditions that made it almost a free gift to all. The other States soon followed the example of Prussia, and thus came this multitude of small proprietors and little *patch-work* fields we see through all Germany

Henceforth birth conferred no privileges, and at a single blow, those who had for centuries considered themselves a superior class, born to rights and honors, were leveled to the rank of those whom they had called slaves, had commanded, and perhaps flogged. It was for the one a great height from which to fall, and for the other a great depth from which to rise, and a people debased by ages of serfdom, could not in a day or year become intelligent and fitted for their new position ; and no edict of king or emperor could destroy the feeling in the heart of the noble, which ages of *prestige* and homage had nourished, that he was by nature a higher order of being than those whom he had held subject. Names could be blotted out, ranks and titles obliterated, but cordial feelings of equality could not in an instant arise between those who had been so long separated by the great gulf which exists between master and slave. Yet it was a measure originating in a desire to promote the best good of all, and it is not strange that mistakes should be made in the details of a great revolution, not the less a revolution, because it was brought about by a king, instead of people, and accomplished without civil war.

It was considered a great infringement of the rights of property, that the feudal proprietor should thus summarily be deprived of services which had been looked on in the light of property, and no compensation be allowed, and that lands, the rent of which had been his wealth, should be "sold or otherwise disposed of," without permitting him a voice in the matter. It was taking from him a right he had enjoyed undisputed a thousand years, and it is not easy to see how a king could consider himself entitled to abolish a privilege as well established as his claim to the throne. Both originated about the same time, or if either could claim precedence in time, the feudal lord had



decidedly the advantage, and both originated in the same way by assumption, and the right of the strongest, and in Prussia especially a sceptre had been but a very little while in the hands of her kings.

The nobility no longer having the consequence which great landed possessions conferred upon them, and depending upon official and military offices for support, lost their influence, and indeed are no longer a nobility in the land. Those who retain the titles have nothing to sustain them, and the little appendage of *de* or *von* commands very little extra respect.

In France, the people were also given a representative government, which calls them to a new sphere of action, and gradually educates them for a higher position. People will not instruct themselves in that which does not concern them, and cannot possibly take an interest which will keep their minds awake, and make them intelligent, thinking beings, in affairs which require or allow no action.

Prussia has not yet given the people the privilege of any voice in the government. The king is very nearly as much of an autocrat as the Czar of Russia. The serfs were emancipated, and feel that the soil is their own, but it is still so loaded with taxes, and their freedom of motion is so curtailed, and the freedom of speech so forbidden, the new governmental machinery is so expensive, and their toil to meet all its demands so oppressive, that their condition is very little improved by what, it would seem, must be so great a blessing. They cannot choose the village schoolmaster who is to teach their children, nor the clergyman who is to instruct them in religion; and every officer necessary in the most trifling local affairs of the village, is appointed by government. They are taught to read, and

punished if they will not learn to read, by the same government that afterwards punishes them if they listen to a preacher, or look in a book, except such a one as the king approves. What are they still but slaves who submit quietly to such a state of things?

CHAPTER III.

ARISTOCRACY—OFFICIALS—PASSPORTS.

AFTER the first steps of the great change in the condition of the people, there came the new and important question of what should be substituted in place of the feudal aristocracy, as a support to the throne, and a machinery for accomplishing its purposes. There must be a middle party between the king and people, who are too far removed from each other to know their mutual wants, or understand their mutual sympathies ; a class who have been served by slaves and know nothing of labor, must still live, and though paupers, could not be huddled into poor-houses, or turned into the streets to beg. There must be some respectable position manufactured for thousands of persons who must still be kept apart from the common herd, and have been deprived of their hereditary titles and expectancies ; and here we find the secret of the great army of petty officials in uniforms, springing up like mushrooms all over the land. It seems to the traveler that every third person wears the badge of office, and statistics tell us that three millions, at least, depend directly on government for their daily bread. In the choice of none of these have the people a single vote, and whatever may be their crimes, delinquencies or oppressions, can have no influence in getting them removed. Their sympathies are never in any in-

stance with the people, but with the government that appoints them, and pays them, and requires of them blind and abject obedience to its commands, against which they are in little danger of offending, for the loss of its patronage is the loss of all things, as they have no knowledge of any other business than the routine of the one office in which they happened to get installed.

The appointment is one for life if no offence is given, and in all the inferior positions, where the duties are almost mechanical, and the performance of them requires no thought, and very little exertion, they go through the monotonous process of signing passports and collecting taxes, till they have scarcely more intelligence or animation than the coins and papers they handle.

In America, "rotation in office" is the principle from highest to lowest, and though the system has its evils, one may be very well content with them who has thoroughly understood the "office for life" system of Germany, where there is no accountability but to the king, and fidelity to an autocrat for the one selfish purpose of gaining and keeping a government place, is the sole inspiring motive in the performance of every duty. But the evil does not end with those already provided for, but extends to the hundreds who are living in idleness in expectation of office, and who having been trained with special reference to it, never think of applying themselves to any other business, and have no practical knowledge that fits them for any useful station in life.

Not merely those performing government duties are thus dependent, but those of every possible profession and trade. The apothecary is licensed by government, and cannot open a shop in any city or place without permission, and only a certain

number are allowed in any one at a time. The physician must obtain the same permission to practise, the dentist to fill teeth, the merchant to sell goods, the mason to make bricks, the shoemaker to make shoes, and the cartman to drive his donkey, and for every office or trade there are hundreds all the time waiting.

In one year there were a hundred livings in the church vacant, but there were also nearly *three hundred applicants*! For a hundred vacant judgeships there were two hundred and fifty applicants; and for a hundred medical appointments, two hundred ready to take them, and having no education or knowledge by which they could do anything else.

The universities are all under the fostering care of government, and the church is paternally cared for in the same way, and those who teach either religion, philosophy, or political economy must be careful that their dogmas are in accordance with those of the king, else farewell to honor and farewell to bread. So here is a government phalanx of three millions in active service, and as many more obsequiously petitioning and waiting for the same favors. In England and America these young men would engage in some business, however humble, by which they could earn a living, and consider it infinitely more honorable than such a life, and the educated and intellectual portion of the people must be as verily slaves as the serfs, or such trammels upon their thoughts and tongues could not be borne.

We are continually taunted with the reproach that Americans are without education, without appreciation of the fine arts, and money is their god. To which we *could* reply that there is more really valuable education in one State of our Federal Union than in all the German States together. We

have no galleries of art, to be sure; and may the time be long before the people are taxed millions of dollars to build them and furnish them, while they live in hovels and starve in garrets, and we think we shall be long in deciding that it is better to beg than lay up money. It is said to be a very frequent occurrence, that the grown up and able-bodied students of universities, and the mechanics learning their trades, are seen begging on the highways, and always with a pipe in their mouths. Even the peasant people are taxed to support the king's theatre, and we confess music has not seemed to us so divine an art, since we have seen at what expense of comfort it is cultivated, and how degraded are many who attain to the highest perfection in a science considered so ennobling.

It was long before we came to Germany that we concluded mere book knowledge to be the least important and useful of all, and our opinion has been a thousand times strengthened since we came to this land of dreamers, theorists and speculators. What good do they accomplish? How much better for themselves and their country that they should be engaged in some employment that would provide for themselves comfort, and add to the comfort of others? What a century of genuine every-day work is necessary all over the land, to give the homes of the people the very first elements of true comfort, such as the humblest family in New England would consider absolutely necessary to life. Labor with the hands they consider degrading, so they sit down to eat the bread of dependence and spin out theories, till some vacancy in the offices of church or state gives them something to do, that comports with their ideas of honorable employment. It is said that nine-tenths of the students in the universities are wasting their energies in this dreamy life of expectation.

Once in a government stall they are fixed for life, and nearly every government office, high and low, requires a university education. It is certainly wasted on half the metaphysicians and theologians, who would be doing less harm, at least, if they were hammering stone; and what good it does these "servants of the state," who are the merest machines in every duty they are called on to perform, and are not allowed to act in a single instance for themselves as free agents—cannot marry without permission—we cannot imagine.

It is infinitely amusing, however, to see the importance they assume on the most trifling occasion, especially those who stand at the corners of the streets, or in some little hut that professes to be a custom house, or at some *pigeon-hole* to receive your passport. They seem fully conscious of the petty business they are engaged in, and by their pomposity and bluster, and the scarlet badge around their throats, remind one of the sable tenant of the farmyard when attempting to frighten children from its precincts! *Weekly rotation* would be better than a system that supports this army of lazy, stupid, conceited life-long officials, their "fair round bellies with good capon lined," and their fair round faces such a mass of stolidity as one would not have believed the human countenance could present. We have once or twice fallen into their hands, and though we experienced no evil, had full proof of their importance.

In the free city of Frankfort we wished to spend a few weeks, and take up our abode in a family of "birth and position," not doubting that in a respectable place we should be considered respectable, and not having learned from any previous experience, that no amount of respectability could exempt men or women, in Germany, from the special supervision of the police. We were scarcely domiciled when we were called upon by one

of this august body to prove our right and title to live and breathe unmolested in a so-called free city, in the middle of this enlightened nineteenth century. The personage who came to inspect our credentials was a good type of his class, his countenance giving good evidence of the dull routine of his life.

We stood up before him like a culprit about to be sentenced, as he asked :

"How long do you wish to live in Frankfort?"

"I don't know ; perhaps a month, perhaps six months."

"It is necessary that you have permission."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a passport?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is necessary that I see it."

"Yes, sir," and we depart to bring it.

"I will take it to the police office, and return."

"Yes, sir."

Whereupon *he* departed, and we, in the meantime, make ourselves merry with the ridiculous law that requires a respectable lady in respectable life to be summoned before the police. But our good landlady was almost as much shocked as if we had been guilty of sacrilege—that we should presume to doubt the concentrated wisdom of a hundred Frankfort Burgomasters. "It was very necessary," she insisted, "absolutely necessary for the peace and well-being of the city, that no person should be permitted to live in it without permission from the government."

"And what will it do for the peace and well-being of the government when I get this permission—what more will they know about me for looking at that piece of parchment, which

was written and signed by those who never saw nor heard of me, and knew nothing of my title to respectability, and only knew upon my own assertion whether I was born in one country or another?"

To this she had nothing to answer, but still insisted that it was necessary, and to prove it, said: "Only a little while ago, there came a man—a Frenchman—who remained a long time, and then ran away without paying his bills," etc., etc. We began to think it might be a rare city for virtue and honesty, when it was related as a marvelous thing "that a man—a Frenchman—ran away without paying his bills." We had heard of fifty Frenchmen, and Germans too, who had done the same in New York. But our after-experience destroyed even this happy illusion. We learned, though not for the first time, that people can be a great deal more scrupulous about what their neighbors do than what they do themselves.

In half an hour the policeman returned, and solemnly said:

"You can stay in Frankfort six months, and if you behave properly, will not be further molested. But if you then wish to prolong your residence, the permission must be renewed." We paid the required sum for this permission, and the man of authority retired, appearing to think himself on an equality with some gallant knight-errant.

In a little village of Nassau we wished to tarry for a week, and did not once think of a passport, but the poor official, having nothing else to do, was glad of anything to vary the monotony of his life, and immediately came blustering in to demand the proofs that we could be permitted with impunity to live in a little dirty inn, in the dominions of the Grand Duke of Nassau. Alas! we had no proofs, except that we considered ourselves a respectable-looking personage, and such

of our deeds as were on record, were not among those of spies, thieves, and housebreakers. But this was not enough ; no stranger could be allowed to dwell in their midst, without the writing signed by the proper authorities, that testified that he was no vagabond, that might pillage or burn, or what perhaps was more to be feared, might die, and subject them to the expense of prayers and burial service. In another place in Darmstadt we heard this given as the only reason for requiring all this ceremony. If people were sick or in distress, they wished to know where they lived in order to be able to appeal to their friends or government, as they could not afford to take care of a sick stranger, or incur the expenses of his funeral. We could see a little sense, but not much charity, in such a reason.

There was no appearance of mortal sickness about us, and we feel quite as sure, as little of being thief or vagabond. Yet this did not procure us any mercy from a Nassau official. He considered it his duty to put us under the lock and key of a government station-house, until the Consular Agent of the United States of America, and His High Mightiness the Grand Duke of Nassau, could come to an understanding concerning our destination.

We preferred to depart, and shake the dust of such a heathen land from our feet, rather than put these dignitaries to so much trouble. But when the inn-keeper and some young men who had been to America, and learned a little of civilization, heard this conclusion, they petitioned in our behalf, and succeeded in assuaging the fears of the man of power for the safety of the State, and he condescendingly extended us permission to remain one week, accompanied by the assurance that his watchful eye would be upon us !

But the people themselves, cannot go from one principality to another without all this parade ; the peasants cannot go from village to village to attend a fair without permission ; and the mechanics, who are compelled by law to spend three years in going from place to place, to learn or practise their trades, are still not able to travel twenty miles in any direction with these passports. The police office is only open at certain hours, and if they do not arrive in season in any day, they must be detained at great expense till another day, and the appointed hour, and each must pay the sum fixed by law, or go to prison, or the station-house for the reception of vagabonds.

A lady who arrives in any place and has not a *passport*, must give fifty dollars bond for good behavior, or the family must with whom she resides, no matter what their station, or how well known they may be ; with neither money nor passport she would be turned adrift. The pretence for all this is, that they have so great a regard for morality, and the general well-being of the community, that they cannot allow in their midst irresponsible persons, or those of doubtful position ; and this, when you have only to look out of the window, to see the most flagrant violations of morality and decency in every street and at every corner ; such proofs of the immorality of the whole people as seem impossible to be permitted to exist in any civilized or Christian land.

The whole system of signing and viséing *passports* and various other documents, is kept up for the sole purpose of giving employment to those tens of thousands of officials, who have no education or faculty for doing anything else, and whom the government need as spies to promote their secret purposes.

In Norway, officials are accountable to government, but government is also accountable to the people for the appoint-

ment of its officers, and cannot retain or dismiss them at its will. They can appeal to courts, and be tried if accused, and are therefore quite independent, and speak and write of government measures with the same freedom as others ; and being allowed to think and speak, and act freely, do not become machines or automaton, and the people are not at all in their power.

In America, all official stations are filled by those who are constantly mingling with the people, and are of them, knowing all their wants and grievances, because they have themselves experienced them. Every man who holds an office, from the highest to the lowest, has also another trade or profession ; and only proves himself qualified for official position by success in some other calling. Office is a reward, and not a profession by which to gain a livelihood, and the hope of obtaining a position which the community considers honorable, is an incitement to industry and self-qualification. No man is a policeman or tax-gatherer for life. These are only episodes which give him a little variety, and do not stamp tax-gatherer upon his face or manners, as we have seen stamped upon so many here, who have done nothing but collect money all their lives, and never having been one among those who were called upon to pay it also, have no sympathy with the people, but demand " the utmost farthing " with a stoical severity, which is indeed " grinding the face of the poor," in the most oppressive manner.

An Englishman, who may be supposed to have no undue partiality for American institutions, says : " That in all the affairs of the United States, men of ordinary education and common sense have shown themselves capable of discharging very ably all those public functions and official affairs, which in Europe are supposed, from their being wrapped up in forms

and etiquette of procedure, to require long training in official *bureaux* of ministers, very great experience, and much study. The Americans have proved in the cabinet and in the field, that all this false importance, claimed by men of office and routine, vanishes in the management of public affairs, before sound common sense and energy.

"In their foreign diplomacy, American ministers, fresh from the counting-house, the printing-office, or the farm, conduct important negotiations, at least as successfully, as the regularly trained ambassadors of the old European countries. American statesmen and generals have proved themselves equal to those bred in courts and on parades, in *bureaux* and at grand reviews."

In Germany, only those who are educated for certain places, and are living in expectation of them, take any interest in the knowledge requisite for performing the duties which belong to them. Among the peasantry there is no hope of office of any kind ; no hope of anything out of their humble sphere ; and they therefore have no object and no ambition, to extend their thoughts or knowledge beyond their humble duties. The mere acquisition of knowledge is an incentive to but very few.

In America, the humblest ploughboy indulges the faint hope that he may one day become President of the United States ; and knows as well, that it is not as ploughman, that he can enjoy such honors. He may be a mechanic, a farmer, all his life, but he must not be an ignorant one ; without an abundance of energy of mind and body in active operation.

Ambition—the reward of distinction of some kind—is also necessary to spur men to effort. If a man gains wealth, he exhibits talent of a certain species, and patient persevering effort, which deserves the reward of commendation in some

form from his fellow-men, and deserves position, far more than those who are born to honors, and who cannot appreciate true merit. (*See Appendix C.*)

The objection is made to *rotation*, the great excitement and whirl in which it keeps the whole country. But this is exaggerated by the newspapers, and is only political at any time. To those who look on, and only read the daily journals, America seems like one great maelstrom, into which all that is valuable in society is being plunged. But the social condition of the country is far less affected by it than appears. In New England the people are about as settled in their ways, and as immovable as the Germans, only they happen to be settled into a better order of things. Even the yearly rotation in office produces scarcely a ripple upon their sea of life. They put on and off dignities as they do their winter garments, and take it all as a matter of course. The duties of most offices are little more than matters of ceremony, there as well as here; and the man who gathers taxes spends but very little time about it, and is not obliged to neglect his farm or his merchandise to count money or keep an account of it. Even those who are sent to the Senate and House of Representatives, require only the exercise of a little good sense, and it is certain that many in the early days of the republic, assisted in framing the best Constitution and laws any country has seen, without being able to spell three words correctly, and hardly able to write at all; and when this was done, they returned to the plough and the desk, not less expert or content than before.

Kings invent many instruments of oppression, and this army of spies is not the least of them all. There is not a man in New England who would wear the yoke under which the German peasant bends, for a single day or hour.

CHAPTER IV.

COSTUMES—FEUDAL OPPRESSION—RELIGION.

It has been a matter of great wonder and curiosity to us, as we have read of Germany, how, within so small a compass, there could live so many distinct classes of people—how each little province or district should retain a distinct costume, and customs as unlike those in a neighboring province or district as those of Paris and Constantinople.

We could understand that people living under different governments and laws, and speaking different languages, should be different. The Turkish costume is the costume of all Turkey, the Grecian of all Greece ; and in the great empire of Russia there are only two—one for the serf, and one for his master. In Norway there is only one. In England, the dress of the cottage is the same in form and fashion as that of the court, differing only in material, according to the means of the wearer, and diversified by the tastes of individuals. Why should there be in Germany a hundred among no greater number of people? The solution we find not so difficult, now we have come among them.

Long centuries ago, when Tacitus wrote of the Germans, he mentioned twenty-seven tribes situated between the Elbe, the Saale, and the Vistula, and eighteen others between the Elbe and the Rhine, all speaking the same language, and evidently having the same origin, yet always remaining distinct. They

would perhaps unite to repel foreign invasion, and immediately separate again, to revolve in their own little orbits, and live within their own little spheres.

At the time of this description they were, in every sense of the word, barbarians ; and we are not to suppose that Tacitus, or any one else, in those days obtained any very definite knowledge of fifty roving, barbarous tribes, speaking a different language from his own, and keeping no records by which the past or present could be traced. Their clothing was the skin of the beast of the forest, and their food his flesh.

As civilization crept in among them, we can easily imagine that he who was at first their chief, because he was more strong or more fierce, became their ruler, because he was more wise or more cunning. The next step they would naturally take towards permanency and order would be that of feudalism, when a few more ambitious and brave than the rest would appropriate the land, and those who lived upon it, and for defence build their strongholds, which we see scattered all over the interior of Germany, and marshal around them as many dependents as their domains would support, who would have no option but to obey.

In a little time, power would become consolidated in the hands of a few, and the multitude would become subjects, with such rights and privileges only as their masters saw fit to grant ; and as there is a peculiar fascination in power, any one who could obtain authority over a sufficient number would constitute himself their prince or governor. Thus each petty tribe became a petty principality, and a few baronial lords formed a feudal court—the satellites of a prince who ruled only by the right of the strongest, and at most numbered only a few hundreds within the limits of his power. Thus we read of those

grand cavalcades, where the prince, with his lords and knights, with their squires and vassals, issued from the castle gates with the sound of music and the flourish of trumpets, striking awe into the hearts of the people by the imposing spectacle.

How it should happen that each little court should have an entirely distinct costume does not appear, unless from the desire of each to take advantage of everything that could give it *prestige* and importance; and a *livery* by which all who belonged to it should be known, would certainly be a very effective way, and is still practised among the different noble families of England in regard to all who belong to their households.

That in these days the dress of the serf was the same as that of his lord, and the maid like that of her mistress, is known by the carvings upon armory, and upon the monuments in old cathedrals. There we find upon the tomb of the prince and baron the costume in which he was accustomed to appear; and we see that the costume of the peasant in that principality or dukedom is the same to this day. The dress of the modern courtier is changed; for he has "gone the way of all the world," which is to Paris, for his fashions, and indulges in all the freaks for which the fickle goddess is so famed. But the peasant knows nothing of Paris, and in these days knows scarcely more of the little German court, which is not the grand affair it was in the old feudal times; and besides, changes are not within his means. We have sometimes asked them why they dressed in so peculiar a way, instead of conforming to the rest of the world, and they say: "This was the way our fathers did, and they were respectable people, so we follow their example."

When it became the custom for lords and ladies to spend their time in distant cities, and to leave their castles and estates

to brutal overseers, only spending a few weeks occasionally among their dependents, the tie of affection was dissolved, and obedience was no longer a dictate of the heart, but a matter of unwilling necessity. The line between the "high-born" and lowly became more marked and impassable than ever. The one class became more proud, and haughty, and distant, and the other more abject and debased in their servitude. Those of the same humble condition became more attached to their own ways, and tenacious of their peculiar customs, and mingling very little with others, had no motive or inducement to change.

There was also another question which continually recurred, and was in the distance quite as insoluble. When serfdom was abolished, and the peasant became a free man, why did so great a political change effect so little in his social condition? In other lands the peasantry gradually adopt the dress, and manners, and habits of living of those above them, and the country imitates the town. But here there is no such amalgamation. However high the standard of intelligence, refinement, and cultivation in any city, the people, one mile beyond its walls, are in no material respect different from their ancestors hundreds of years ago. What can there be in their humble routine that acts like a spell in keeping them within its circle? Alas! we have learned that it is the pressure from above that keeps them down. There is nothing essentially groveling in their natures. They are no longer serfs, but they are still very far from being free, and to change their condition is as impossible now as when they were bought and sold with the land they tilled.

We have listened in amazement to hear the contempt with which city people speak of the *Landleute*—the country or peasant people—as if they were reptiles or worms, to be trodden upon ;

and it is true that every manner of unkindness and ungenerous advantage is exercised towards them to make them feel their degradation, and keep up the enmity between them. Even in the free cities they are not allowed to pass the gates without tribute. The market-woman cannot bring her basket of eggs and vegetables, without having it first searched, and that it is often done in the most insulting manner we have been eye-witness. The farmer's cart, too, is subject to the same inspection, and half his hay or straw, or whatever he carries, is perhaps tumbled into the street, for him to reload, which he is told to do with a curse that makes him writhe beneath the indignity, as well as groan under the tyranny. How can they care to imitate even the good they see in a people from whom they experience so much evil?

In many districts we see among the peasantry a few who have become rich, yet they do not change their costume, except, perhaps, to wear a little finer material, and do not remodel their houses or furniture, and these are as essentially distinct and peculiar as their dress. There is an evident wish to remain distinct, and a decided aversion to assimilation, deep-seated, and deep-sown with the seeds of animosity. The various subjects and illustrations which fill the remainder of our book will perhaps do something towards an explanation, if to others the question is involved in the same mystery that it was to us.

The large landowners, on being deprived of their estates, removed to the towns, and could not, of course, be supposed to feel very amiable under the new order of things. They had lost their wealth, and were shorn of their laurels. Labor had always been performed by the degraded, and they looked upon it as degrading. They, therefore, could not toil. For support and position they must depend upon government offices, and it

is not likely would give their influence to measures for the benefit of those who had become free at their expense. This is our supposition ; we cannot trace through all their gradations the decrees which have proved a millstone upon the necks of the poor, and we cannot imagine how kings and councils, in their senses, could, from any motive whatever, bind the souls and bodies of their subjects as those of every subject in Germany are bound.

We did not think to enter into the assemblies of princes, or to meddle with their decrees ; but when we came to mingle with the people, we found everything in their social state and economy so depending upon their governments, that without entering a little into the reasons of things, and tracing effects to their causes, all we had to relate would seem without beginning and without end—an unintelligible mass of details, concerning manners and customs, as strange among civilized people, in the nineteenth century, as the *fetish* of Africa, or the caste of Hindostan.

How often we have heard it expressed as a matter of astonishment, in America, that the country in which originated the Reformation should have so soon degenerated into a nation “fearing not God and keeping not his word.” How many are lamenting that the children of those who were the disciples of Luther and Calvin, and ready to give their lives in defence of the faith, should have become indifferent to the religion of their fathers, and that the churches where the truth was first preached in its simplicity should be left desolate ! Yet there are very good reasons for this seeming degeneracy, which is not strange in the ordinary nature of things, for causes have been followed by their natural effects.

It is not so long ago, that it should be forgotten by those

who are not "the oldest inhabitants," that a Protestant king of Prussia *forbade* "the worship of God according to the dictates of his conscience," to every Lutheran and Calvinist in his dominions. Frederic William III., like Henry VIII. and James I., wished to be supreme in the Church as well as the State, and framed a liturgy which was henceforth to be used among his people, if their obedience could be enforced by fire and fagot, or at the point of the sword.

Catholics were allowed to go on as the pope ordained, but for state reasons it was necessary to make a compromise with the sovereign pontiff, and as it would be impossible to convert the Protestants of Germany back to Catholicism, the attempt was made to compromise with them also, or rather a decree was made commanding them to give up the beloved ritual which Luther prepared, and the prayer-book he recommended, and those who should refuse were threatened with "fire and imprisonment."

In the Lutheran churches, many more of the Catholic forms had been retained than in the Calvinist, which were rigid in their simplicity; but both were now alike required to restore the dethroned images, to set up the candlesticks, and rehang the pictures, and to "fall down and worship" in the way the king ordained. Prussia was but a small portion of Germany, and this sceptre extended over but few among the whole people, till all those of inferior right and power thought to exalt themselves by following so worthy an example. The Duke of Baden declared the Calvinistic service too democratic to be allowed in the land of princes, and so the whole Protestant nation was at once nominally transformed from many Lutheran and Calvinistic churches, to ONE *Prussian church*, in which all were to worship together.

It could not be expected that forms which had been established for centuries should be quietly given up and others adopted at the simple mandate of a king. It was not strange that the churches should be deserted, and that the people should become indifferent to religion in any form.

But this was not all. A Protestant king of Prussia, in the nineteenth century, forbade, also, on pain of fine and imprisonment, meetings in private houses, for prayer and praise, and kept corps of military on every highway, and in every village street, to ferret out any poor disciples who should venture to do what the Saviour recommended, rather than the king of Prussia. Christ said "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in their midst;" but those who would do this in Germany, must hide themselves among rocks and in caves, as did the early Christians, who were by Roman emperors persecuted and slain. Whole villages in Silesia were deserted by the inhabitants, who fled across the sea for no other purpose than to be able to preach and pray as they thought right. We have traversed the road by which they marched to the vessels which bore them weeping away, and have talked with those who saw them, with weary footsteps, marching through the forests and along the valleys, broken in spirit and heavy-hearted. Six hundred embarked from one port in a day, and from two to three thousand in all renounced home and country, and all else they held dear, for the faith of their fathers.

It was in December, 1834, that a body of soldiers, were marched upon the little village of Hoenigern, the home of pious Lutherans, to compel them to enter the churches and worship after the form the king had prescribed. Finding the churches locked and nailed, they forced them open, and fired upon the people, wounding many. Still they resisted, and

neither the sword nor imprisonment could force them to obey. Their houses were then filled with a brutal soldiery, who were permitted to trample and insult them, but still they opened not their mouths, and when there was no longer hope of peace and freedom of conscience, they fled. Not yet thirty years have passed since this scene of bloody persecution in the name of Protestantism and Christianity.

It was this same king who promised his subjects a "constitution" and "representative government," and though reinstated upon his throne upon solemnly pledging his word that this should be their reward, he never fulfilled this promise. Every feeling that could attach them to king and country has been outraged.

In 1815, when the nations met in the famous "Congress of Vienna," to divide the spoils, not a thought was bestowed upon the people, who were set off and parcelled out at the sovereign will and pleasure of these lords and potentates, in a way to best promote their own interest. Those who had long served under one duke or margrave, were in a day transferred to another, without regard to any bond of attachment they might have to the name and family of him whose subjects they and their fathers had been. This was nothing to those who only counted the number who could owe them allegiance, and the amount of treasure in gold and silver which would be poured into their coffers, by so many slaves. Whether they had hearts and souls or not, was of no consequence, or how ruthlessly they were trampled and crushed.

What wonder that loyalty and religion dwelt no more in the fatherland!

But let America remember, she has in her midst more than one colony of praying Germans, who fled from the land of their

birth, and the homes which had been hundreds of years their fathers' and fathers' fathers, to seek an asylum in a strange land beyond the sea, for exactly the same reason that

“A band of pilgrims moored their barks
On the wild New England coast.”

They had not so many “perils by sea and perils by land,” and therefore their names will not live so long in story, but they were not the less martyrs in the cause of truth.

It was in the nineteenth, instead of the seventeenth century, that they were driven forth by the rod of persecution, and they took refuge in a land of plenty, so they did not “die of cold, and hunger, and nakedness,” and their prayers and tears have not been so often the theme of poet and historian. But they deserve a passing tribute, at least, from those who would do honor to self-denial and sacrifice in a noble cause. We have seen the homes they founded in the new world, far away in the western wilderness, the churches they built, and heard the faith they teach, and know them to be good and true. And now we have seen, in the old world, the homes they left, which were not deserted because they were not fair and pleasant—because the sky above them was not genial, nor the earth able to yield an abundance for the wants of all her children, but because oppression sits in high places, and they are scourged from the land they love.

CHAPTER V.

MILITARY SYSTEM AND ITS EFFECTS.

It is in no instance because the land is not cultivated in Germany, that she swarms in such multitudes. There is enough and to spare for all, if it were only divided in any equal measure, and the poor could only be allowed the tenth part of the fruits of their labors.

But the most oppressive and paralyzing of all the influences upon the people is the military system, which we would think might have been invented by some evil genius as a blight and plague-spot upon the nation. In this, too, Prussia set the example, and the others followed, as if she were the goddess of wisdom, as indeed she seems to be in all that can be devised to bring evil upon Germany.

Again we must go back to the past, in order to give a clear view of the present.

In the old feudal times every able-bodied man was obliged to do military service, from prince to peasant—from the crown vassal to the meanest serf—and when of the whole there were so few, this was perhaps the only way to make sure of defence.

The knight was obliged to appear in the field with two esquires, two servants, and nine horses, as his equipment. All nobles served on horseback, but the peasants and serfs, as well as the common people of cities and towns, served on foot.

. History and romance have made us familiar with the deeds of brave knights, and gay troubadours have sung their loves, but we fancy they were both more brave and true in romance than reality. Chivalrous devotion to fair ladies, and breaking lances in the cause of honor, have something very fascinating as we read them ; but these very chivalrous knights beat their serfs till they could not stand, and even unto death, for the most trifling offences, and swore, and cursed, and drank, and reveled in a way that would banish any man from the society of gentlemen in these days.

But beating of servants is not yet banished from the peculiar and cherished privileges of masters in Europe. We have just seen that in Sweden it still stands permitted upon the statute book, and when an effort was lately made to have it erased, the majority were against it. What a noble privilege, and how prized ! that "a master and mistress may beat their servants whenever they please." That some made an effort to get it abolished, proves that it is also an abused privilege. There would be no need of depriving them of a right of which they never availed themselves, and those must be, to all intents and purposes, slaves, who have no alternative but to stand and be beaten.

The word *soldier* is derived from the word *Sold*, and means *pay*, and was applied to those men who were paid for doing military service by those who were allowed, and who preferred to give money instead of going themselves. Thus a few were exempt from this onerous duty, and it has been always considered a step onward in civilization. It was taken in the thirteenth century.

In 1745, we find these military cavalcades spoken of as so many *Speere*, and to each spear belonged a spearman, a squire,

a weapon bearer, and eight heavy armed men on foot. Each company was composed of those who belonged to one feudal lord, so that they were not mere soldiers bound together by no tie except that afforded by military service. There was also a social bond, and when they went to the field, they fought side by side with comrades whom they knew and loved.

Charles VII. of France was the first king who kept a standing army, but his example was soon followed by others ; for this was another step in advance of the old feudal system. The military strength of each country was then easily ascertained, and the several princes would not be so likely to make war upon futile occasions, nor the weak and defenceless to risk offence with those by whom they could be easily subdued.

A certain number, kept constantly in pay and ready for service, was a great relief to the masses, who were thus at liberty to stay at home, and attend to their several callings, and their industry was thus adding wealth to the nation. That a few were required every year to fill up the broken ranks, was a slight evil, to requiring the whole to be in readiness at any time to take the field, or to waste their time in military exercises.

But the king of Prussia has seen fit to go back to the days of barbarism, and require of every man, of whatever trade or profession, to give three of the best years of his life, and the best portion of his strength and time to military drilling. He found, sure enough, that his standing army was of little service against Napoleon's raw recruits, but Prussian officers were hampered by etiquette and burdened with equipage, and the soldiers were paralyzed by fear and brutalized by ill treatment, so that it was like moving a mass of dead bodies to marshal and command them on the field of battle. When

serfdom was abolished, and inhuman punishments interdicted, and a new and living army went forth conquering and to conquer, it was seen that men need not spend all their lives in military manœuvres, in order to fight effectually. But they need some strong, impelling motive; and such a one as Napoleon and his armies furnished, will not be likely to be offered again in a century.

The king of Prussia mistook one cause for another, and concluded it was a better way to convert a whole nation into soldiers, and he has thus converted a whole nation into idlers and paralytics. (*See Appendix D.*)

Every man must spend three years, between twenty and twenty-five, in learning military tactics, lounging idly in barracks, and becoming acquainted with every species of vice. How well fitted must a young man be for the humble duties of his trade, and the seclusion of a village home, who has been trained in such a school. In three years he could have acquired skill in the use of tools, and an experience that would be a mine of wealth in after years, but however dexterous he has become in the use of sword and rifle, he is only the more awkward with the plough and the trowel. With the loss of knowledge he has lost his interest in the occupations by which he must gain his bread, and most likely through life remains an inefficient and unproductive laborer. During these three idle years, others with the same trade take his place in the community, and when he returns he must commence again at every disadvantage. Very likely, too, he has acquired not only idle but vicious habits, and any one who has seen these young men roving and lounging about garrison towns, would not expect them ever again to become a useful or respectable class of people in any other sphere of life. They not only

become demoralized themselves, but are the demoralization of every place where they are quartered, and when they are scattered again over the country, must carry with them these evil habits, which, even if they make an effort, cannot be shaken off in a moment, after three years' indulgence. One cannot help thinking that if there must be a soldiery, it is better that a few make it their profession, and suffer its evils, than that every young man in the nation should be destroyed by its corrupt influences, and so paralyzed in his business and industry, as to be henceforth useless to himself and the country.

We have read a thousand heart-rending stories of the weeping and wailing caused by the conscription system of Napoleon ; that men were ready to cut off a right hand, or pluck out a right eye, rather than be enrolled in the army, but we have heard even that called a blessing in comparison to the *Landwehr* system of the king of Prussia. Napoleon took only so many from a certain number of inhabitants, and in all cases a substitute was permitted, if it could be obtained ; and also, in the old feudal system, a man could purchase exemption ; but here there is no substitution and no exemption, and when three years have been wasted in *drills* and *manœuvres*, this does not finish the evil. A few weeks of every year must be spent in practising, that he may not forget the routine. A few regiments, called "regiments of the line," are kept continually in service and pay, and into these the raw recruits enter to be *practised*. What curses deep and long we have heard muttered against the governments that impose such laws and exactions ! The revolution of 1848 was entirely in consequence of them. The people had borne till there had come a limit to their endurance, and they rose up to shake off the

chains. But, as we said before, there is in the thinking part of the people a defect. They are visionary, and attempt impossibilities. They have not been trained in a practical school, and the uneducated, but deep-feeling and suffering people, who intrust themselves to their guidance, are deluded, and *not* delivered.

When they found there was no hope—that neither unity or liberty were to be obtained, then commenced the stream of emigration which has been going on ever since, and to the causes of which government tries to shut its eyes. In the old military system, there was at least distinction to be gained, but in this there is none, because where every man is a soldier all are on a level, and the peasants can seldom attain to the rank of officers, for the want of education, which they have not the means to acquire. There is nothing to kindle a spark of enthusiasm for their calling. They go like animals driven to be slaughtered, and perform their evolutions like automations.

There is, besides, no unanimity between the different states, and in many cases the most cordial enmity. There can be nothing more intense than the hatred which the Prussian bears to the Austrian, which is manifested every time they meet in the street, and that of the Bohemian and Bavarian is scarcely less to the haughty house of Hapsburg. There happened under our window one evening, in Frankfort, a quarrel and skirmish between the soldiers of these different states. The trouble commenced at a dance, where a pretty girl promised her hand for the next waltz to a Prussian, and when the time came gave it to an Austrian. The former immediately drew his sword, and all present took sides, when they issued into the street to fight it out. It was the first time in our life that we had seen the

clashing of swords, and though it was a very insignificant occasion, and at the most a very trifling affair, it was sufficiently sad and fearful. Several received wounds of which they afterwards died, and the whole length of the street was filled with people in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, from the lumbering and stately equipage of the Frankfort burgomaster, to the humblest boor. The uniform of each state is so distinct as to be recognized in the dark, and in any trouble the officers are immediately upon the alert. Patrols of ten or twenty commenced regular marches through the disaffected streets, and for several nights their tramping was heard till morning, and the sun "glistened on their burnished armor." Every epithet of scorn which the language afforded, was hurled from one to the other among the offended, and all the authority of the city military, and official power of each regiment, were necessary to quell the disturbance. The cause we heard from a young girl who brought us bread the next day, and who was present. Her lover was also wounded, for this is one of the moral peculiarities of garrisoned towns, that every soldier becomes the *fiancé* of some poor girl, who really believes that long years hence, when he is allowed, and able, to marry, she shall become his wife, which, we are sorry to say, seldom happens. No officer is allowed to marry unless he or his wife is worth five thousand dollars; and no common soldier is allowed to marry at all. At all hours of the day, when not on duty, they may be seen promenading with their sweethearts, who are mostly servants in good families. The contrast is quite striking between the man and woman, for though the soldier is very likely from the same class as the servant, if well formed and good-looking in his uniform, he has decidedly the advantage of a poor girl who has just emerged from the kitchen, and has not

thought it at all necessary to *fix up* in order to go forth with her lover. Very likely she is on her way to market, with a tub or basket on her head, while he is in laced coat and white kids, with a gilt sword-hilt and other bright accoutrements hanging at his side. They have an appointment, and wait for each other at some shop or corner, as the girl cannot be sought at the place where she lives, though it is well known by those who employ her that much of her time is spent in soldiers' barracks. It has been a standing joke against our *greenness* since we have been here, that for weeks we assumed these pairs to be brothers and sisters, or members of the same family, as we had never dreamed that those bearing such a relationship promenaded openly and with the knowledge and consent of "families of the first respectability." They may do it elsewhere, but in ordinary dress it is not known, while the uniform makes it certain that these are only thousands of *liaisons*, as soldiers are not allowed to form any ties more honorable.

We have never been able to understand how those who are scrupulous even to prudishness about what gentlemen and ladies do, should manifest no concern whatever in the moral welfare of the poor. A story will illustrate, and we had it from a German lady who was very tenacious of the honor of her country. A young girl presented herself as wishing a place as domestic in the family. The husband said, "Ask her how many children she has ; and if she says one, it may be prudent, but better two or even three ; if she says none, send her away by all means, for if she comes, we shall be obliged to dismiss her in six months." It is said by city ladies, that girls from the country are far more debased than those who have lived always in the city, but we presume it is only that they are more easily deceived ; and some assert that those from Catholic

districts are worse than any other ; but this we did not find proved in our own observations, and do not think there is any ground for the assertion.

When Napoleon swept through the land, he not only overturned thrones and kingdoms, but churches and monasteries. Hundreds of lazy monks were turned adrift, and lazy priests deprived of their livings, and offices in the church conferred upon worthy young men, and many from the peasant class received favors at his hands. What a tottering of old institutions there was wherever he went. And one must see the remnants of barbarism that still remain, and the iron hand of long-established despotism that still holds the reins of government—the shackles of customs fastened for ages upon the people, and the haughty oppression of a proud aristocracy, in order to fully understand the good work he performed. The most cruel acts of tyranny of which he was ever guilty, were mild, in comparison to those which were the daily pastime of the kings who ruled by the right divine, and those who are still denominated, “His most Christian Majesty,” and the “Lord’s anointed.” Another just such a whirlwind, to stir up the stagnant waters which are still settled in every valley of this old world, would be the greatest blessing they could experience.

Kings were obliged to change their tactics, but the dungeons are not less dark and dank than they were when a republican army opened their doors and searched their recesses ; the chains are not less galling which fetter the limbs of those who do not sit down quietly under the yoke which despots forge, and the poison not less effectual which stops the murmurings of unwilling slaves.

There is no hope for Germany but through some great con-

vulsion, which shall make these potentates tremble for their power, unless they use it rightly. One writer, whose philosophizings have greatly interested and edified us, thinks "unity among these many states impossible, because there is no material interest to unite them," and goes on to demonstrate that "England and Scotland would not have so quietly joined hands, had it not been that the one needed the other in commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural exchanges, and that the northern and southern States of America are linked by the same tie, which is stronger even than any national pride, any bond of brotherhood cemented by even a long period of struggle and suffering side by side. People are more inclined to do what is for their interest, than what is for their glory; and as long as the cotton, sugar, and rice of the South are in demand at the North, and the commerce and manufactures of the North are necessary to the South, they will be as likely to dissolve into two or many separate governments, as England to resolve itself into the Saxon Heptarchy." This material interest, together with the strong national feeling which does and must ever exist between the descendants of those who partook of the same strife, and shared the same glory in establishing an independent government, may be the preserving element of our republic. And we are inclined to think there will be few who will care to renounce their proprietorship in a government and country of which Washington was the common Father. The halo of American liberty shines equally upon all. The honor and glory of those who achieved it, were shared in an equal degree by all. Those who remove from under the brooding wings of the proud eagle, and the shadow of the star-spangled banner, must renounce for their children all heritage in this glorious past, and either wreath for them new laurels,

or deprive them of one of the strongest incentives to virtue, energy and the acquirement of a good name. To help preserve and transmit this inheritance, is the privilege of the humblest citizen, and something which adds to his dignity, and inspires him to industry and effort ; and there can be nothing in all the future to compensate for its loss.

If national feeling and "material interest" are both necessary to form a nation, there can be little hope that Germany will become one. Her climate and productions are nearly the same in every part, so that each is self-reliant, and her manufacturing and agricultural resources very nearly equal. As we have said elsewhere, there were in the beginning numerous distinct tribes, many of which became distinct duchies and principalities ; and though as early as the middle of the tenth century there was what was called an empire, which commenced with Otho the Great, who gained the title of emperor by his conquest of Italy, it was an empire without power and without head ; for each of the separate states of which it was composed, had a government entirely independent, and the electors by whose votes a new emperor was placed on the throne, in no case yielded obedience to him contrary to their own wishes and interests. Each was continually striving to aggrandize and exalt himself, and the whole country was therefore torn by internal dissensions, which made it a constant prey to foreign aggressors.

After a time, the head of the Austrian government assumed the title of emperor, and eclipsed in power and extent of dominion the united principalities, and then Prussia arose to rival both empires, and in the contest, which, under Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, lasted seven years, the whole land was laid waste. Poor Silesia was the bone of contention,

which Frederic coveted, and to which he had no right ; and that he gained it by might and injustice, and Austria lost it, is still the cause of the bitter, undying hatred between the two countries. It may be of little consequence to the Silesians to which power they give allegiance ; but the long wars, and the constant fear of being again the theatre of the strife of nations, and the heavy taxes to support them, keep them wretchedly poor and miserable.

But the last vestige of a German empire did not disappear till Napoleon came with liberty inscribed on his banner, and promises of freedom and protection to all who would join his standard. Fifteen German states then voluntarily withdrew from the German Empire, which had now become one only in name, and formed the *Confederation of the Rhine*, which was again dissolved when the great conqueror fell to rise no more, though these states are in most respects more French than German in spirit, and give to France all their national sympathies. Whoever shall be so ambitious as to seize upon and annex them to the French Empire, may count upon their loyalty. To Germany they would be lost evermore. It was not till they became subject to Prussia, that they learned that even to support the armies of Napoleon and exposed to the ravages of armies, they were less oppressed with taxes, and more free in every respect as Frenchmen in time of war, than as Prussians in time of peace. In the countries where the conqueror seemed then only a scourge, they have learned to look upon him as a blessing ; and the states over which he had for a time ruled, are now far in advance of any other German states, in the comfort and general improvement of the whole people.

The agriculture of Rhenish Prussia, is in the most prosperous

state of any other part of the king's dominions, and from these provinces he receives the largest revenue in proportion to the number of inhabitants. Here we meet fewer who are miserably poor, and by far the smallest proportion of beggars.

What in the agricultural portion of Old and New England is termed morality, seems at a low ebb everywhere on the Continent. We read in authentic documents, what must be true, though scarcely credible, that in Rhenish Prussia the proportion of illegitimate children is from three to four in every hundred ; and in all other parts of Germany, from twenty to twenty-five in every hundred ; or one fourth of all that are born.

The reason given for the difference in favor of the former, is the better condition of the people, which admits of earlier marriages, the establishment of homes, and the support of families. Yet one writer says the Irish are rich in comparison to the people of Rhenish Prussia ; that they have no beds but naked straw, and no food year after year but black bread and potatoes, and the poorest cottage in England is richer than the richest in many towns on the Rhine. There, too, you may see a donkey and a woman harnessed together to draw a plough.

In the little town of Goar it has been the custom for three hundred years, to collect the young girls upon an open platz and put them up to the highest bidder—the whole lot for fifty dollars—and then each one separately. A man having bought and paid for one, she is subject to him for a year, and must, during that time, be his partner in the village dances, or at least dance with no one else, and consider herself at all times at his disposal when required for his gratification.

In Hesse Cassel, we were told that a young girl could anywhere be bought in the same way, and for a very trifling sum,

merely because of their poverty. This is considered the poorest of any state in Germany, and supports the largest military force ; the elector being essentially warlike in his propensities.

It was another curse, we heard often from the mouths of women, that the government officials were everywhere the *employés* of the ravisher and seducer; and many were the stories we heard of their baseness in becoming the instruments of consigning young and friendless girls to the most unendurable of all thralldoms, who had no alternative but starvation or crime. We do not at all suppose these men to be worse by nature than others ; but, having more power and opportunity, they can do more mischief.

"Slave Life in Europe," by Hacklander, gives no exaggerated picture of the class he describes ; and "Slave Life in America" contains no darker. We could cover our pages with stories of stern and simple truth, as heartrending, concerning those who are not called slaves, but who have not a single element of freedom.

CHAPTER VI.

RISE AND DECAY OF FEUDALISM—GROWTH OF FREE CITIES— ANNUAL DINNER OF MERCHANTS AND SEA-CAPTAINS AT BREMEN.

WE find in Germany, laws and customs concerning corporations, trades, and all mechanical arts, that strike us as not only unjust and oppressive, but barbarous ; and wonder how they can be tolerated among a civilized people. But in judging, we must first consider how they originated, and then how difficult it is to change long established usages, especially among a people so isolated, and who see so little of the world outside their own circle, and read and write, and speak a different language from those nations among which innovations are most frequent and progress most rapid.

Again we must go back to the dark ages, and trace by its slow steps the advance of light, and watch its faint glimmerings here and there, as ignorance and superstition give way before it.

We have seen that the Romans conquered portions of Germany, and left the traces of their footsteps wherever they went. They were then defied, re-conquered, and almost extinguished by the barbarian hordes that poured down upon them from the North ; and as these wild tribes emancipated themselves, and settled in the countries they conquered, each became a distinct principality, and feudalism was the result of their attempts at protection and self-defence ; and for four centuries, from the

seventh to the eleventh, they remained shut up in their strongholds, depending upon their vassals and serfs for cultivating the soil, and to take up arms, or rather to buckle on armor, in their cause when attacked or when they wished to attack others.

There was no one head which these haughty chiefs were compelled to obey, and in the quarrels which were continually arising because of real or imaginary aggression upon their lands or upon their rights and privileges, there was no arbiter—no established code of law or justice to which either side could appeal—and they were therefore in a continual state of petty warfare ; coveting each other's possessions and devastating without mercy what they could not conquer and appropriate. There were never a sufficient number who would rally round a prince and support him in subduing the others and enforcing obedience. All were ambitious to exalt and aggrandize themselves, and the history of this period presents a series of the most revolting crimes and vices. Those who entitled themselves the *nobility*, because they owned houses and lands, were ignorant, corrupt, and revengeful to the last degree, and their vices descended as certainly as their inheritance from father to son, from generation to generation. They had none of the simplicity which characterized the Slavonic races at an earlier period, and they had not acquired the refinement which commerce and literature diffuse. They were in the transition state, which among all nations is sure to be one of corruption.

But it is a vulgar proverb that "when things get to the worst they must mend," and historians in different languages say the same. We find it written by one who is called both elegant and profound: "There is an ultimate point of depression as well as of exaltation from which human affairs naturally return

in a contrary progress, and beyond which they never pass, either in their advancement or decline." When things become intolerable, there is a greater effort to retrieve them, and at the close of the tenth century it commences to dawn upon this darkness, and light and knowledge have been since steadily advancing.

Science and literature had slumbered during all this period in the cells of monasteries ; and many a monk could not read the breviary he recited. There was no written language except the Latin, and this was confined to a few. There was no medium through which the people could acquire knowledge, and it was considered a most useless commodity to introduce among them ; but when they joined the standards of the crusaders and entered the land of luxury, and passed in their march the classic soil of Greece and Rome, there were no obstacles to prevent their seeing as clearly as the kings and knights who led them, and who alone expected to bring away honors and spoil. They went to rescue a land from infidels, and to possess it because they were Christians ; but as they advanced they were obliged to come to the humiliating conclusion that they were scarcely Christian or civilized themselves. There was a softness and refinement about Eastern manners which, blinded as they were by prejudice, they could not help seeing ; and, coarse and rude as they were, they could not entirely resist its influence. With what wonder they gazed upon the remains of art in Italian cities, and to eyes accustomed to Gothic architecture and the sombre hues of their dingy castles, how dazzling the gorgeous beauty of the Turkish capital. They thought it a duty to destroy the splendid palace of Saladin, because it was the abode of an unbeliever ; but they hesitated not to transfer to their ugenial clime its glowing treasures, and when they returned to revel once more within their knightly halls, they

thought it no shame to adopt the more Christian etiquette of a Moslem court.

The monarchs of Europe did not participate in the first crusade ; it was undertaken entirely by the knights and people, and not only aroused them from a lethargy in which they had slumbered for centuries; but opened to them the fountains of knowledge, and pointed out to them a new way by which they could elevate themselves and acquire power and influence. Courts and palaces were above their reach ; they did not dream of thrones or titles. But they learned that the delicate fabrics which they saw worn by Eastern beauties, were wrought and dyed by hands in nowise different from their own ; and that these were objects of exchange between nations. They learned the art and brought it home.

But the nobles who enlisted in this strange war soon became embarrassed for money, and were obliged to sell their possessions, and princes were willing to buy them, as in this way their own influence and power were increased, and that of their barons not only diminished but destroyed ; as, if they lived to return, and come laden with treasure, they had lost their strongholds and vassals, and would be no longer formidable. Thus power became gradually consolidated in the hands of a few, which was better, even though these few reigned not wisely, than the sway of hundreds of lawless marauders.

The people of Italy were the first to take advantage of, and be benefited by, the new impetus given to commerce by the crusaders. Their ports furnished supplies and transports, and as all who followed the standard of the cross were under the special protection of the church, those who aided them were granted special privileges and immunities, and those who should impede or annoy them, were threatened with her direct anathe-

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mas. Documents are still extant in Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, which show the contracts made by these cities, with the princes, knights and nobles, who led their zealous hosts to conquest, and it was in noticing the result of receiving so much money in exchange for their commodities, that originated the first idea of general commerce with northern and western nations.

As a consequence of their becoming more flourishing, various towns became more desirous of freedom, and of making laws suitable to their new condition, and of being relieved from the exactions of their feudal oppressors. Those who were their nominal rulers lived far away in France and Germany, and were glad to strengthen the allegiance of their subjects, and obtain money by granting their petitions, and thus were formed the first corporations or communities, with acknowledged rights, and a government in which the people had a voice. For not only had the barons held their immediate vassals in servitude, and bought and sold at will their serfs, but cities and villages were obliged to depend on them for protection, and humbly sue for every favor. They could not dispose of what their industry had acquired, without special permission—could not even select the guardians of their children, or make a will in their favor, in case of death, without the consent of their feudal lord, and could not marry, any more than a serf, without buying the privilege. When commerce opened to them new sources of wealth, they openly resisted in some instances, and finally succeeded in obtaining their freedom, and in others, as we have seen, purchased it of their king or emperor, who only thought of the present necessity, in relinquishing power for money, and had little idea of the ultimate results of this commercial spirit and desire of liberty. The holy wars continued during two centuries, and before they were finished the knights and nobles began also to feel the

want of the money they had wasted on Arabian sands, and before the end of the last crusade, all the principal cities in Italy had by might or money obtained their chartered rights, and were evermore free from feudal oppression. France soon followed the example of Italy, and *Louis le Gros* took advantage of this new spirit among the inhabitants of towns, and voluntarily granted them more than they asked, in order to create a power that should balance in favor of the crown against the nobles. These privileges were called *charters of community*, by which he enfranchised all the members, abolished all marks of servitude, and formed them into corporations or bodies politic, to be governed by magistrates and councils of their own nomination. These magistrates had the right of administering justice within their own precincts, of levying taxes, and training the militia who took arms for the sovereign ; and we shall afterwards see these burghers in continual strife with the nobles, in the cities of the Rhine, which then belonged to France.

The example of France was next followed by Germany, and spread quickly over all Europe, Spain, England, Scotland, and all other feudal countries, soon exhibiting the happy effects of an institution that filled them with flourishing cities, and poured wealth into the coffers of princes, besides infusing it into all the channels of the nation.

Commerce formed a new class in the community, and conferred new distinctions, to which all could aspire, and thus, whole nations awoke to a new life. It was a consequence of a foolish enthusiasm and blind superstition, which the most far-sighted would not have predicted, but now who can tell how long Europe might have slumbered in ignorance, and been sunk in barbarism, had they not been aroused by a voice which they

believed divine, and seen in Peter the Hermit, an apostle whom they believed commissioned directly by Heaven?

For many years the Italians engrossed nearly all the trade between the western and eastern nations, and were the means of introducing the luxuries and comforts which soon became widely scattered in the rude homes of the north, and increased a taste for elegance, which had great influence in refining and softening the manners of the scarcely yet civilized lords of broad manors, who had long thought themselves first among princes. The Lombard merchants were invited to establish their manufactures in any part of Europe, and were taken under the special protection of the governments, which granted them privileges and exempted them from taxes, in order to induce them to come.

It was soon after the holy wars that the mariner's compass was invented, and navigation being thus rendered more secure, the seas were soon covered with the little merchant fleets that brought the silks and spices of the East, to exchange for the coarser products of colder climes. A strange sensation it gives us to walk about in the streets that were alive with the bustle of trade and commerce long centuries before America had even a name. Hamburg and Lübeck were free cities before America was born, and in Bremen had been formed a society for the relief of the widows of seamen before the first ship had crossed the Atlantic. Those great cities in the new world were a wilderness when these were teeming with life and industry! More and more wonderful our country seems to us when we think in how little time she has grown, and how far she has sped beyond those who have been many hundred years on the way.

The first great commercial league originated in the northern

ports of Germany, where the inhabitants were continually subject to incursions from the barbarians across the channel, and their fleets exposed to the robber pirates, which infested all the borders. It became necessary to present to them a formidable resistance, and for this purpose was formed the confederacy, termed the Hanseatic league, which was for mutual defence, first between the cities on the coast, and proved so beneficial, others prayed to be admitted, till there were eighty of the most flourishing and prosperous towns united in a sort of commercial brotherhood, which became so rich and formidable that kings and princes courted its favor. They established marts or ports of trade, which became the receptacles of the commodities of exchange from all countries, and were the first to institute formal regulations and a systematic plan, to govern all commercial intercourse.

This was in the twelfth century, and many of these rules are still in force, though the league was long since dissolved and the hundred free cities have been reduced to four. In those days they deserved the appellation they acquired ; but in these there is little that deserves the name of liberty in their institutions. They did not advance with time, and in many instances the shackles which merchants imposed upon mechanics and inferior tradesmen, were not less oppressive than those they had experienced from the nobles ; and the decay of their prosperity may be traced to an unwillingness to grant to others rights and privileges which they demanded for themselves. We have heard ship captains say that the laws concerning foreign vessels, and the harbor regulations, were not so liberal in German ports as in China ! and their commerce is crippled by what they consider a protection, but what really is the greatest detriment, as those who can trade more freely and be treated

more liberally in China will prefer a trade which takes them to her coast.

Yet, as we said, before the first frail bark had crossed the Atlantic, there was a society founded in Bremen for the relief of the widows of seamen ; though, in accordance with the spirit of those times, it was limited to the widows of captains and mates. A wealthy captain gave a sum at his death, as the commencement of a fund, and the anniversary of the day of its foundation was to be ever after celebrated by a dinner, at which a contribution was to be taken up, the proceeds of which were added to the fund, and the interest paid quarterly to the widows. Small houses were built for them, which they had rent-free, and though the sum is small which they receive, yet this, with what they can earn, enables them to live comfortably and respectably.

It is curious that though the portrait of the founder of the institution is preserved, the name is lost. At first four new members were elected every year, two captains and two merchants ; but, as the third year after they are elected, the new members must provide the dinner at their own expense, it was found expedient to change this feature and elect annually nine, six merchants and three captains, in order that the burden may not be too heavy upon each as the numbers increase. The dinner takes place on the 17th of February, at two o'clock, and is arrayed in the style of the fourteenth century, having been preserved through all this time by a resolution to adhere to the primitive customs of the days when it commenced. The hall is the same that witnessed the first little circle of eight, and foaming tankards of beer are brewed for the occasion, from exactly the same materials and by the same process as was done three centuries ago, and would scarcely be tolerated by the

humblest *Bauermann* as his daily beverage in these days. The room is hung with the flags of all nations, and in the entrance hall are such emblems of the days of yore as make one quite reconciled to live in these degenerate times. A specimen of the frail barks which crossed the perilous seas, without compass or guide, is hanging over-head, and a veritable man, whom art and time have converted into a most hideous looking mummy, is sitting upright and holding the oars, which once paddled in "the salt sea foam." Monster fishes, of the same time-honored hue and texture, are suspended around ; and remnants of shattered ships and relics of ages gone, tell the sad story of "decay and change and death."

Every member must have his *Wappen*, or *coat of arms*, and if the misfortune has happened that this testimony to the nobility of his family is lost, he is allowed to search for it in the book of heraldry, and not being able to recover the old, to select a new one, so that the walls are hung with every variety of ensign, designating to whom they belong. We should think some old baron would arise from his grave to prevent such a desecration as that a sea captain or a merchant should pretend to the honor of a *true born knight* ; but we have not heard of any such demonstration. Perhaps they remember that the order of the *Golden Fleece* was instituted by Philip the Good, in honor of the weavers of Flanders, and adopted as the ensign of the city, because to them was owing its prosperity and wealth ; though, we presume, no weavers were permitted to *wear or carry a painted golden fleece*. This would be conferring too great an honor upon a weaver.

All gentlemen of distinction, and honorable strangers, are invited to this grand dinner (ladies not included), and the day we looked in upon the preparations there were two hundred

plates upon two long tables ; and what are these curious looking papers by the side of each ? They are an evidence of the civilization of the dark ages which we did not imagine to have existed. One contains salt and the other pepper ! They are folded tunnel-shape, three or four inches long and two in circumference at the top, and hold a large teaspoonful of these condiments, each. Really it is far better than for each one to help himself with his own knife from one salt-cellar, as we often see done in these days of refinement and cultivation.

There are bread and cakes too of the olden time, and the tall old-fashioned beer tankards stand at convenient distances along the centre.

The guests having all assembled in the ante-room, the President of the day moves forward, crying : "*Schaffen, Schaffen, unten und oben Schaffen !*" which is the signal for all to march and for the dinner to be served. When seated, each drinks to the health of the one opposite, from the foaming tankard, making three bows, with a corresponding motion of the tankard, first straightforward and then diagonally to the right and left. The table service is of white ware, with blue edge, and in the centre of each plate and dish a wreath, within which is an anchor and the date 1789.

The first course is soup, a kind of chicken broth, after which comes stockfish with butter sauce ; then boiled ham and smoked beef, with *Sauerkraut* and brown kohl ; thirdly, roast beef and veal, in immense joints and quarters, with potatoes ; and, lastly, nuts and rasins ; the whole finishing with coffee and cigars. No innovations are allowed ; no French cookery or flummeries of any kind ; not even silver forks. The plates are changed once ; but under each plate is a piece of brownish-white blotting-paper, with which each one wipes his own knife

and fork, and very little service is rendered by attendants. We have wished a thousand times to know exactly how a dinner was served in the olden time, and now we have seen. How often have we wondered what were the substitutes for salt-cellars and napkins, among those who would naturally wish to be cleanly and observe some kind of ceremony at table, and surely these inventions are not to be despised. They were not prompted by a love of display ; but must have resulted solely from the instincts of refinement, and they availed themselves of the only aids the times could furnish. When the guests have finished dinner, they rise, and bowing to each other, and shaking hands, say : "*Gesegnet die Mahlzeit*" (blessed be the meal), and this is the custom at every dinner party in Germany.

On a table at one end of the room are the instruments of navigation used before the *compass* and *quadrant* were known, and a man is *taking the bearings*, in the manner which the sailors did when these were used. Before separating, some national songs are sung, and before seven, these honest burghers have returned to their homes.

We have met with nothing among the ancient or modern institutions of Germany that interested us more than this. We have never entered an old castle but we have wished there had been preserved something that would give us a tangible idea of the daily life of those who dwelt in them, and though a dinner is but one meal, and occupies but a little time, we have obtained from it a definite idea—a distinct picture, which we have obtained nowhere else. *Gesegnet die Mahlzeit*, say we to all who shall sit at this substantial board for ages to come, and may it then, as now, continue to tell the simple tale of the manners of ages gone.

It was in 1792 that the first ship sailed from Bremen to America, and not till then had any vessel traversed those seas of more than 400 tons burthen. One would think they did not need compass or quadrant in such a commerce, and vessels used mostly to leave in the autumn and return in the spring. Thus captains who belonged to the society were not often present to partake of the dinner.

The great centre of trade of the confederated cities, in the thirteenth century, was Bruges, in Holland, where were settled companies of merchants from seventeen kingdoms, and twenty foreign ministers had hotels within its walls. Here met to exchange their friendly greetings the silks of Persia, the wools of England, the linen of Belgium, and the heavy merchandize of Hamburg ; and the little harbor was white with the fleets of Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople. But now there are only ruins to tell of its former grandeur, and with a population of only 50,000, where there should be a million, 15,000 are paupers.

The flourishing state of these commercial provinces in Germany, induced Edward III., of England, to invite artisans from Flanders to settle in his dominions, that the wool which his subjects raised might also be manufactured by them, and as his sagacity had foreseen, they soon rivaled their teachers.

In the novels of Sir Walter Scott, we often see these Flemish weavers alluded to, and see with what contempt they were looked upon by those who had been created *noble, by having spurs buckled to their heels*, after some exploit of valor ; and this same spirit is rife everywhere in this old world. Commerce and trade were the refining and civilizing influences which awoke Europe from barbarism, without which her nobles and knights might to this day have been the ignorant and stupid boors they

were for six centuries, and yet those engaged in trade and commerce are still looked upon as beneath even the impoverished descendants of some haughty baron. "We one day asked a lady what had been the profession of her father, and with much stammering and blushing she at last confessed that he was a merchant; but went on to say that her grandfather was of noble blood, but the new order of things and various misfortunes had reduced them to this humiliating position ! We did not tell her that we had more respect for her merchant father than his knightly sires, as this would only have added to her misconceived degradation; but we smile a hundred times to hear "old families" boast of their long pedigree, and still disclaim all kith and kin and acquaintance with any who earn their bread by honest industry. Even the spirit of chivalry did not awake till after the crusades, and falsehood and every species of dishonor characterized this proud nobility. But in order to maintain commercial relations with one another, cities and countries must have laws and courts of justice, to which all must be subject, and rapine and murder must receive their reward, even though committed by dignitaries. Knights learned something of courtesy of the infidels they thought only of insulting, and a new standard of honor was set up. Humanity, gallantry, and fidelity were proclaimed as knightly virtues, and henceforth, cruelty in war became disgraceful ; the defence of the helpless, and truth to woman the means of winning the proudest laurels.

Wherever we look in that age or in this, we see that it is the humble and useful arts to which mankind owe all their progression, and in which we must place our hope for the permanency of civilization. The encouragement of the fine arts alone does not promote the comfort or true elevation of a

people. It is proverbial that only barbarians can produce the highest kind of poetry, and it has so far been true that only barbarians have produced the highest kind of beauty in painting and sculpture. The great artists of the olden time could neither read nor write, and in the cities and countries where art is in the most flourishing state, the masses of the people are in the greatest degradation.

Louis of Bavaria has done most, in modern times, for the promotion of art; and in his dominions the people are the most poor and wretched. Whilst all the other provinces of Germany have been devoting study, and time, and science to agriculture, the king of Bavaria has done nothing, and his peasantry are the poorest, the most in debt, and have the least money at command of those of any kingdom in Germany. While galleries on galleries have arisen, and palaces have multiplied on palaces—filled with pictures and statues, and frescoes, where the rich and idle may lounge, and travelers open their eyes to stare and wonder, the people are starving. They have toiled and drudged, been taxed and stripped of their clothing to gratify the taste of a few. We have read in a hundred books of travels of this same king of Bavaria, and seen him extolled as deserving, above all others, honor and glory, but we cannot help saying, as we look upon these three thousand pictures, *they are painted with blood!* Our readers will wonder what can be more wretched than the life we have portrayed in Saxony and Rhenish Prussia; yet, in Bavaria it is more wretched still. It is here that taxation is most oppressive, and the fees of lazy officials most exorbitant. Here the peasant's cot is literally a pig-sty, and as a species of serfdom still exists, the land is not so variegated with the little patches that betoken ownership among the

poor, and more than three millions of acres yet remain not cultivated at all. Here the laws concerning marriage and property are so severe, that thousands cannot acquire sufficient to enable them to pay the priest and sheriff, and therefore live together without any form of marriage at all, and the illegitimate children exceed the legitimate in every district, if it is a right use of terms to call those illegitimate who are born of parents who live uprightly and virtuously all their lives, and conform to every law of God and a well-regulated community. Against whom are those parents sinning, who love one another and their children, with a singleness and devotion not elsewhere excelled, and remain true to each other through life, with a devotion which seems often less disturbed by bickerings and brawls than where a solemn and holy tie has bound them? They are conscious that their respectability depends solely upon their merit and good conduct, and separations do not occur so frequently as among those who must be divorced. They feel that they are suffering unmerited wrong and dishonor, and only by mutual love and forbearance can it be endured. Their life is open and acknowledged. It is well known that inability alone prevents their conforming to the commands of Heaven and requirements of society, and it is often the case that they spend years in laying by every penny that government does not demand and imperative daily wants can spare, in order to procure the sanction of Church and State to their union, and pay the full price as soon as they are able. But we confess we think there will be darker sins exposed at the day of judgment than any of which these poor people are guilty. In Munich, the *home of the arts*, the homes of the people are most uncomfortable, and it is proverbial that they seldom invite strangers to enter their doors, they are so ashamed

of the best accommodations they can offer. They have not the least idea of comfort, and the humblest class of mechanics, and even laborers in America, would not think such tenements habitable, as people of rank here eat and drink, and sleep in all their lives content. If you stay a week, you will sleep in a room bare of everything you have been accustomed to consider necessary to daily use. A rude pitcher, containing a pint of water will be thought sufficient for your ablutions, and such a convenience as a slop-jar has not entered into the catalogue of the chamber furniture of the highest dignitaries, and we venture to say there is but one in Germany, and that owned by an American lady, who sent to England, and paid ten dollars for one. You will have one towel a week, and one pair of sheets a month, with the upper one sewed to the quilt, as you will find it also in the common inns of Hungary and Wallachia. Table furniture and table etiquette will be such as would surprise almost any greenhorn of Yankeeland for its rudeness. Alas ! how little those who *go abroad*, and spend a day in one city and a day in another, staring at palaces and wondering at collections of fine arts, know of the lands they visit, and how little capable are they of judging of their own. These people who cannot furnish you with what you have deemed necessary to the common decencies of life, and have enjoyed without thinking of them, will parade you through *Glyptothekes* and *Pinacothekes*, by which barbarous names the king of Bavaria has christened his salons for the reception of pictures—lead you a promenade in public gardens, where you see plants and flowers of all climes, and hear the music of all the spheres, and then return to their homes, which they reach by ascending dark, filthy staircases, to sit upon uncushioned chairs, walk upon uncarpeted floors, and be lighted

to feather-beds by tallow candles, and expect you to commend their superior refinement and civilization. We think with the author who says, it is very much like the civilization of the North American Indian, who paints his face and dresses in the skins of beasts. In Vienna you will find one presentable room, which is showy rather than comfortable, but all the rest are barbarously bare and coarse, and this we hear spoken of in the same terms by German ladies from the north, who are accustomed to the genuine comforts of a home, where the private arrangements are first in the household economy, and the showy salon the last ; yet these same Europeans go to America as exiles and fugitives, and talk in the most lamentable strains of their sufferings and privations in a new country, where they cannot have the luxuries and elegance to which they have been accustomed. An American gentleman, whose tastes for personal and private comfort have been cultivated to a degree that is amusing in its fastidiousness, and who expected to find in Europe everything on a still finer scale, says he shall at least know what to say to these grumblers when he gets home.

CHAPTER VII.

GUILDS AND TRADES.

IN the laws which regulate citizenship, among the lower classes, and the proprietorship of workmen in the labor of their calling, we see still more evident the remnants of the days when darkness covered the land ; when the people were few and their wants easily supplied.

Rivalry and competition are not considered the "life of trade," nor freedom the ground-work of a nation's prosperity. Every profession, trade and occupation, is restrained, or as they call it, protected, till there is no possibility of progress, no animation, and no encouragement for invention. Each little state and principality is antagonistic to the other, and those who are citizens of one cannot be citizens of another, without great formalities and paying an exorbitant price. If a young girl, born in one duchy, removes to another as servant or with her parents, she cannot marry a citizen of the place to which she has removed, without paying a sum which few among the lower classes can command, and this is why we see in so many instances young men married to old women, who have by a former husband acquired the means of purchasing the citizenship of a second. A young man cannot be promoted to the honor of master-workman in another city or village than where he was born, without the same formalities; and in this instance too,

they will often marry a woman whose husband has been master-workman, and thus conferred upon her the privilege of promoting another. A woman with this advantage will offer herself to a young man in the factory or shop where he has served his apprenticeship, and if he declines her proposals, he will be dismissed from service. More than once we have seen young men in this predicament consent to become the husbands of women twice as old as themselves, because the only alternative was poverty and disgrace.

In one or two principalities within the last year, they have for the first time made some changes in these laws, so that skill may have its reward wherever it is exercised, and the community the benefit of the knowledge and perfection to which any artist has arrived, no matter under whose government he has served.

In many instances, the rules which govern artisans originated with themselves, and the protection which government affords them is demanded by the corporations or *guilds* to which they belong. The history of these *guilds* is the clue to many strange customs, which strike so harshly upon modern ears and are so at variance with modern life, but which harmonized well with the times and people who instituted them.

It is said that even before the Romans invaded Germany, there existed among the people associations for mutual protection, which were denominated *Waffenbruderschafte*, or brotherships in arms, and the members were styled *guild brothers* and *oath brothers*, because they were united for mutual benefit and protection. One company consisted of ten, and were called *tien-manner tala*. The expression to *keep tally*, among children and uneducated people, is derived from this old German *guild*, and has come through England to America, and

is heard among all who speak the Saxon tongue. These associations were introduced into Great Britain by Alfred the Great, for convenience in governing and preparing for defence. Every ten belonged to another company consisting of ten times ten, or a hundred, who held their own assemblies for administering justice. In England every county was divided into hundreds, for both civil and military purposes, and these ten times ten were again a part of a community numbering ten times a hundred, which made in Germany a *Gau* or district. These terms still apply, as we see, in the *Rhine Gau*, *Bris Gau*, etc. When cities were founded, and those who first formed corporations and obtained privileges grew rich and powerful, after the manner of men, they remembered not their poverty, and the condition from which they had arisen. When others fled to them for protection, and asked of them the rights which they were so long in obtaining of those higher than themselves, they treated them with contempt, as beneath them, and instead of aiding them to rise, placed every obstacle in their way, and made new laws to humble and oppress them. They termed themselves the *Geschlechter* or genteel classes, and were the same that became afterwards in England the *Gentry*.

The new comers were obliged to work at any trade that offered them recompense, and engaged in menial service, often to those whom they hated, and thus a bitter feeling was engendered in the whole as a class, against those above them as a class, which widened the breach of separation. The original freeholders elected the officers of government, formed *guilds* from which the handicraft class were excluded, and married exclusively among themselves. But as the humbler classes increased in numbers, they also formed guilds, each trade by itself, which afterwards combined, so as to become formidable

to the merchants, who in their wealth were not less tyrannical than their feudal lords, and demanded also their rights at the point of the sword. An open and bloody war ensued, in which the *handicraft guilds* were victorious, and obtained of their oppressors the right of a voice in the election of officers of government, and of being freeholders, with the same privileges as merchants.

Next followed rules which were to govern each guild, and to which all must conform in order to be protected. One of these was, that each young man, after having served his apprenticeship, must travel three years in order to perfect himself, and then must show by some well executed piece of workmanship, that he was fitted to practise his trade ; and when he had done this, a certificate from the master of the guild testified to his capacity and fitness, and with this he could procure an engagement. For six centuries this has been the custom, and is demanded not the less strictly now than when it was instituted. On every high road these wandering journeymen may be seen, with their packs, and generally two and two, traversing the whole country, demanding in each place work, and when obtaining it, stopping for a specified time, and then marching on to do the same in another. At the time when it originated, it was probably a very good custom, as in each place they could learn something new, and acquire much information which there were no books at that time to supply. But it has been done till the particulars of every handicraft are as well known in one place as another, and all the shops of Germany have kept up this mutual exchange till everything in mechanics has become reduced to a terrible sameness, and there is not enough of variety in any art to allow the gratification of individual taste. In every house from the Black Sea to the Baltic, from

the Volga to the Rhine, may be seen the same tables, chairs, sofas—the same knives, plates and candlesticks—the same door-handles, window-fastenings, flower-pots, brooms, brushes, mops, and dishcloths, all of the same pattern. If they would spend a small portion of the time in some other country, they would learn more that would be useful in their trade, and improve more in manners and general intelligence. But this would be more expensive, as they wander through their native land under the protection of their guilds, and working their way with the extra expenditure of only a few dollars a year. Yet if they spent half the time steadily at work in one place, and with the money they earned, traveled or studied energetically the other half, it would be better, and better still to stay at home entirely, for most of them, than to saunter about as they do. They are often seen begging, holding out their hands and running after a carriage, like the poor children in great cities, and manifest no shame when repulsed. A strange sight it would be in America to see a strong young man, with a good trade, strolling through the streets and asking alms of passers by !

With these guilds originated the custom in England and America of *binding out apprentices*, to be for a certain time at the service and disposal of their masters, but though with us the laws concerning them have been much ameliorated, and their condition greatly improved, in Germany all the barbarous usages concerning such engagements are still in full force. If a gentleman wishes a house built in any place he must employ the *master builder*, whom the law and the guild authorize to superintend building. He may be old, and what is worse, *old-fashioned*, with all manner of notions which belong to another century, and perhaps to a period three centuries past, and quite unfit to construct a house according to modern ideas of



comfort and beauty ; yet he must be employed, as long as he is supported by the guild. One of his journeymen may be an enterprising young man, who has profited by his travels, and would like to display his genius and exercise his skill, but should any one propose to him to build the house, he would not dare to attempt it, as the result would be persecution by the guild, punishment by the law, and ruin to all his future hopes. He must go plodding on in the same old way, as must every one else, in every trade ; and while these things remain, all Germany will go plodding on, and houses continue to be built after the model which Frederic the Great furnished, upon the principle of putting as many in as small space as possible, to the end of time.

Guilds are divided into nine or ten different kinds, some of which are peculiar to cities, and some to villages—some termed limited and others unlimited, also close and exclusive, fine and coarse, and in all different ranks according to the departments to which the workmen belong. No one can establish a business for himself without leave, or sell anything on his own account, and only so many masters of each trade are allowed in one place. When a young man has finished his apprenticeship, all the members of the guild meet to hear the result of his examination, and if satisfactory, he is pronounced free by the guild master ; yet he is ever subject to the rules of the guild, and when he sets out on his travels, must have a certificate of birth and various particulars concerning his time of service, with rules of his guild, and any resolutions with reference to his destination and time of absence. Each one must have a passport from the police, and dozens are sometimes seen waiting at the police offices for the necessary signatures, that enable them to go from village to village in their fatherland, without danger of imprisonment !

But the paying of the fee is thus sometimes avoided, by their standing in a row and passing the sum from one to the other as they leave the box, making one dollar answer for twenty.

Among some, a fund is formed by the annual payment of a certain sum, to support those who cannot find employment whilst they are seeking it; and those who belong to the exclusive guilds do not receive those who are only members of the others, and those of the fine and delicate handicrafts associate not with those of the rough and coarse. Each has its rules, and those who do not conform are excluded, and could not independently find an employer, however excellent they might be in any department.

In all large towns there is an inn for the journeymen of each particular handicraft, to which they immediately resort on entering the place, and deposit their certificates whilst they go forth in search of work, which they do by calling at each shop where their particular species of labor is performed, and offering their services. When any one is engaged, his credentials are first examined, and if satisfactory, he takes his place immediately among the workmen, and remains the time specified, when he again shoulders his pack and sallies forth.

The inn of each handicraft is known by the sign, which is a boot if belonging to the boot-maker's guild, and a watch if belonging to the watch-maker's—a horse-shoe for a smith, and a barrel for a cooper. In a village or small town, where there can only be supported one inn, these different signs will be hung over as many different benches, in one room, and then it often happens that those of different guilds and trades meet in their wanderings, and many are the adventures they have to relate of what they have seen in the house and by the way.

In country places where there are many of the same handi-

craft, and no theatres or other places of amusement, these young men spend Sunday afternoon and evening in their inn, drinking, smoking and singing, in a way that none making any pretensions to respectability would think of doing in America. We have often seen it stated, that rowdyism is never to be seen in Germany; but those who say it judge only by what they see in their hurried travels, where every other man is a police officer, and order maintained by the strictest governmental police.

While stopping in a village in Southern Germany, we several times looked into the salons frequented by the Guild brothers, and more than once, spent several hours in their midst. Our traveling companion was a young peasant girl, who had friends among the villagers, and by them we were invited to be present at their meetings. The sisters and sweet-hearts of the young men go also, and though a young man could not call to see a young girl in her father's house, she may go alone in the evening to these meetings, and stay till nearly morning, drinking, dancing and singing without reproach. They seat themselves around a long table, and each calls for a bottle of wine, when, filling their glasses, they reach forward and *dinking* them against each other, drink to the pleasure of the evening. Afterwards a song is sung, and when they have become excited, the dancing commences, and is accompanied by the grossest familiarity of manners; boisterous mirth, and such *rowdyism*, as would only be seen among a class many grades lower in America. These were members of the fine and delicate handicraft's guild, a class that in America would be attending lectures, and consider themselves gentlemen. Some of them, too, are musicians, which we consider an elevating profession; at least, as placing those who practise it above coarse and vulgar *sprees*; but in Germany, one

must become very eminent before he is allowed to step out of his rank, and whilst he remains in it, must be *hail fellow well met* with his comrades.

We remained till twelve o'clock a witness of this scene, and were told they would not disperse till morning. The next day we called at the houses of some whom we had met the night before, and found the young men sick, and not able to work. "Always sick on Monday," said the father ; and with a tone and expression that indicated no dissatisfaction or fear of evil consequences. This was their amusement, a part of their life, and as necessary as their labor. We went afterwards to the factory where they worked, and found only a few, and they looking pale and languid, and all ready to confess that they were suffering from the effects of their dissipation. Yet they grow old without becoming drunkards, as would be the case in America. They are not disgraced in the eyes of the community, and are doing nothing which their parents disapprove. Often the father and mother go in for an hour to share their mirth, and the clinking of glasses is louder than ever to give them welcome. Though wine is cheap, it must cost quite a sum for each during the year, and make sensible inroads upon wages that do not amount to more than \$150 or \$200 a year, to say nothing of the loss of time, where two days in seven are given up to amusement.

We afterwards met in the cars a young man who had belonged to the same guild, but had gone to America a few years before, and when we asked him if he drank wine and beer as freely there as he had done in his native village, he said : " Oh, no, it would not be respectable. The first year or two I did just the same, but I found it would not do ; besides, I could not bear it, my health suffered." " No," he continued ; " I

have not spent an evening out of the house for two years, except at a lecture or in some family ; and would not be seen once in such places as young men meet in here every week or day." He had been absent six years, and had returned to see his friends, but nothing would tempt him to live again in Germany, dearly as he loved his fatherland. In America, he could do what he pleased, and his position depended upon himself. This was all he wanted, the privilege of being and doing what he was capable of, and then to be judged by what he had done. From how many have we heard the same, and never from the lips of peasant man or woman anything but blessings on America ; " the home of the exile, and the asylum of the fugitive." But the hatred of the higher classes is intense and bitter towards everything American. We have not met an educated, cultivated German, whose good breeding or politeness restrained him from expressing this feeling, if he entertained it, who considered it any breach of courtesy to pour into our ears any amount of truth or falsehood concerning our country that he happened to believe himself. " Does not your brother like America ?" we asked of one, whose kinsman had resided there many years. " He likes it so well, that he counts the days and hours till he can come back here to live."

" Why did he go, and why does he stay ?"

" He went to make a fortune, and stays only till he can accomplish it." But it did not occur to the gentleman that in this very sentence he was bearing good testimony to the country he was maligning. But it is the case with many ; they go to America to make money, and come back here to enjoy it ; and it is quite true that many species of enjoyment are far more abundant and accessible in the old world than in the new. Servants are cheaper, and housekeeping for ladies much easier,

and theatricals, music, and beautiful pleasure-gardens within the means of all.

It is often said to us, "You have no musicians or artists in America. Your people have no time for anything but to make money." But they find time to pay a good deal to those who go from here to amuse them, and the music they hear is as good as is to be heard by the public here, for the best artists go there, but they have to pay more for it.

It is because these guilds prevent all rivalry and competition, that young men have so much time to devote to music. No exertion procures them more wages or a higher position in their trades, so they have no motive for rising early and sitting up late to perfect themselves in their handiwork. While, if they can become sufficiently skillful in music to merit a government place, they are fixed for life. Every court has its theatre, and those who belong to it a salary; so that there are *sixty-five state theatres* in Germany, always open, besides those which are only occasional in country towns; and connected with these, in the enjoyment of definite and permanent pay, 1,273 musicians, and 3,834 persons connected with the stage in various ways. Among these are 1,224 male actors, 229 female dancers, 917 female actors, 219 ballet dancers. Those who have a fixed salary, receive a pension in old age, or after they are disabled in any way from performing; and to support these theatrical establishments, the whole people are taxed. The peasantry, however distant from court, must pay towards supporting the king's theatre, though not once in their lives can they ever enter one. The price of admission is not half what it is in America, and a few cents admit one at any time to the public gardens in the suburbs of cities, where are a series of concerts from May to September; and where one is regaled with the

finest productions of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. But those who think the people thus privileged are, as a whole, more intelligent, refined, and cultivated in other respects, than some who perhaps never heard an exquisite piece of music in their lives, are mistaken. The same number of people, from the same classes, gathered together for any purpose in the suburbs of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, would exhibit feelings as high-toned, and manners as polished, as any which these courtly circles send forth, though they may not know a march from a gallopade, or a waltz from an oratorio. But in America there can be no assembly of any sort without a mixture of all classes, so that to a European it seems a vulgar herd, as he has never been accustomed to look upon such a sight, and he knows nothing about distinguishing one kind from another in such a mass. No peasant would think of entering a garden or salon in Europe, except to serve or sell something, while in America the humblest plough-boy may go and stand and sit where he will, provided he pay the price. An European sees everywhere the coarse and fine mixed up together, or rather sees this coarse element, and contrives to shut his eyes to the fine, and then says there is nothing but coarseness to be seen in the land.

The Scotch have been much longer a people than the Americans, yet they have not to this day theatres, and have attained to no eminence in music or any of the fine arts ; yet who would not think it as desirable and honorable to be a Scotchman as a German or Italian ? Not that music, painting and sculpture do not require and exhibit the highest order of talent in those who cultivate them ; but they do not require or exhibit various other virtues which place their possessors as high in the scale of civilization and refinement.

CHAPTER VIII.

FARMERS AND FARMING—VILLAGE HOMES—EDUCATION.

WE have had many evil communications to make, but we shall also have many that are good, and not the least interesting to ourselves, nor the least honorable to the people, are the agricultural details and statistics. Such industry we have never seen as in Germany, nor such results of industry, and a book concerning the people, written to be read by the people, must not pass by the farms, the vineyards, and the gardens.

When the land was given to the people and divided into so small portions, a peculiar kind of culture became necessary, in order to make it fulfill its mission—that of supplying the people with food. The ploughs and horses, and expensive implements, which could be profitably employed by large farmers, would be too expensive upon the little patches of small proprietors, and we see, therefore, in some districts the whole country tilled like a garden, with spade, and hoe, and rake, and in the improvements which have been made in agriculture, and the perfection to which it has been brought, the people have not been left entirely to themselves. It has been reduced to a science, and a department made for it in universities. Agricultural schools have been established, and an annual Congress instituted, to which all who are interested in such matters are invited, to discuss projects and give the result of experiments.

The first of these was held at Leipsic, in 1820, and had only nineteen members. This, it will be seen, was just one year before the final enactment which entirely abolished serfdom. They have been continued ever since with increasing interest, alternating among the principal cities, awakening interest, and extending their influence, till they number many thousand members, and their example has been followed till there are several hundred different societies for promoting agriculture, and kindred objects.

In Nassau there are 824 *rural communes* or villages, and when the society meets, there are assembled representatives from each village, who are expected to give the required information concerning the state of every different culture, and are particularly questioned in public by a committee, who ask sixty questions—whether the commune is upon hillsides, or in valleys, what is most cultivated, how the cattle are managed, and the lands watered, etc., etc. Statements are then compared, and advice given as to changes and improvements. There is also in every village a nursery of fruit trees, to experiment upon the best kind of fruits, and to supply *grafts* which have been proved the most successful; and there are in nearly all these villages a superior class of peasant farmers, who take an interest in all these improvements, and hold meetings among themselves to talk of village and farming interests.

We have not attended these meetings, but we have seen these honest farmers, and partaken of their goodly fare, and have never seen finer specimens of character, or more genuine refinement of manners than in some of these village homes, which seemed to us unaccountable, so in contrast were the homes themselves to all that had been ordinarily associated in our minds with true elevation of mind and delicacy of feeling.

To one who has been accustomed to New England villages, those of Nassau, and of the interior of Germany generally, strike one as little better than a nest of Indian wigwams. The houses stand close to the street, and close together, or separated only by narrow, dark, and dirty alleys, which have been just as dark and dirty for centuries. Not a foot of land is left for garden or grass plat, and instead of which we find the cowyard, and are often obliged to walk through it, in order to reach the door. Within will be one little room that looks tenantable, and this will contain a bed, a *settle*, a few chairs, a long, bare wooden table, which is never moved, and which is used for meals, for work-table, and for anything for which it may be rendered convenient. There will be also a clock, some pictures of the virgin and the saints, a cross, and other things which denote the religion of the people, but whom we have found neither bigoted nor ignorant, in the usual acceptance of these terms.

The kitchen is a room some ten or fifteen feet square, and so dark that we can scarcely distinguish one person from another, and opens on one side into the stable, and on the other into the stable-yard, and looks a place unfit for pigs to feed, much less for human beings to cook their food. The sleeping-rooms are above, and have in each two beds, as such a curiosity as a double bed is not to be found in Germany. In the humblest cot, among the most miserably poor, no two members of the family, of any relationship, occupy the same bed. They are all very narrow, and the sheets and quilts are made to correspond. One or two feather-beds are made up light and round on the outside, and a neat white or colored spread goes over the whole. The floors are white and sanded.

If we are here to breakfast, we shall have coffee and black bread and rolls, and if we take breakfast in any family in Germany, high or low, we shall have the same, and should be considered very gross and uncivilized, if we should ask for anything else. At ten o'clock we shall have offered us bread and butter, and some slices of cold ham or beef, and this, also, is the universal custom, but as far as grossness and refinement are concerned, we are not able to understand why ten is not as unsuitable an hour as eight at which to eat meat.

If we dine, we shall have a snow-white cloth upon the long table, and a plate to each person, and knife and fork to each plate; one large pint tumbler full of water, out of which each will drink till it is empty, when it will be filled again, and a great loaf of black bread, from which each will cut a slice when he wants it. The first course will be boiled beef, what in New England is called *corned* beef, and this also is the *dish universal* in Germany; with it we eat bread. After this we have some kind of fried meat and boiled potatoes, and perhaps cabbage, which is also another dish universal. Cabbage is the great staple among all classes, but there are several kinds, white, red, brown, and cauliflowers. Every dish has a clean wholesome look, and each one helps himself from each dish which is passed, with a spoon, or knife and fork upon it. For *dessert*, we have a kind of cake, made very thin with *plums*, which are called *Zwetchen*, placed in rows close together all over the top, and baked in large tins three feet long. When done, it is cut in strips and arranged *cobhouse* fashion upon plates. If it is fruit time we shall also have fruit, apples, pears, plums and grapes.

There are no indications of poverty, but on the contrary of the greatest abundance, and the family are worth perhaps eight or ten thousand dollars. Besides their farm, they have a brick-

making establishment, keep cows and pigs, and have plenty of geese, hens and chickens. All these animals are in pens, and do not see the light of day from year to year, yet they look fat and sleek. Green fodder is cut daily for the cows during summer, yet we cannot help thinking the milk lacks the sweet, fresh taste of that to which we have been accustomed, where the cows crop the green grass as it grows, and drink from the clear pebbly brook.

But this custom of keeping the cows and sheep in stalls all the year, has been generally adopted throughout Germany, from its economy. A hundred years ago, four-fifths of the land was devoted to grains, and one-fifth to grasses or forage ; and now only one-fifth is devoted to grains, and the other four-fifths to forage. By this reverse, the number of cattle is multiplied, and thus the quantity of manure increased with which to enrich the land, and continually renew its capacity for producing. Grains also derive less nourishment from the air than foraging plants, and therefore exhaust the soil more entirely for their original support, and do nothing towards repaying the debt. Grasses live more upon the air, and leave a richer decayed substance to add to the value of the soil.

Very little space is devoted to grazing, because the same extent of surface will support ten times the number of cattle if devoted to clover, with which they are stall fed. An acre, it is said, will be scarcely sufficient for one sheep in pasture, whilst it will support twenty if sown with the best of clover, and ten with that which is called Spanish, and is considered only half as good. The soil of England has been increased two-thirds in value by this system since the middle of the 18th century ; and Holland and Belgium have extensively adopted the same.

So we must be resigned to what seems a cruel bondage for

the animals, and detracts infinitely from the beauty of the landscape, if both man and beast are really in a more thriving condition thereby ; for the earth must be made to yield to its utmost to supply the wants of the fast increasing human family, and sheep and cows must patiently be restrained of their liberty, and submit to individual discomfort for the good of the whole! Exactly how they feel about it we do not know, but very wistfully they looked out from their dark cells as we opened the door, and the voices of the lambkins were pitiful, as they plead for room to skip upon the green. That they do not pine unto death, is proved by their number having been quadrupled in the last seventy years.

But we have not heard of any benefit that led us to be resigned to these horrible manure yards under every window, and do not see how the value is increased by any such juxtaposition with human olfactories. Yet we have learned very interesting facts which would have escaped our observation if they had been farther off. So important is this branch of husbandry, that scientific engineers are employed to construct trenches for receiving all the waste juices of the house and barn, and anything that can enrich the soil, is as carefully preserved as the crumbs of the most costly food, and valued as silver and gold. We remember often in New England, to have seen the only yard where the cattle could perambulate, one vast pond, and when it became necessary to remove it, men were employed days in dipping it with pails. But from these trenches it is drawn by means of a suction pipe, some twenty feet long, and three or four inches in diameter, one end of which rests in the water, and the other connects with a large hogshead which stands in a cart, and which a man fills in a few minutes with

apparently little effort, and certainly with less deleterious effects to himself and pantaloons.

But whilst he was doing this, a young girl was standing bare-foot, up to her knees in a manure heap, digging with a pronged shovel, and filling another cart, which she drove to the field, and we suppose unloaded when she arrived. She was *hired out* for the year to do any work about the house or farm, and received fourteen dollars for a full year's service of this kind ! and whenever we have been in the country, anywhere in Germany, we have seen women employed in the same way, which is said to be made necessary by the law which requires so great a proportion of the men to be lounging in soldiers' barracks. Woman is thus degraded from her true position ; and we need not describe the condition of the homes where women spend half their time in the field. When they work as hard, and do the same things, they are not treated as the equals of their lords. Often they walk and drive the oxen, with a genuine thrust and flourish of the goadstick, while the men are sitting at their ease in the cart, smoking, and perhaps swearing at their teamsters. We once saw a man and his wife going home from the city, where they had been to make purchases ; and she had upon her back a box some three feet square, and a basket as large, and heavy laden, in her hands, while he carried nothing, but beat and scolded her the whole length of the street where our vision extended, if she lagged or complained of weariness, which she often did with the tears streaming down her cheeks. But this did not surprise us so much as the stoical indifference with which a *lady* gazed upon the sight, as a matter of no consequence, because *they were peasants*, and it was a common occurrence.

That those who grow rich and lay up some thousands of dol-

lars should still feel no ambition to fit up and make convenient and pleasant their habitations, seems at first very mysterious ; but we have to remember that they have been yet scarcely half a century out of slavery—a state in which they had not the means nor the power to improve their condition. When they became owners of the soil, and could act for themselves, they were like grown children, with no experience and no observation to aid them in their new life. They could neither read nor write, and had no knowledge of business. To possess even a little sum of money, to do with as they pleased, seemed perhaps to them the climax of happiness ; and to spend it in personal comforts would scarcely occur to them, when they had not seen this done by the greatest lords in the land. They had no idea of a comfortable or pleasant home, because they had never seen one. A castle is a very romantic affair, crowning a distant hill-top, and associated with hundreds of years of history, chivalry, and romance ; but in itself, it is a dreary, desolate, comfortless shell ; for the wealth of the most powerful noble would not enable him to furnish a hundred rooms in even a habitable manner. There is without a great parade of walls, of Gothic, or Grecian, or Italian architecture, and lofty towers, reaching to the skies ; and within there is utter barrenness, showing that those who occupied it were unacquainted with the most common wants and gratifications of civilized life. We have not yet seen a castle, inhabited or uninhabited, that betokened so high a state of civilization, refinement, and taste, in all its arrangements, as the majority of village cottages in New England.

Besides, when the serfs were made owners of the soil, and to be a land-owner gave no marvelous distinction, those who had hitherto enjoyed it did not wish to live side by side with those

to whom they were thus leveled, and did not remain in the country. The peasants were left entirely to themselves. For many years they could not travel to learn the improvements of other lands ; they had no examples to excite their ambition, and considering themselves infinitely blessed in their new condition, and not knowing that it needed to be, or could be, made better, were infinitely content.

In America, if there is one family in a village more wealthy than the rest, and able to indulge in the luxury of travel, and with means of higher education and cultivation than those around, we immediately see the evidences of superiority in their home: there is a beauty of finish about the house, articles of taste in the parlor, of convenience and comfort in the kitchen, which are immediately observed, and, by those who have the means, copied. Thus the whole becomes elevated, and so certainly that there cannot possibly exist gradations in rank for any length of time.

It is not from the mere fact that they live under a Republican or Democratic form of government that this equalization exists. In England the poor man may also become a peer ; and there are before him constant examples that incite him to effort. But on the Continent there are neither example nor reward.

The house which we have described belonged, as we said, to a peasant farmer, who exhibited in all his manners and deportment an innate dignity and refinement that we do not often see among born and bred gentlemen. If he had been educated in court, he would have been truly courtly ; yet he had lived to the age of sixty-five years in this hovel without thought of change, and had never in his life seen a better house than his own. But a son who had been four years in America returned to visit his birth-place ; and the first thing he did was to paper

the walls of the little parlor and the sleeping-rooms, and add many things to give a comfortable appearance to the house. He had learned, and showed that he only needed to learn in order to appreciate and act.

Yet in a village like this, and among these people, there is a decided village aristocracy, though we cannot ascertain very definitely upon what it rests its foundations. Money does not seem to be the criterion, nor a particular business, though both these have a little influence here, as they have elsewhere, the world over. That *respectability*, according to the universal standard, is taken into the account, we learn by one family considering it a lowering of themselves to associate with another upon which fifteen years back there rested some imputation of disreputable conduct. Whether this would have been remembered if the persons had not remained poor, we have no means of knowing, but presume, as is seen in the most moral and religious communities, wealth and prosperity might have blotted out their sins. Their crime was stated to be, having committed the *before-hand sin*; and the priest, who was of course a Catholic, not only severely reprimanded them, but was a long time in consenting to make them "honest people" by uniting them in the holy bonds of wedlock. We give the incident as an illustration of manners and morals, which will be creditable to pastor and people; it proves that there is a high moral standard at least; and we have no reason for doubting that it is as real, and has as much regard paid to it as in any other community.

The revelations of Luther, and other reformers, concerning the Catholic priesthood, exhibited them so corrupt and fallen, that however different they may have become, or however great the number of exceptions, they have all to this day had

to bear the reproach which the monks of the fourteenth century brought upon their brethren and upon their order. But the Reformation not only reformed those who came out and were separate, but those who remained members of the "Holy Catholic church." At present we cannot learn that they are as a class either rich or corrupt, and in little villages of a population of two thousand inhabitants it must be easily known if they are. Our inquiries were often among those who had become entirely weaned from the church in which they were educated, and had no motive for representing either priest or church as better than they really were.

We are in danger, perhaps, of forgetting that the Romish church *became* corrupt, and it is possible that churches having the name of *reformed* may in the course of time *become also* corrupt, especially those which are connected with the state, and form part of its machinery. The Catholic church was always democratic in this respect—that its favors were bestowed equally upon the high and humbly born—birth seldom conferred any distinction, and wealth was not a necessary passport to its honors. But the new Prussian church is very far from possessing these recommendations, and as a class, the clergy connected with the nominal Protestant government are not called to so much self-denial, are more secular, and preach less of the pure doctrine of the gospel than the Catholic clergy of Germany. As to morals and manners, the standard is so different in all Europe from that in America, that it is difficult to judge. It is certain that those of every denomination drink freely, play cards publicly, and frequent the theatres openly; by which we do not mean to say that all do, or the greater portion, or that those who do these things are equally revered with those who do not; but that many do, and retain their position

as teachers of religion and morality. It is also evident that American clergymen do not think conformity in some of these things a "sin unto death," as, either to gratify a natural and excusable curiosity, or to learn as much as possible of the dark side of the world, in order to be better able to expose it, and make truth and goodness desirable by contrast, many seek out what they are in the habit of denominating "sinks of iniquity," and "roads to ruin," and contemplate for a time these horrible things.

When we were in Catholic villages we attended the Catholic church, and in every place saw the children assembled for Sunday-school teachings, and heard them catechised in exactly the same way as Protestant children are catechised, and could see very little difference in the general intelligence of the people, whether professing one faith or the other. Indeed, there is nothing that should make a difference. All the children attend schools where the system is exactly the same, and attend church where the difference is more in name than in reality. But this is the remarkable feature of the Catholic church, that it adapts itself to all governments, and all people—takes into consideration all times and seasons and ages—and knows very well that dogmas and exactions which would be received submissively in the Middle Ages, in the days of darkness and superstition, would not be tolerated in these, and makes no attempts at imposing them upon the people. There are images in the churches, and a crucifix in every corner, which are looked upon as symbols by some, and as objects of idolatry by others, according to their mental capacities. We hear them uniformly told that these are not to be worshipped, and though there is a great deal of mummery left, which for us has neither sense nor reason nor interest, and is inconceivable folly, we learned

to respect the simplicity that could find food and comfort in what could not even for a moment engage our attention when the novelty was gone. With our minds and feelings they would do the same; but we have not only been made differently in the first place, but grown up under influences so dissimilar that to judge one another is impossible, and may possibly be a greater sin than even idolatrous worship.

At least it would be well if the world in general would recover from the prejudice against everything Catholic, and the belief that everything Protestant or reformed is right; if they would cultivate the spirit of Christian charity, and see things as they really are.

In many countries on the continent, the people are less capable of thinking and reasoning than the children of England and America. They are taught to read and write, but are scarcely more educated and not a whit more intelligent for this. It is even true that schools for teaching "reading, writing and arithmetic" are more numerous in Catholic Italy than in Protestant Prussia.* Rome has a population of 158,678 souls, and 372 public primary schools with 482 teachers, and 14,099 children attending them. The population of Berlin is double, and has only 264 schools; and the Papal States, with two and a half millions, contain seven universities; Prussia, with seventeen millions, has also but seven!

But this is not saying that the people in one place or the other are educated. They are both ignorant and stupid; but it is not the fault of their religion. The government does not allow them to think or act, and the children of England or America who do not know how to read or write, are more intelligent and have more mental activity. We have seen

* Laing.

learned professors who were as stupid as cartmen, and never had one original thought, and were no better judges of practical things in the world than children, and no more useful.

The Catholic church has ceased to be afraid of the power of their people, because they can read and write, and we doubt not there will come a time when she will throw away her symbols ; because she will adapt herself to the times and the people over whom she wishes to rule. Her tactics are already very different in England and America from what they are on the Continent ; and dungeons and tortures will not be the machinery by which she will take root in the new world. It would not be strange if she should do it by becoming pure and spiritual, and those of other denominations who would retain their position, must take care how their luxurious churches exclude the pure and spiritual from their teachings.

CHAPTER IX.

AGRICULTURE—IRRIGATION—SUPERSTITIONS—FLAX-RAISING.

OUR first excursions in the country were in the spring, when the grasses were already green, and soon the summer foliage and the abundant harvests made the earth reel with her rich burdens. It was then our constant exclamation, "How is it possible to make any soil produce so much?" In America, in the orchards and where fruit trees grow, there is no attempt at cultivating the earth for other purposes; but here, under any green tree, there is another harvest—it is as luxuriant beneath as above.

When we came to mingle with the farmers themselves, we learned something of their secrets, and are sure it will be no betrayal of confidence if we make them known.

When the rich summer coats were removed and the earth was exposed, we saw the little well-springs of fruitfulness bubbling up over all the land, and learned that neither grain, nor grass, nor vegetables, grow here more than anywhere else, without science, perseverance, and toil.

"Draining and irrigation"—we have often seen these terms, and heard the processes spoken of as the gold and silver instruments of agriculture. All over the fields, running here and there, *zigzag* and *crisscross*, we see little canals of only two or three inches in width, which had evidently some special de-

sign—yes, they were for the purpose of *irrigation*, and it has accomplished so much for the dry and waste places of these now fruitful fields that we must attempt to describe it.

In Germany, the term *meadows* is applied to what we call *pasture-land*, which lies away from the natural watering sources, and is so dry as to be quite useless, unless moistened by artificial means. The labor is immense of preparing the ground for the canals, as there must be an inclined plane, and when nature has not made it, the whole turf must be carefully removed, and the good soil also taken away, that the leveling may be performed upon the *subsoil* which is beneath and not good for any productive purpose. When the whole has been made level, or reduced to the necessary inclination, the good soil and turf are replaced and the canals formed.

Sometimes a well is first dug, in order to procure water, and from this a channel runs on the upper side of the inclined plane, which is to hold the water that is to flow over the land. This is the *supplying* canal ; on the lower side is the *receiving* canal, and between are the little *cross channels*, through which the water must flow. The breadth between the largest channels must not be more than six or eight rods, and between the smaller furrows only a rod. The elevation is scarcely perceptible, being but a few inches. A very nice process it is to form the inclination exact and arrange the furrows so as to water all parts equally. Parallel with the supplying and receiving canals, and at right angles with the transverse furrows, must also be longitudinal ones, and when the water is permitted to flow, it must be in measured quantities and at stated seasons.

It is said that snow water dissolves the earth and carries off the rich particles of soil, so this is never used in irrigation. After the crops are gathered, and the land clear, the water

overflows two or three times a week during the autumn till frost comes. In spring it is done in the night, two or three times a week, when it is dry and so warm as not to freeze, as this would injure the grass. Again, in June, just before the *haying time*, as thus the stems are rendered softer, and the mowing easier. Then for the fourth and last time, fifteen days after the mowing is finished, when the stubble is dry and decayed, so that it will not take the nourishment which is destined for the new shoots, the whole is overflowed quite often, till fifteen days before the grain harvest commences.

Sometimes a sort of rolling prairie is made of the land, by dividing it into as many rods in width as there are rods in length, and a slight elevation of a few inches between each division, and the furrows correspond to the ridges. The supplying canal is on the upper side of the meadow or pasture, and transverse furrows carry the water to the receiving canal, the whole forming a curious network ; and when, as we have often seen, these hundreds of little rills are flowing and dimpling and sparkling in the morning or evening sun, it is also a beautiful sight upon the wide extent of the otherwise dreary plain. Many thousands of acres have thus been rendered fruitful that were formerly barren.

In one town we were struck every moment in our walks with the beauty and fertility of the *parterres*, and were told that from six thousand five hundred acres, which formerly yielded only a value of five hundred dollars, there was now an income of three thousand, and the whole expense of preparing the ground and introducing the water was covered the first year by the increased fruitfulness ; and in the same county, thirty or forty villages obtained the same result.

The furrows crossing the land must be changed every three or four years, and should be narrow and deep, as they thus

occupy less surface, and less mud accumulates in them. The water is thought, too, to act more efficiently on the soil than when they are shallow, and continually enriches it by bringing new and valuable particles, which it leaves in deposit.

This system of irrigation was invented by Mr. Drusler, the mayor of Siegen, a town in Rhenish Prussia, in the year 1750, and has extended over nearly all Germany. Wherever we went in the autumn, we saw the little rills, and saw them upon little strips of land here and there, which otherwise would be parched and dry nearly the whole year, and not worth a penny. As we said in the beginning, we have never seen anything to equal the persevering industry and toil of the German husbandry, and the economy with which everything that can be made useful is gathered and stored. In the forests may be seen the children gathering in baskets all the cones which fall from the fir trees for *kindlings*, during the winter, and *gleaners* may be seen in all the harvest fields, and here, as in the land of Judea in the days of old, these are always women ; with the little sickle they go over all the hills and valleys, and cut every stray spear of grass, every tuft by the wayside, and gather the scattered remnants of every sheaf, pick up every seed and leave not even a weed to flourish in its rankness. Sometimes they are seen returning home in troops, with their treasures in baskets or tied in bundles, and in whatever way, always on their heads. The cow and pig of many a poor widow subsist entirely upon these gleanings.

In one village in the *Westerwald*, or western forest, we used to hear every day, at exactly twelve o'clock, a horn blown, all up and down the street. We thought at first it must be the postman, as this is the way he often announces himself ; but having looked several times and seen no arrival at the noise of the

trumpet, we inquired, and were told it was to call forth the cows of the poor, who during the summer were permitted to crop the grass by the wayside for a few hours each day; and sure enough, the next time we looked abroad, at the clear shrill music of the winding horn, there was a troop of these quiet animals wending their way to some distant grass-plot, where they had learned there was a fresh sweet morsel to be found. One would not suppose it could be necessary to blow a horn every day of the month, and every year of the century; but this is only a specimen of the system with which everything is done in this old land. *Like clock-work* is a proverb in the new world, but it is only here that we see it illustrated.

In the city where we once lived, there came in every week, on Friday morning, a little fat, jolly looking man, who without ceremony took the glass from the clocks in each room, and wound them up, replaced them, and trotted out again, till at length we asked upon what authority he did this. "Oh, this was his regular business." He lived two miles out of town, but the city was divided into districts, and in a certain portion he wound all the clocks, having a certain day and hour for each.

In the same city and street, we noticed every time we went out and in, a man sitting upon a stone, and around him standing two or three others, who were often engaged in coming and going with packages. Till at length we asked again, "What is the man's business, and how long has he sat here?" "He is a *packer*, and has sat there some forty years."

"Forty years!"

"Why yes; is that anything so wonderful?" To be sure, it was nothing so very wonderful after all, as this was his regular business—and he was now an old man—that he should have

attended to it forty years, and a stone was as good a place for the firm to establish themselves by, as a *counter* or a desk. But we had never before heard of a *packer*, which was perhaps the greatest part of our surprise. We found it afterwards a common profession in southern and interior Germany, and our good friend was one of the most respectable of his class, a thoroughly substantial, respectable looking man, who had followed an humble calling, patiently, honestly and industriously, from youth to old age, and from a *beginning with nothing*, to a comfortable independence. He packed and unpacked the goods of merchants, and the furniture of families when they moved. If a party were going a journey, they sent for him to pack their trunks, and in all these cases he took the whole care upon himself, as independently as a man would build a house or a tailor make a coat, receiving only general directions. His fame had extended also quite across the borders. When the Emperor of Russia was married to a princess of Darmstadt, he was sent for to pack the *trousseau*, and marvelous tales he had to tell when he returned, of the velvet and the ermine.

All these humble callings, as well as those of carpenters, carriage makers, and tailors, are under the protection and supervision of government, and cannot be laid aside and resumed without permission ; and we presume the man who blows the horn for the cows has also a regular commission, and the cows could be called by no other person, or in any other way, without a council of state to decide upon the matter, which does not make it the less a deed of kindness to the poor, and one for which they must be very grateful, as it saves them much labor, and enables them to save a large portion of their *gleanings* for the long, cold winter days. Oh, how they must be suffering, notwithstanding, in some of those dismal huts, with the wind

hustling through the crevices, and the snow piled against their windows.

But it is only in the interior, within the circle of the old feudal dominions, that we see the villages constructed in this way. In the north, and far away to the south, the farming districts have more the appearance of farming regions in America. The houses are scattered about on the hillsides and in the valleys, with plenty of room within and without for men and animals, though the cows, the horses and pigs, are here under the same roof with the family, separated perhaps only by a narrow hall, on the one side opening into the stable, and on the other into the kitchen and dining-room. We have ourselves slept for a week directly over the animals, and heard their champing and tramping at all hours, night and day, though our room was as clean as wax itself, the walls neatly papered, and the floor as white as scouring could make it. But our window also overlooked the stable-yard, and the effluvia from beneath and round about, would have seemed pestilential if we had not heard that it was everywhere considered healthful!

But these compact country villages were built when people sought more of defence against foreign foes, than protection against fever and malaria at home, and at a time when it could not be imagined the people would ever become as the sand on the sea shore for multitude.

"A walled town with massive arched gateways"—how often we have read this, and thought how grand and imperial must be these little towns. What a veneration we have had for "time-ruined walls," when reading the descriptions of those who rode hastily by at a distance, and could bestow upon them only a passing glance, or when gazing at them through the enchantments which the artist's pencil is sure to throw around them.

Henceforth, away with such hallucinations ; we have entered the massive gateways, and dwelt *within* the "time-stained walls," and there are the same beauty and fascination about them that one may find in the most dismal cells and garrets of the *Five Points*, or the dark alleys which lead to the dens of poverty anywhere among the oldest and most dilapidated streets of New York. They, too, are found by first passing through or by walls of brick and mortar, which constitute the mansions of the rich, which are infinitely more grand and imposing than those old gateways are or ever were.

It is true, that in order to enter many a town of three or five thousand inhabitants, one must pass under an arch of stone, stuccoed and carved in all manner of hideous figures, as they now look to us, though very likely they have been in their day very wonderful works of art. The gate is still guarded by men in armor, who pass to and fro, with shouldered guns, looking like automaton images, dressed in the gear of by-gone ages. But the purpose for which they stand there now seems to us anything but chivalrous and honorable, for it is this : to search the baskets of the poor women who come to market, and all people, old and young, who come from their farms and their trades, to be sure that nothing is admitted free that should pay a *town duty* ! We have not heard the names of the contraband articles, but are sure a poor old *frau*, bareheaded and barelegged, with only a *peck basket* full of *stuff*, which she wishes to sell in order to buy a tin dipper, a piece of calico, or a pound of coffee, can have nothing which *should* be *contraband*, and subject her to the expense of a penny to support this miserable town, though one may well believe they need all they can get

A curious spectacle is afforded on market-day mornings. In the open platz assemble the men and women from far and near, each in the costume of the district, some with cabbages and some with broom corn, some with butter and some with cheese, until all the articles of husbandry and many of domestic manufacture, such as baskets, mats, pottery and cloth are arranged in two long rows upon each side of the square. By their wares some are kneeling and some are sitting, some are standing, and some are walking, and all jabbering such jibberish as only they can understand. It is a superstition among these old *Frauen*, that they shall have no *luck* unless they sell first to a young, blooming virgin, and we have often seen them wait long and refuse good bargains in order to invest their *Kraut* and *Kringel* with this charm. If the luck comes not then, we presume they have a good way of accounting for it, at any rate, no ill fortune seems to destroy their faith in its efficacy.

In Brunswick we saw a curious instance of superstition in men. When called to testify in a court of justice, they think themselves bound to tell the truth only when occupying a certain position, which is with the left hand held straight down by the side, and the right in front of the breast, with the two fore-fingers pointing outward. When standing in this way, no temptation will lead them to swerve from the truth, but an officer is employed to watch them during the whole time, or the fingers are sure to steal around behind and commence twirling a thread or button, with which process they feel at liberty to vary as widely as they please from correct statements. These are curious relics of the days of barbarism, and remind us every day of similar fantasies among the American Indians, and not among them only. One may hear things quite as strange in

familiar intercourse with the fishermen of Marblehead, and their descendants in many parts of New England have not lost their faith in signs and wonders.

The remnants of feudal laws and customs jarring against modern, and even republican innovations, strike one at every step. In two or three villages, in different places, we have seen instances of American or English families, coming to reside for a few weeks or months, and bringing servants and children. With these accompaniments, it had not occurred to them that a copy of their marriage certificates would be necessary to give legitimacy and respectability to any poor little one who might have the misfortune to be born among a people so scrupulous. But no prayers or entreaties could induce the registrar of these important items, to record the birth of a little stranger unless the mother could prove by documentary evidence his right and title to this honor. It had been the law from the commencement of formal legislation, that the birth of a child should be registered in a book kept for this purpose, and also that the proofs of a formal or *regular* marriage should be adduced by those who would thus give their children the rights and privileges of citizenship and inheritance of property. The inhabitants of the country must, of course, conform to these requisitions, which are quite right and proper. But neither their laws nor inheritances would be much affected by irregularities in American families ; and how easy for those from a country thousands of miles away to forge a certificate or any other document necessary to their purposes. But the letter of the law must be obeyed.

When we spoke of it to a German lady, she lamented, as if it were a real calamity, that the parents had been so negligent, and thus entailed upon their child the disgrace of illegitimacy

through life. What a stigma for the poor child to bear! We laughed merrily at such a ridiculous view of the matter; but to her the child was really disgraced; and if one whose birth was dishonorable, could have procured the registering of his name, she would have had no lamentations for the real immorality. So great an influence mere forms come to exert upon the minds of people.

The fairs and markets are the peculiar institutions of Germany, and are held for the purpose of selling and supplying the people with anything that is needed in social and family use, as shops do in other countries. In the Duchy of Nassau, there are 261 in the course of a year, some of them being only cattle and swine markets, and some for the sale of all manner of goods. There are usually four, to correspond with the four seasons, which are more general and important than the others, and attended by people from all the surrounding country. The almanac contains every year a list of the markets which will be held, and the days of opening and closing. The Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt has 250, and the Jews are so far regarded in all, that if the fair happens upon their Sunday, or feast day, there is a change made. Besides these, in each duchy or principality there are the great fairs, held twice a year, at Leipsic, Brunswick, and Frankfort, Leipsic being the largest, to which come the people from all parts of Germany, and sometimes from Holland, Belgium, France, and Switzerland. Here one may see the national and sectional characteristics of the people, and have the manufactures and industrial products of every nook and corner of the land. Little booths are erected in all the squares and along the main street, and tables spread, behind which stand the owners of the wares in their several distinctive costumes, offering you the "cheapest,

the best, and most beautiful," in dialects not less distinct and peculiar.

But it is not the results of great manufactures, of steam power, and water privilege, that are here collected, as would be the case in England and America ; but the results of household industry. In all the rural districts of Germany, the people who are in summer toiling in the fields, ploughing, hoeing, reaping, mowing, are in winter engaged in various kinds of handicrafts, their own hands being the *power looms*, and *levers*, and *turning lathes*. There is often very little skill exhibited in these productions ; but the industry is marvelous, and by it they obtain the little money they have for the few luxuries they indulge in, and to pay their taxes, which are many and great.

We read of certain cities which furnish the world with specified articles of luxury, but often not a person in the city makes these things. Nuremberg is the great toy market, and ask where you will, " Whence come these things ? " you are told Nuremberg ; but the toys are made by the peasants in the villages of the Thuringian forest. Here are whole armies marshaled on a plain, the men being scarcely an inch in height, and their accoutrements proportionably diminutive. Railroads, steamboats, castles, cottages, miniature villages, everything they have seen they imitate, for the amusement of the little folks, and the sugar work, glass, earthen, and wooden articles are often carved with a nicety of line, and curve, and finish, quite inconceivable with the rough hands and rude tools that execute.

There are fine laces from Silesia, and these, too, are wrought in such miserable, poverty-stricken homes, as one would not believe could send forth anything beautiful. But during all

leisure hours men, women and children are engaged with the *bobbins* that weave the delicate meshes we might suppose must owe their gossamer texture to fairy fingers. And when it is bleached and pressed, and ready for market, it is put in large packs, the year's labor of a whole village being scarcely enough for one, perhaps, and the women set forth with them slung across their backs, and bending to the earth with their burdens. From city to city they wend their way, often barefoot and bareheaded, allowing themselves scarcely food to support life by the way; attending at fairs and sometimes kneeling to princes, saying, "Buy, buy, for we are starving," till they have disposed of the precious store, and then return to distribute the money among the naked and starving, who are waiting anxiously for the little pittance on which life for another year depends. The laces of Silesia are scarcely inferior to those of Brussels; and coarser kinds are brought from Saxony, while France and Holland contribute the finest and most costly. Of one pound of Flanders linen thread is made from two to three thousand dollars' worth of lace!

It is the same with a great portion of linen cloth. It is spun and woven in families, though there are, of course, in Germany now large manufacturies for all kinds of cloths. Frederic the Great used to call his country a nation of spinners, for the wheels and spindles were to be heard in every cot upon the mountain, and in every hut in the valley, and bitterly do the peasants curse the machinery that threatens to deprive them of this source of domestic industry and profit.

The raising of flax has profited by the enlightenments of science perhaps to a greater degree than any other branch of agriculture; and in Flanders the new interest in husbandry began with the effort to increase the profits of the linen industry.

In Prussia, which constitutes a third of Germany, there were, a few years since, 246,294 looms, which were used only from six to eight weeks in the year, when the people could not work out doors, and 35,877 which were used all the time ; and of those who work all the year, 24,290, or two thirds of the whole, live in the country. The rest are to be found in small cities, working without capital and realizing very small profits.

For damasks and all fine table linens Saxony is most famous, where a hundred thousand people are engaged in making linen, and five or six million of dollars worth produced every year in this quiet way. But so entirely a separate business is the bleaching, that a great portion of that which is spun in one place is bleached in another, and thousands of yards spun in Saxony and Silesia are sent to Bohemia to be woven, and then returned to Silesia to be bleached.

We have seen linen as fine spun and woven in the cottage-homes of New England, though the wheels are now nearly all silenced by the din and buzz of manufactories. But we remember to have heard the farmers complain always, that flax exhausted the soil, and in two or three years *run out* itself which proves they never learned the art of cultivating it. If it was permitted to *run out* in Germany, or to exhaust the soil, what would become of the people ?

Formerly, some ground was permitted to lie fallow every three years, and this portion the third year was devoted to flax, but even this necessity has been overcome, and by a right preparation of the soil and of the seed, it may be raised year after year on the same fields without deteriorating. The soil must be very deeply tilled, and richly manured, and very fine at the surface, every weed must be thoroughly removed, and a cold moist climate is better than one which is dry and warm.

But it is in soaking the seed and in ripening and sowing it, that much of the culture depends, and according as this is done rightly, are saved or lost millions of dollars. It must be soaked eight or ten days in standing water, at first changing it every day, and then every two or three days, and when it has been dried thoroughly, sown in the evening and allowed to remain exposed all night to the freshness and moisture of the air, and covered in the morning.

The flax in order to be of the right consistency must be cut before the seed is ripe, therefore good flax and good seed cannot be raised together. Formerly it was a great business in Russia to raise flax only for seed, and all other countries obtained their seed from the Russians, not understanding why it was better, and could alone produce good flax. But now it is known that they have only to leave a small portion to thoroughly ripen, and their own seed is as good as any, and not so expensive, though the flax that produces it is thrown away.

We have seen men weaving, and women *breaking flax*, as it is called in New England. The machinery is very nearly the same in all places, but the process varies a little in the southern districts. A circular hole, some three or four feet deep, is dug in the earth, with an opening of six feet perhaps across the top, in which a fire is made. The surface is covered with branches of trees, and upon these the flax is lain to be dried by the heat of the embers below ; around this *fiery furnace* the women stand with the *brakes* (we believe this is the English technical term) and pound the rough, coarse looking stuff, till it is soft, when others take it and draw it through the batchel, *switching* and flourishing it about, as we have seen done in individual instances before, but where there are a dozen, and the air is filled with the dust mingling with the smoke, till the figures and

their implements are only vaguely to be distinguished, one is reminded of the witches around the boiling cauldron, singing :

“ When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain.”

Whether any of our readers will feel a hundredth part of the interest we do, in learning how and why things are done, we cannot tell, but in this we find our principal pleasure in coming among the people, and in this way only we can understand them. Their labors are their life, and to describe these will best illustrate their characters. Here we see literally demonstrated, that man is condemned to “ earn his bread by the sweat of his brow ;” but where he owns the soil he tills, there is a light-heartedness and contentment in the labor which he does not evince when he receives even more for what he does for another. There is sad poverty, and in time of calamity, even starvation, in many districts of Germany, but there is still the pleasant feeling that he is lord of the land, which enables him to endure many a burden which would otherwise be insupportable.

CHAPTER X.

FAIRS—HOUSEKEEPING—DOMESTICS—ART IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

It seemed to us impossible for people to transport their wares, two or three times a year, so great a distance, build their tents, and board and lodge in a strange city, and still make it profitable; but as political economists say, men do not continue for a length of time to do what is not profitable, and as it has been a custom for centuries among the Germans to hold these fairs, we must conclude *it pays* in some way, though they are beginning to be of less consequence than they were. In the small villages and country places, there are yet few shops, though one would think they might be established here and there, and resorted to with less expense, and quite as much convenience, as attending these fairs and markets continually. But the housekeeping stores and wardrobes of the country people are still very simple, and home manufacture supplies the greatest portion of their wants. The children look forward to a fair as the children of New England were wont to look forward to a *training*, and the varieties of cakes, toys, pictures, and amusements which characterize these gatherings, show that children are of vast importance in the provisions which are made. Signor Blitz is without a rival in America, but he has many compeers in Germany, and feats of magic and legerdemain are among the conspicuous attractions

of these holidays. The circus establishes its tent, and comes each time with "a troupe unrivaled and before unequaled in agility and marvelous exhibitions," and is thronged day and night. Under another tent, miniature ponies and horsemen are continually traversing the distance of half a mile in a circle, and troops of children are waiting for a ride which they get for a few cents each. Panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, and all the family of *ramas*, with pictures of every name and degree of excellence, are collected in their several groups for the several tastes of these thousands of pleasure-seekers. The same position is occupied by the same shop or exhibition, year after year, and century after century, and in many respects a hundred years produce scarcely any change in the whole. Some new things are introduced, and others perfected, but the grand fair remains the same. Everything that is bought and sold in the whole country finds a place here, but in many instances only a few are shown as *samples*, and orders taken to be afterwards supplied.

In the business streets, new signs in large letters are hung out over almost every door, and even families give up their parlors and best sleeping-rooms to merchants and manufacturers, who fill them with the productions of their several establishments. It happened to us to resign our apartments to a cloth merchant, *aus Rheydt*, out of Rheydt, a town in Rhenish Prussia, near Dusseldorf. Rolls of woolen, satin, and velvet, took possession of our chairs and tables, and upon the desk were great books of *samples*, from which those wishing to buy had only to select, and then decide how much of each should be sent at another time to their shops. It is becoming the custom, also, to employ *runners*, as in America, to carry and exhibit these books of specimens, and *take orders*.

The law fixes the hour of sale, and it is ushered in by musicians who play and sing through all the streets, and continue to do so during the three weeks the fair is in session, receiving a few coppers from the windows of the inhabitants, like the strolling proprietors of *hand-organs* in New York. But the law can be evaded with bolted doors, and we saw several thousand dollars worth disposed of before a single purchase was allowed to be made.

From the same little province come many valuable articles. Ellenfeld manufactures iron, and brass, and cutlery in great quantities, and twenty-five different kinds of ribbons, with silk and cotton goods of beautiful texture, and especially of beautiful colors. It is here the famous *Turkish red* is produced in such perfection, that cloths and yarns are sent from Great Britain and France to be dyed, and then reexported cheaper than could be done where they are made.

Westphalia is one of the provinces conquered, and taken possession of by the French, and was for a little time subject to Jerome Bonaparte. Here the people were never universally serfs, but owned the land, and are in modern days remarkably thriving and enterprising. Nearly every village has its manufactory, and its buttons, needles, pins, and every species of cutlery, are as famous as those of Birmingham.

Nothing looks quite so beautiful to us as this Bohemian glass, which is known the world over, but reaches America only as a great curiosity and luxury. The Bohemian peasant, who has come with it, is dressed in Prussia blue, with silver buttons and sugar-loaf crowned hat, and appears more like a Frenchman than German. The glass is most tastefully arranged upon shelves and tables, and includes articles of every form and fashion, as well as every color of the rainbow. The

beauty is in the fine and beautiful finish. Prague and Vienna are the great depots for the sale of it, but it is made in the villages of the Bohemian forest, and employs thousands of families who work in the same quiet way, as everything else is done in Germany, devoting to this the leisure hours that cannot be employed in a more profitable way.

The same is true of a hundred other different articles of wood, leather, straw, etc., which it would fill a volume to enumerate, and many of which we shall have occasion to describe, as we find the people at their work.

How many a ballad we have seen illustrated as these groups, from a hundred different places, throng the city with their various commodities, often singing not the words, but something which corresponds to the ditty of the blithe little maiden, with her lightwares all laden, who came crying :

“Buy a broom!

Buy a broom!

Oh, buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!”

From the interior and western parts of Germany, the women are seen carrying everything on their heads, which they often do without holding them also with the hands. Large tubs and baskets, of one or two bushels in size and capacity, are made to balance upon a little round cushion, which is constructed of pieces of colored cloth, tastefully arranged, but which must be very warm and uncomfortable. They say it is much easier carrying burdens in this way than with the weight coming upon the arms and shoulders. But from the north and west we see them with a kind of yoke fitted across the shoulders behind, and the weights attached to pieces which fall as low as the hands, and need only to be balanced on each side. Often, too,

great packs and stacks are borne upon the back, under which they bend till they become unable to stand upright ; but it is only women who are thus converted into beasts of burden. Men use wheelbarrows and donkey-carts, and nowhere perform the amount of labor, or that which is so heavy and exhausting, as the women, and nowhere so early grow old and haggard. At the north they are better-looking in the first place, and retain their youth and beauty much longer, a difference to be seen in all countries, between North and South.

In some provinces the shawl is worn as tenaciously as among Indian women, though never so gracefully as by the children of nature ; and in Hamburg they wear also lace caps and long kid gloves. The shawl is of the gayest pattern, and arranged so as to conceal a little basket, or box shaped like a coffin, and which is carried on all occasions, in the street, if her errand takes her only a few rods from her house, because it is her *badge of office*, and proof that she has a place in a family, which secures her from insult. They are a remarkably respectable looking class, and maintain their several positions with great pride and dignity. The box and shawl are given to each on her entrance into service, and her name registered on the "servant's book," which is kept by the police, who do not give her permission to enter a new place without a certificate from her employer, that she is worthy. This is also the custom in every town, large and small, and may have the effect to make them careful what they do ; but it is also attended by the evil, that ladies may, from caprice, dismiss a servant, and refuse her a certificate, without which she may wander idly about for months, and become vicious from want of employment. In Bremen servants cannot engage for less time than six months, and cannot then be dismissed without a warning three months

before, unless for very serious ill-conduct. Here they are permitted also to have a patch of land to cultivate, and in their leisure hours raise a little crop of potatoes or flax, which they can dispose of to their own advantage, and do not anywhere at the north have so slavish an appearance as at the south, where it is the universal complaint that they are never to be trusted, and where they are indeed treated like a nation of thieves. Everything is locked and double locked, as thoroughly as if they expected to be constantly besieged by robbers. A German housekeeper is a slave to her keys. She gives out every article from the store-closet herself, and exactly the quantity necessary for every compound ; else, she says, it will be carried off to some lover or friend. What is allowed each one to eat, is placed upon her plate before the family leave the table—just so much meat, bread, and vegetables as is judged sufficient—so many lumps of sugar given into her hand, and all the rest locked where she cannot come. The quantity seemed usually very generous, and we may not be capable of judging of a system which we have not tried, nor know how debased a whole class may be with whom we have not lived ; but we often wonder what would become of the colored slaves of America if they were subject to such a bondage as this, where eating and drinking is the great diversion.

The construction of the houses makes many keys necessary, without reference to the servants. As to economize room is the important consideration, there is a box, or drawer, in every nook and corner, and where there is a family on every floor, and the common staircase open to all who choose to go up and down, everything must of course be locked. Each housewife carries a little oblong basket, eight or ten inches long and three or four wide, with a handle, and in this are deposited her

keys. We have seen between forty and fifty in one basket, and almost every one used daily, and some many times a day. To every room, cupboard, drawer and box, the lady must go herself, for everything that is wanted in all the multiplicity of household affairs. Whether the servants are indeed so faithless, we have no means of knowing ; but we have seen many thus distrusted, whom we could willingly have taken into service, and by kindness and confidence so won, that we should have no fears for the safety of gold and silver, and jewels uncounted and untold. When food was dealt to them as if they were dogs, we have seen come over their honest faces the blush of shame and humiliation, that made us feel for them the same pity and sympathy as if they had been arraigned for crime, when we knew they were innocent. The best heart may easily become corrupted by such treatment, and where honesty and fidelity receive no reward, or commendation, they will soon cease to be valued.

It is often the case that girls come from the country to the city to live for a little time in a family, in order to learn a better kind of housekeeping. They, perhaps, belong to the aristocracy of their little village, and have acquired something of a feeling of independence. They have not been accustomed to work very hard, as the routine of domestic labor in a farmhouse even, is not very complicated or elaborate, and they enter upon their new life entirely ignorant of the duties they must perform. One we saw transferred from her free country home to the dismal atmosphere of a city kitchen. Bright and blooming she was as a May morning, and as pure as the water of the village fountain, or the lily that bloomed in the valley by her side. She was the servant of all work, as the family could afford but one, and was expected to rise with the sun and before breakfast to put the parlor and dining-room in order,

which no American woman would think of having done by a servant who was cook and scrub besides. All the floors are unpainted oak, and are wiped with a mop wet in cold water every morning to take off the dust. The breakfast takes but little time, as it is only bread and coffee, and the bread is purchased the night before. After breakfast, the marketing must be attended to, and sometimes the lady of the house does it herself, and sometimes the servant, and often both go together. The sleeping-rooms are to be *tidied*. Dinner for four people, with English or American cookery, would employ an hour ; but with German it requires four or five. It is putter, putter, putter, the whole forenoon, keeping the servant constantly busy, and the lady in constant supervision. To look at the stove and count the kettles in actual service, we would be led to expect some four to six courses, with a great display of luxuries. But when it appears, there is a soup, one dish of meat and one of vegetables, and all excellent. But to make them ready, there has been such a fussing and fretting and stewing as ought to be expended on a hundred dinners; and every day for three months, we hear the complaint that "the servant never can learn to cook—it is strange how stupid she is." But instead of leaving her to try experiments and make a few mistakes, relying upon her own judgment till she can think, compare, and compound successfully, the lady is continually trotting into the kitchen, and by continual fault-finding and severity completely paralyzes mind and body, so that she is stupefied by fear. In six months, four have been successively installed in the same place, and all equally stupid, without her being able to see that the fault may be entirely with herself. We noticed this without considering it a characteristic of German housekeepers ; but afterwards read in "Howitt's Rural Life," that

English ladies always found the same trouble. The servants have been accustomed to be followed about and directed in every little thing till they have no idea of doing anything without being told, and retain always a servile air and manner, and this we heard from many American ladies, also, who had lived long in the land.

When the dinner is cooked, it is brought in by the servant, and she comes to change the plates and take away the remains, then brings the coffee which she has made in the meantime. After dinner, the dishes are to be washed, and the kitchen made tidy; but this is seldom done, because there is a continual cleaning of something, which keeps everything in a *muss*, (when we describe kitchens we must use *technical* terms). The stove is so large that it occupies about one-third of the room—on three sides are shelves, or *dressers* without doors, upon which are arrayed the cooking apparatus and the ordinary table furniture. Everything copper and brass is rubbed daily, and the number of these articles is innumerable. They are as bright as rubbing can make them, and the perfection of neatness pervades all appertaining to the culinary department, yet there is still lacking a system that simplifies complicated arrangements, and relieves the severity of labor.

It seems to be feared that the servant will not earn her wages, and work which is utterly needless is done and repeated for the sake of keeping her busy. If there is nothing else, she is set to washing windows, late in the afternoon of hot summer days, or to scrubbing floors on her hands and knees, where we have often seen her till ten at night, and could think of nothing but a galley slave, chained to his task; as often as once in two weeks these horrible oaken floors must be scrubbed, and three or four hours must be spent upon one ordinary sized

room. There are two pails of water, a stiff brush with which the scrubbing is done with soap and sand, and a cloth to rinse and wipe in the cleaner water. In our pity for the poor creature who was doomed to such drudgery, we exclaimed, "why do you people in Germany persist in this barbarous custom of scrubbing floors?"

"Because we cannot afford to have them painted."

"What a ridiculous reason, when you conform to much more expensive customs in dress and education."

"But these are necessary, while it is not absolutely necessary to have carpeted or painted floors."

"I should think it much less necessary to have silk dresses, and would rather do without a little French or Latin myself, than enjoy such luxuries while these poor girls must perform such slavery as this."

But she could not understand that a peasant girl could be any better employed than in scrubbing and cleaning, though afterwards she very adroitly planned that it should be done when it was most unlikely we should see it.

It is merely that they have been accustomed to live in this way, and go so little about the world, that they do not learn a way which is better and not less cheap. We have heard so much about the industry and thorough housekeeping of German ladies, that we notice much more scrutinizingly than we otherwise should; and they have heard so much about American ladies being idle and *shiftless*, that we cannot help making comparisons.

That German ladies spend more time in the kitchen than American and English ladies of the same rank, is true, but that they are better housekeepers, or do any more work, is not true. A young German girl who had been several years in America,

remarked that German ladies, at first, could not endure America, they had to work so much more, but when they found they were where labor was not degrading, and learned how to manage, they liked it better.

Men writers have been in German families, and heard the ladies talk of going down to see to the dinner, and perhaps to make the pudding, and judging after the fashion of men, that getting good dinners is all of housekeeping, have concluded German ladies must be the perfection of housekeepers. But this same German lady will be waited upon by her one servant of all work, as no American lady would think of being, will hire all her plain sewing done, and stares in astonishment to see a *lady* make and repair her own dresses. The American lady *teaches* her cook to get the dinners alone, if she is so well off as to have a cook, and has all her work and business so arranged that she can have it better done by a good superintendence than by continually dabbling her own hands in stews and suds.

The stacks of linen are the boast of Germans and the wonder of Americans, but they are beginning to confess that this is quite unnecessary, and has been kept up by a very ridiculous pride. It is becoming the fashion to wash at least once a month, but more especially at the north, and some families have the washing done in the house every two weeks, exactly like English and Americans.

In the old towns, the construction of the houses makes this almost impossible. There is no place for drying, and no conveniences for washing or ironing, as these were no part of family work when the house was built. The upper room is a large open space, with lines, upon which the soiled linen is hung, and has one or two large chests, in which some of it is

packed. We confess, we could never get over the feeling that "pestilence must walk by noonday" in such a house, and the arrangements for sink-drains and water-closets are still more repulsive. How refined and cultivated people can live in resignation to them, we cannot imagine. But the bad construction of the houses is not owing entirely to the ignorance of the dark ages. Houses which are not more than three years old, and where dwell the highest dignitaries of the land, have the private apartments opening directly into the parlor and dining-room, without the cleanliness of water or the decency of a screen, and families who have a house in town and country, and in summer a large garden, where ladies promenade in satin, velvet, and point-lace, do the cooking in a kitchen so dark, persons can scarcely distinguish each other, and the door of the privy opening into it, exactly by the stove and table where all preparations are made, with no other aperture for ventilation. We have traveled much over American wilds, and among the most rude of new settlers, and never found anything quite so barbarous. The good housewives who cooked here, could speak two or three languages, and go into ecstasies over paintings and statuary, and discoursed and dilated with the utmost self-gratulation, upon the heathenish English and Americans, who "knew nothing of *art*."

These incongruities strike us everywhere : the high appreciation of beauty in the fine arts, and an utter insensibility to beauty and comfort in the daily life and family arrangements. There will often be in the house a fine picture or elegant articles of china, and the most exquisite little statuettes, while the table furniture is of the most common kind ; knives and forks, such as one never before saw used, except in cooking, and

table etiquette like that we find among backwoodsmen. A great black loaf will be handed round for each one to cut a slice with his own knife, no salt-spoon or butter-knife, and no order in arranging the table. We might possibly find the same in many American families of the same rank, but we should not find also, such articles of taste and luxury to feast the eyes upon.

If some gentleman writer would know the true, unmistakable test of good housekeeping, let him look at the mops, dish-cloths, kitchen towels and lamp-wipers. These will tell the story better than fine damask table linen or good dinners, and if they are all rags and *smut* he may be sure disorder reigns through the household. In these old towns, where the houses are so *thick-set*, and a family on every floor, these articles are exposed to view in the most unfortunate manner for their reputation. Along under the back windows are lines upon which they are strung to dry, and we in this way see the internal economy of twenty households at a glance, and dripping from the fourth and fifth stories come the rinsings from the floor-pails and dish-tubs, of a color and consistency to give no favorable impression of what they have left behind. We should not enter into these details if we had not been obliged to hear continually of the barbarity of Americans. One man has been there and comes back to say he could not eat, the people were such pigs at table : a lady has been there and describes American women as sitting always in rocking-chairs, and never taking the least interest in household matters, which we have no doubt was true of many that she saw. They have heard that Americans never have any household or even personal linen ; and because there are no galleries of art they conclude we are heathen, and live like brutes ; while it is true, on the contrary, that there is more

of beauty in art in one American city, than in five European cities, but it is scattered about in kitchens and sleeping-rooms, and private apartments, and exercised upon what promotes daily comfort, instead of being collected in a few halls and salons, where a few may congregate to admire, while the masses are walking upon rough boards, and in hourly contact and association with such coarseness and filth as we cannot reconcile with refinement and cultivation. The houses in American cities for which clerks and mechanics pay a rent of five or six hundred dollars, are arranged with reference to the utmost comfort and delicacy, and those who occupy them must feel the refining and elevating influence far more than they could in gazing a few hours each week at fine pictures, which is all the time they would have to devote to them. Yet to the fine pictures we have no objections, and shall be glad when wealth and taste enable us to furnish our houses or public halls with productions of the fine arts. But to say we are behind Europe in a love of the beautiful, in all that indicates refinement, and elegance, and cultivation, is so far from being true, that we are fifty or a hundred years in advance, and this conclusion is one which has been forced upon us by inches, and so contrary to our expectations, that we stand dumb with amazement as we contemplate all these things.

But the most northern cities have adopted more of English comforts, and we find as we leave the south that the wonders of art diminish. There will be perhaps in each city a gallery of paintings, but there will not be a dozen, and artists are not in such abundance. Strange as it is, in an *inverse ratio*, the people are more intelligent, and the homes more beautiful. In Hamburg are a great number of English people, who have given an English air to the streets and houses, and in many of

the farming districts at the north the cultivation is more after the English manner. The land is not so divided, the houses are large, neat and commodious, and hedgerows are blooming around many a garden and field.

But Bremen is still thoroughly German, yet in the comfort of her homes far in advance of southern cities. Each family occupies a separate house, and those of the upper and middle classes have the genuine air of comfort and neatness in all their arrangements. The housekeepers are more thorough, and the cooking on a more modern plan, which consumes far less time, and is not less palatable. The servants, too, have more self-reliance, and are treated in a way to give them more self-respect. In almost every house, even of the mechanics and small trades-people, there is a carpet, and the parlors of the rich have quite an American appearance. Yet there will be here more articles of taste than in a Fifth Avenue salon, and an arrangement which shows more individuality. They do not look so much as if the upholsterer finished them to suit his own ideas, and never anywhere have we seen such dainty work-baskets as will meet the eye in almost every lady's parlor, and all manner of tasteful apparatus for busy fingers. The parlor, too, is occupied by the ladies when at work, instead of being shut up for callers and parties, and when comfort and taste are united in a German home, there can be nothing more truly near to perfection.

CHAPTER XI.

VALLEY OF THE RHINE—COMMERCE—LUTHER—GUTTENBERG.

AN Englishman in ascending the Rhine, soliloquizes after this fashion : " The Rhine is no doubt a historical river ; but the political economist reads history in its stream differently from the scholar and antiquarian. This river has been flowing these two thousand years through the centre of European civilization ; yet, how little industry or traffic upon its waters ! not one river barge in ten miles of river. Is not this the effect of faulty social economy, of bad government, of restrictive freedom among the twenty or thirty millions of people dwelling in communication with this great water-way ? In America, rivers not half a century old to any human knowledge are teeming with floating craft, exchanging industry for industry between rising cities and communities of free self-governing men.

" Is it not a bitter historical satire on the feudal institutions which have so long reigned on either side of this river ? It flows stately and silently through vast populations of feudally-governed countries, and like one of its own dignified old barons, caring little for commerce, industry, and civilization, but sweeping in lonely grandeur between noble castles of former days, modern fortifications, decaying towns, military and custom-house sentinels and functionaries, and beneath vine-dotted hills, around which the laboring man climbs and toils, and lives as he

did a thousand years ago, *without improvement or advance of any importance in his social condition*. Is this the Rhine, the ancient Rhine—the Rhine that boasts of commerce, literature, science, law, government, religion, having all sprung up in modern times upon its banks—this river, with half a dozen steamers carrying idle lady and gentlemen passengers up and down to view the scenery, and a solitary barge here and there creeping along its sides? Truly the American rivers, under the democratical American governments and social system, have shot ahead, in half a century, of this European river under the aristocratical European government and social system, although the European has had the start of the American streams by fifteen hundred or two thousand years. When Prince Metternich sits in his window-seat in his castle of Johannisberg, reading in some book of travels about the Ohio, or Mississippi, or Hudson, all teeming with the activity and civilizing industry of free unrestricted men, what may be his thoughts as he lifts his eyes from the book, and looks down upon the Rhine. It is here that the American traveler may be allowed to prose, at long and at large, upon his favorite topics—the superiority of American institutions and government. He may begin his glorifications at Cologne and end them at Basle, without interruption.”

We were amused in reading the soliloquizings of a young Frenchman, made about the same time, and also by a political economist, to see with what different eyes he beheld the same objects, and how things were magnified by a different education and limited observation. He had never been to America, and seen no larger or nobler river than the Rhine, and had evidently read very little of the Ohio or Mississippi, and their wondrous commerce.

He begins with the same exclamation: “The Rhine! the

girdle and the rampart of Germany, and upon whose borders she seems, in gratitude, to have accumulated all that she has of the most precious and the most beautiful—fertile plains, sombre forests, famous vineyards, laughing and luxurious valleys, romantic heights, majestic ruins, touching and marvellous legends—in a word, all that can please the eye, charm the mind, and fill the imagination. Let me describe to you this valley, the most beautiful and interesting in the world—the most beautiful, thanks to nature—the most interesting, thanks to the *indefatigable industry of its happy people!*

“In order to appreciate it we must descend the Rhine, from Basle in Switzerland to its mouth in the North Sea, and what traveler, whether economist or pleasure seeker, can pass these beautiful countries without being struck with their industry, and these cities, which have been known from the earliest ages and have enriched the world with their products?”

He then begins with Switzerland, and dwells upon the fertility of its valleys; the hum of busy industry in its shops, its farm-houses and fields, and the pleasant sound of lowing cattle and bleating sheep upon her hillsides. Her five *great lakes*, Constance, Geneva, Zurich, Villes Forestieres, and Bienne, united by rivers, the principal of which are the Rhine and the Aar, give her all the desirable facilities of navigation, and upon them are floating, in all their glory, 25 steamboats! with importations amounting to 1,876,197 quintals.

To connect Switzerland with the navigable portion of the Rhine are three railroads, one of which passes through Alsatia, where so much of the raw cotton of America is spun and woven, and then reexported to be stamped. The finest threads of France in wool and cotton are spun by the peasantry among the villages of the Vosgian Mountains, a people who speak German

but are entirely French in their sympathies. In the revolution of '48 no entreaties could move them to aid their German brethren in their attempts to form a united German nation. They preferred to remain where they were, and with many other provinces in western Germany, like French laws and French customs the best.

But we cannot follow our traveler through all his glorifications of this great commercial region, and will go on to Mannheim and Mayence, from which cities commence the running of steamers and rafts with the exports of the country, to be delivered in Holland and sent across the sea to England and Russia, or America.

Holland is without forests, and Germany supplies her with wood. This is transported in great rafts, and wherever your eye falls upon the Rhine you see these immense barges laden with the products of the Black Forest and the Odenwald. It is said that in China whole villages are seen moving down the river upon a network of bamboo, and these wood-trains have a similar appearance. At one extremity are twenty oars, and at the other twenty-two, with seven times as many rowers. A boat goes on before to announce the arrival of the train, and sixteen or twenty other boats carry the anchors and cables. Upon the raft or train is a complete household establishment, as it moves slowly, and cannot stop to dine by the way. There is a little house or hut, for those who have charge of the anchors, five or six for the rowers, each of which will accommodate fifty persons; then there are the pilots and cooks, with their *aides-de-camp*, a kitchen, wash-house, bakery, slaughter-house, magazine for provisions, and stables—the whole equipage requiring five hundred men.

In a single voyage one train consumes from forty to fifty

thousand pounds of bread, twelve to twenty thousand pounds of meat, ten to fifteen thousand pounds of cheese, ten to fifteen quintals * of butter, eight to ten quintals of salt, sixty to eighty of vegetables, and from five to six hundred hogs-heads of beer. And to give a complete idea of the grandeur of these trains, he adds, that in the tariff bureaux, they value the stores, anchors, and utensils which do not pay duty, at six thousand quintals. Every year are transported in this way from sixty to seventy thousand cubic yards of oak, and from seventy to eighty thousand of pine and fir ; but the trains are small at the commencement of the voyage, and increase from city to city, and at the junction of the different rivers which contribute from the treasures of the forest through which they run.

Next he embarks upon "one of those large and magnificent steamboats which pass every moment in communication between London, Rotterdam and Basle," and says : "What a spectacle ! What life and animation ! In vain will you seek in any other part of the world a steam navigation so extensive and active ! Yet it is only since 1827 that it began ; at that time there were only two small boats running between Cologne and Mayence. In one year the bridge at Cologne was raised fifteen hundred and eighty times for steamers to pass, laden with travelers and merchandize, and the number of travelers has increased in ten years from a few thousands to 750,000, so that this great river may be said to be covered with a floating population, and along its shores are the evidences of this passage, in the money they have put in circulation, the impetus given to commerce, and the influence upon the manners of the people, and the in-

* A quintal is a hundred pounds.

crease of wealth in the cities and villages. One company realized in a year, at a time when there were five others, a revenue of \$70,000 ! and all have transported in a year from 12,000,000 to 13,000,000 of quintals of merchandize. Surely the Englishman must have shut his eyes as he passed this way, or else he had seen things so much more marvelous that it appeared very trifling, and not worth recording.

“ It is not strange that a German should denominate it ‘the river of rivers, the glory and pride of Europe.’ Among the highest peaks of the hoary Alps is the snowy summit of St. Gottherd ; around him rise many other peaks of fearful altitude—the Furca, the Vogelsberg, the Erispalt and the Splügen, but none so high as he. From within this mighty mass of original mountains, amidst eternal glaciers and endless forests of dark pines, springs a stream—a wild, small, hill-torrent, like a hundred others from the same source, which seems no more than any of its fellows. It appears to take its rise but to perish after it has run, like them, a brief and troubled career. But if the wanderer follows its waters, he will find that, like a native avalanche, it gathers strength and size and greatness as it goes, until uniting with another branch from the same source at Déssentis, in the Grisons, and with a third at Razerus, in the same canton, it marches majestically plainwards, like a mountain giant, rushing through the lake of Constance, bounding with a fearful leap, over the ledges of rock which intersect its path at Schaffhausen, flowing by the northern bounds of Switzerland, and washing the walls of Basle, finally it courses with untroubled career, thence to the distant northern ocean on the coast of Holland—this stream is the Rhine, and this its course—the first river of Europe, and the pride and glory of Germany.”

These are the reflections of a native of its banks, and we do not wonder that it is to him surpassing fair and beautiful, a golden link with diamonds set to bind him to his Fatherland.

To us, too, it is beautiful, and we have reveled in its history, and the legends which cover every castle-crowned peak upon its shores, and spread their charm over every hillside and valley, with not less interest than the hundred tourists who have described it. But we have also seen the mountains, and lakes, and rivers of the Western Continent, and to one who has traversed the whole length of the St. Lawrence, winding among its Thousand Isles, and floating on its broad bosom to where it meets the sea—been struck dumb with awe beneath the cliffs which overhang the Saguenay, and stretch away in wild grandeur among the forests which yet no man hath penetrated—crossed the great lakes, white with a thousand sails—traced the Ohio and Mississippi from source to mouth—become familiar with every wild glen among the Highlands of the Hudson, and skipped through all the years of childhood in the valley of the Connecticut, there can be little in natural scenery even among the vine-clad hills which border the Rhine, to elicit exclamations of wonder. Yet we could linger many a week among its enchantments, and not weary contemplating the beauties which nature has here so freely lavished, or in listening to the marvelous tales which every person you meet, from prince to peasant, delights to tell. But, like the Englishman whom we quoted, our special province is among the people, and we must spend only so much time in castles as will help us to illustrate life in the cottage. He says there has been scarcely any social improvement in a thousand years, among the classes we wish to portray. Here are the words of an old chronicler concerning them in the fifteenth century :

“There are among the German folk much distinction of rank, and many grades of that distinction. The first grade consists of the clergy ; the second of the nobles, in which latter there are several varieties, such as princes, counts, barons, knights, and gentle-folk ; the third, of the burghers and peasantry.

“The princes take the first place in honor and in power, for they have broad lands and a wide extent of territory. The others take precedence according to their station—counts, barons, knights, and gentlefolks, but all sit below the princes of the land. When it so happens that the emperor displeases the nobles, they absolve themselves from their allegiance to him, and declare themselves and their followers free from his rule. This class considers itself not a little debased when one of its members follows an honest occupation, and descends either to become a merchant or manufacturer ; also, if he weds with an ignoble woman, or dwells as a recognized burgher in any city. They live not in communities, but abiding altogether in their castles, either on the peaks of mountains or in the depths of the impassable forests of our land, or in its spacious solitary plains, they deem themselves wholly independent. Their chief pleasure is the chase, and it also forms their principal dependence for food ; the laws made by them against encroachment on this their privilege, are, therefore, very severe. They hold that the wild beasts of the forest are theirs, for their use and gratification alone ; and it is in some places punished with the loss of both eyes, in others with sheer decapitation for an inferior to trespass on their preserves. There is, however, a permission understood to kill all noxious animals and useless beasts of prey.

“These nobles live lustily in their castles, eating and drinking of the best at will, and they also clothe themselves richly—

especially the women—who are all over decked with costly ornaments of gold and precious stones, when they go forth, or when they give a grand entertainment. In their excursions they are ever followed by a large train of idle people, pertaining to their households ; and they are known from the common people wherever they be met, by their proud air and their measured haughty step. But they mostly go on horseback, however short the distance, for they consider it unseemly in them, and a degradation to their state, to walk. Yet will these proud men not hesitate to set on and rob the helpless wayfarer, and deprive him of his honest wealth, whenever an opportunity offers itself to them. If a feud break out between two of them, or if the one does to the other an injury or wrong, each collects his vassals and retainers, and then they ravage and destroy each others lands and property with fire and sword, like great potentates or sovereign princes.

“The burghers or citizen-folk are considered the lowest in the scale of honor and rank in the German Empire. Of these some be subjects of the emperor, and some be the subjects of the prelates or princes in whose territories they dwell. Those who serve the emperor directly enjoy considerable privileges ; their cities are generally known as free cities of the empire. Every year they select among themselves a chief or local ruler, known by the title of Burger-Meister, in whom they vest the supreme power of the community. His judgments in all cases of crime or misdeed are based upon reason and the ancient customs of his class, but an appeal lies from them to the emperor.

“In every great city two classes of citizens are to be met with—the first, noble born, being generally the younger sons of the great families of the empire ; the second, the common folk,

consisting of mechanicals, manufacturers, and merchants. The former follow no occupation publicly—neither traffic nor business of any kind—they style themselves patricians, and monopolize the offices of honor and profit in the magistracy of their respective cities ; on the latter devolve all the burden of trade and all the weight of labor. Though these may acquire great riches, they are seldom recognized by their noble fellow citizens; and it is with great difficulty that one of them ever succeeds in gaining a position among these proud men. They are, notwithstanding, eligible to the highest offices of the magistracy; but it must be added they very seldom attain to them.

“ In Germany, the cities and towns are generally well situated; either planted proudly on the summit of a hill, or built beside the course of some broad river, or lying in a rich and fertile plain, and they are ever surrounded with a thick wall, in some cases strengthened by deep dykes ; in all defended by solid towers and bulwarks.

“ But the lowliest condition that be, is, however, that of the serf or peasant who tills the earth and lives in open villages or lonely cottages. A wretched life these creatures lead of it. They hold scant communion with each other, and live with their families and their cattle all alone. Their dwellings are rude huts of mud and wattles, thatched with straw. Their food is black, sour bread, with thin porridge or pulse soup. Their only drink is water or milk. Their garb is a coarse gown and a wide straw hat. Their subsistence is derived principally from supplying the towns with the produce which they raise from the soil. These poor people never know rest ; early and late they are obliged to toil ; their existence depends upon their labor. The greater part of their time is the property of their lord, who may compel them to work for him as long as

he lists, without fee or reward ; and the severity with which they have been treated, on many occasions has caused serious insurrections in the country. There is no steel so tempered that it may not snap ; no bow so tough that it may not break."

It was about the same time that the bow did snap. The light of the Reformation exposed the cruelty and corruption of those they had so long obeyed, and when once rebellion had broken out, the excesses of the peasantry were reckless and ruthless in proportion to the blind stupidity with which they had hitherto submitted. They learned that it was possible for them also to cast off their chains, and demand rights, which, if not granted willingly, they could gain by force, and in the most beautiful districts of the Rhine country, their atrocities are described as almost incredible, and the whole country as one scene of carnage and ruin, whilst they were in arms.

The struggle between the bishops, nobles, and serfs, is called the "Servile War," and the rebels characterized as a rabble rout ; known at the time by the name of the "Hell crowd." "They burned and destroyed churches and castles, monasteries and convents ; murdering without scruple, and driving the nobles, their masters, fugitives before them in every direction." It did not occur to these bishops and nobles to ask how came these people to be such "a rabble rout ?" how they came to be so exasperated, and to feel towards the "nobles, their masters," such a bitter hatred, and to think it was a deed of justice and mercy to drive them from the land. A noble abbess writes to a noble baron, "We cry to you for aid with a sorrowful heart in the deepest dool, for the evils we have suffered at the hands of these wicked men, who rob and plunder us as they list, and threaten our lives if we offer any resistance

or objection to them." And another noble baron draws a picture still more terrible in details, "of the frightful devastations of these brutal wretches." Alas, how long had they cried in vain to bishops, and barons, who had never treated them as possessing human feeling, and compelled them to a life of slavery, for centuries, during which they had been beaten and murdered for the slightest offences?

It was in the neighborhood of Mayence, that this rebellion originated ; but it extended far and wide before it was finally quelled by the archbishop of the diocese, and his generals, and half a century elapsed before the country recovered from the blight which destruction so terrible and wasting had cast over it.

It was upon the northern part of the Rhine valley, and not upon its immediate banks, that Luther was born ; but there is some fact or legend concerning him in every city and village, in every castle and cottage in Prussia, from north to south, from east to west. In the Protestant districts he is regarded with an almost superstitious reverence, and in the Catholic, as a fiend ; and many stories, if true, would prove that he did not on earth attain unto perfection ; which indeed he never professed to do. The house in which he was born, and in which he is also said to have died, is now converted into a free school for poor children, and there are exhibited his study cap and coat, some books and other articles, which there can be no doubt belonged to him. In his biographies he is called the son of a wool-comber ; but here he is said to be the son of a miner, and as the town Isleben, not far from Dusseldorf, is in a mining country, we presume his father found employment in the mines, as most of the people do at the present day.

The homage which is paid to Guttenburg is universal, and every tongue delights to do him honor ; but as his birth was near

a century before, there is nothing so tangible concerning him as concerning the reformers, and as in his lifetime he was scarcely known out of Mayence, there is little definite knowledge to be gained of his habits. The house where he was born still exists, and also where the first printing office was established. Archimedes really planned a lever to move the world ; but Guttenburg had not the least idea that the little types, which he first succeeded in making movable, were to be the real instruments by which the earth was to be shaken from its foundation. In his time very little was accomplished, so far as the highest object of printing was concerned, and books were still so expensive that few but princes could own them, and knowledge had scarcely more circulation for the wonderful invention. In all collections of books and antiquities, we see specimens of the first attempts at printing, and when machinery had done its work, the pen had still much to do to perfect a volume. All the title pages and important letters were drawn by artists, in colors, a work requiring much time and immense labor, and not for a hundred years were these things done by a press, though the small letters were nearly as perfect at the beginning, as now.

For the peasantry or serfs to read was considered something as inappropriate to their rank, as to live in baronial halls, and no efforts were made to teach them—they were not even allowed to learn, till within the last half century. Yet it is not quite true that no improvement is to be observed in their condition during a thousand years. From their ranks rose merchants and mechanics, and when these were formed into corporations or guilds, they became so powerful that they could enforce a species of justice, and by them the power of feudalism was often curbed if not broken.

We never had any remarkable reverence for those who dwelt in castles, and the more we know of their lives, the more we wonder that so many should still like to boast an ancestry among their numbers. They were little else than a band of highway robbers, as our old chronicle remarks, and obtained their living entirely by oppression and exactions. Upon all the roads they kept agents, or emissaries, to demand of travelers tribute, which they knew it was useless to refuse, as death or a dungeon was their only alternative. An archbishop of Cologne having built a castle, appointed a governor to surperintend it. On being asked how he was to be furnished with a revenue to support his household, and promote the interests of his lord ; the prelate merely observed that his castle stood *at the junction of four roads!* By the plunder of the honest wayfarer, were the highest dignitaries of church and state maintained.

It was a citizen of Mayence who first proposed a league among the inhabitants of cities and towns for mutual protection against these marauders, which resulted in what was termed the "Rhenish League," and by depriving them of the revenues they so unjustly obtained, they were forced to desert their castles ; and the ruins which are scattered over all the hills and valleys of the Rhine, owe the picturesque state to which they have been reduced, to the energetic measures of the people, in depopulating the strongholds of a set of idle vagabonds who lived by tyranny and rapine.

CHAPTER XII.

CITIES OF THE RHINE—LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

IN the histories of the cities and towns upon the Rhine, we find them in continual warfare from the very first centuries. The tyranny of the bishops, who were also the highest officers of state, was resisted by the nobles, and the burghers and tradespeople rebelled against both. The three largest towns, Cologne, Bonn, Coblentz, were built by the Romans, the last before the Christian era, and the other two during the first century. The Germans, whom they conquered, are described by Cæsar and Tacitus, who speak of them as a "well-formed race, with blue eyes, fair hair, and a bold aspect. From their earliest youth they were trained to arms, and therefore they were a warlike people. Religious feeling, love of freedom and chastity of manners, were their virtues; drunkenness, debauchery and a love of fighting, were their vices." No sooner were they conquered by the Romans than the Franks coveted their fertile valleys, and lying between these two great nations, they were for centuries the scene of their barbarous and desolating wars. When Attila with his hordes came down from the north, the Roman yoke was entirely thrown off, and the French finally became masters of the whole country.

But as we see everywhere else in Germany, there was never any unity between places only a little distance from each other, and while Cologne was ever struggling to be free, Bonn was content with the most abject submission to monarchical power, and its citizens were ever ready to aid king or prelate in assaults upon their sister city. Yet from the time of the Romans until the French revolution, Cologne preserved a species of liberty. By Otto the Great, in the tenth century, it was made one of the free cities of the empire, and in the thirteenth century joined the Hanseatic league and became one of the most influential of the confederacy in wealth and commerce. So early as the fourteenth century, the cotton and silk manufactures employed eighty thousand looms, and schools of art, painting, sculpture and design, received the highest encouragement. In 1333, it was visited by Petrarch, who exclaims, "How glorious is this city! What a wonder to find such a spot in a barbarous land. What dignity in the men, what grace and tenderness in the women!" In 1471, the first printing-press was established within its walls, and the first book printed, and two years later reprinted in London. Alas! that so much glory and prosperity should be blotted out by tyranny and superstition. Only a few years later the city saw thrice expelled from its precincts all that contributed most to its wealth and grandeur.

First, 80,000 Jews were banished in one day, through the influence of the Christian clergy, and then the great body of weavers, in consequence of an insurrection among them, and 1,700 looms burnt in the presence and by the order of the government. Such blindness and infatuation seem scarcely credible, when it must be evident that with them would disappear an industry which must be a great source of wealth to all. But they scattered about in other towns, and set up their looms

in many smaller places, thus diffusing a benefit which had been hitherto confined to one, and to this day Cologne has not recovered from this blight ; but even this was not enough, and in 1618, just before the thirty years' war, all Protestants were forbidden to remain within its walls, and 1,400 houses were vacated, and all that remained of trade and industry paralyzed forever. It is now only interesting for what it has been, and is visited by every tourist to see what remains of the wonderful in ancient art, of which it contains perhaps more than any other city in Germany.

In Coblenz, there was the same struggle between the government and the people, though never the same excesses and misfortune. Before the thirteenth century the power was entirely in the hands of the nobles, consisting of some three hundred families, who looked upon the citizens as only instruments to minister to their aggrandizement. But they were at length compelled to yield, and admit the tradespeople to share the offices of state. The artisans at that time were divided into seven guilds or companies—cutlers, weavers, bakers, shoemakers, smiths, tanners and vintners. As soon as higher position was the reward of their industry, there was a marvelous increase in their exertion, and the city dates from this period her elevation to the rank of one of the most opulent, and conspicuous cities in civilized Europe.

The tradition is handed down and still believed by the people of Mayence, that it was in their city that the vision of the *Holy Cross* occurred to the Emperor Constantine, and the field over which he was marching when it appeared is pointed out. That the Roman legions under Constantine were encamped here, there can be no doubt, and the Christian religion was early preached here by those who had listened to the preaching of the apostles.

The first bishop is stated by historians to have been a pupil of St. Peter, which is confidently believed by many among the wise and ignorant. That the highest offices in its gift were conferred by the Romish church equally upon the most humble as well as noble in birth, if otherwise worthy, has ever been its most redeeming virtue, and the people of Mayence ascribe the greatest blessings conferred upon their city in government and laws to one who was the son of a wheelwright. His name was *Willigis*, and his reign in the tenth century, the golden era in their history. Here, as we have elsewhere stated, Charlemagne was born, and his palace of *Ingelheim* stood just without its walls.

There is scarcely a foot of ground in the whole of Germany that is not consecrated by some interesting event, authenticated by history, and around each deed of valor superstition has wound a thousand threads, till the tales of genii and giants, of sage and seer, of knight and lady-love, peasant and priest, cover the land like a net-work. Among the people, the belief in signs and wonders, ghosts and hobgoblins, is universal, and every act of their lives is influenced by some light or shadow which has fallen upon their path, and which they believe to have been cast by some supernatural being. Especially is every castle hung with legendary lore, and to each turret and balcony is attached the mystic drapery of a tale of love, or the doing of a bold knight in armor. We cannot dwell long with these, though they are not the least correct illustrations of the character of the people.

Ingelheim signifies the *angel's home*, and it is said to have derived its name from the peculiar guardian care of the spirits of the other world over the king who inhabited it. He awoke three times from a dream in which he had been commanded to

go forth and steal, "Arise, arise!" said the voice, "equip and arm, and go forth and steal. It is the will of the Lord that thou steal this night some of thy neighbor's goods. Tarry not to obey this command, or life and throne may not long abide with thee. Thus says the Omnipotent." When he had thus spoken, the angel moved his pinions, and was soon lost in a rose-colored mass of light.

The story in all its amplifications would fill twenty pages, but a much shorter version will answer our purpose. Not daring to disobey an angel's words, the king arose and went forth, muttering continually by the way, "What can it mean, the whole earth is mine, and yet I am commanded to steal? Would that I had never been born; but I must obey the will of the Lord. Most severe have I been in punishing thieves, yet here I am on a thief's errand!—God help me."

He sought the forest which skirted the domains of the palace, and permitted his steed to go where he would—considering it an indication of Providence when he turned to a path different from the one he should have chosen. When he had gone a little way, he was accosted by a man clad from head to foot in steel, black as jet. Plumes of the same sable hue nodded from his helmet, and the steed he proudly rode was also black. The two rode side by side without speaking. The king often attempting to rid himself of his unwelcome companion, by spurring on, but soon found it was useless; the horse he rode was not less swift of foot than his own, and he at length cried halt, and challenged the knight to single combat. A fierce contest ensued, in which the king was victorious, but admiring the courage and prowess of his antagonist, immediately offered him pardon and friendship, at the same time asking his name, and the occasion of his being out at such an hour in the forest.

"I am Elbegast," answered the man, and this was all that was needed to make known his life and present purpose. He was a noted outlaw, and the terror of all the country round. Many a reward had the king offered for him, and many an effort made to get possession of him and his band. Now here he was, but without any idea into whose hands he had fallen. This the king concealed, and expressed great joy that he had found so goodly company, and bound on the same errand as himself.

"Where shall we go?" was the next question, and Charlemagne, to try the loyalty of his new-found friend, proposed that they rob the Emperor's treasury. But what was his surprise and joy, to hear the robber swear that nothing would induce him to lay hands upon aught that belonged to the king. "But," said he, "I will right willingly repair to the strong castle of his kinsman, Eggerich von Eggermond, who married the Emperor's sister, and obtained much gold by his favor. He is not fit to live. It would be no sin to take all he has, and life itself. It is a shame and disgrace that he should be suffered to thrive and prosper, while better men are oppressed. Does he not persecute the poor, and plunder the wretched? Has he not betrayed many an innocent man to undeserved death? Let us thither. The little that we can take from the riches he has heaped up by the bounty of his sovereign will not be missed. Let us thither."

And so they bestrode their steeds and rode forward to the castle of Eggerich von Eggermond.

The king soon evinced that he was not very expert at picking locks and making holes in walls, which led his companion to suspect his fidelity, but repeated assertions of his honor silenced suspicion, and they at length found themselves within

the castle. But Elbegast, who was foremost, was alarmed by the voice of a cock, just as he was about to enter the sleeping apartment of the knight, which said that the king was near. But this information would not have been understood, had he not previously eaten of an herb, the virtue of which was to enable those who ate it to understand the language of all animals. When he listened he learned that the cock was talking to the dog, and prompting him to his duty. Quickly he returned and told the story, but the king laughed, and ridiculed his fears, saying he had heard no footsteps, and seen no indications of princely arrivals, and bade him return or they should be too late for booty. Again he went, but again returned with the same story, and said, "If you believe me not, taste yourself the herb, and listen." He did so, and sure enough, the cock proved himself wiser than his companion. But still he was not to be deterred from his object. He had come at the command of the Lord to steal, and steal he would. "Go back," said he to the robber, "and bring gold, and then we will depart." Again he stood beside the couch of the sleeping knight, and stealthily opened the strong box, from which he loaded himself with treasure, and then came to lay it at the feet of his friend.

"Well done," said the king, "and now we will go."

"No," answered the robber, "I will have one thing more—there is within the most beautiful caparison for a steed the world has ever seen—a saddle and housings of bright gold—that I will take, and besides, it is hung all over with little silver bells, that make sweet music! Yes, I must have that." And again he entered, but the first touch of the saddle put the bells in motion, and awoke the owner. He arose, crying "My sword! my sword! Who handles yon harness?"

Elbegast quickly concealed himself in a manger; but the

manger of a castle, like that of the cottage, was not so far off, but he could hear what was said by the aroused sleepers.

"It is naught," said the wife, "but a dream, or the night-mare's fearful vision, but yet it is now three nights that you have awakened in the same way; surely there must be something troubling thy mind—some dark secret clouds thy spirit. Tell me, I pray thee, what it may be?" With various allurements, she at length succeeded in obtaining from him, that with twelve others he had conspired against the life of the king, and how the next morning they were to proceed to the castle and fulfill their purpose of taking possession and murdering those within.

But the wife did not listen to the plan of destroying her brother with approval, and exclaimed, "My brother!—you will murder my brother!—your king and benefactor! Nay, I would rather see you hanging from a gibbet! He must know if I have to tell him myself." But a brutal blow upon the face, silenced her for a time, and Elbegast crawled to the bedside and received upon his glove the stream of blood which flowed from the mouth.

"This," said he, "shall be my witness," and he hastened to tell all to his companion, adding, "here is the treasure, fly with it to the farthest recesses of the forest, while I return to smite dead the monster who plots the life of the king."

"Nay," said Charlemagne, "what is the king to us—are we not outlaws—why should we peril ourselves for his sake? If he is to die, let him die; for us, let us flee." But whilst saying this, he thought, "God be thanked, I now see why it was that the angel was so imperative with me. Honour and glory and praise unto him that liveth forever. But the robber would not listen to a proposal that left the king in danger, and

again attempted to enter the castle. But the emperor said, "Stay, it is far better that you go in the morning yourself and tell what you have heard, and richly you will be rewarded."

"No ; I can hope for no favor of the king, whatever service I may do him now. No, I cannot do this ; yet, in some way, he must be saved." His companion then offered to go himself, saying, "Well, comrade, be it so ; I will be the messenger to the king. Flee you to the forest with our booty, and I will speed me to the palace ; soon we will meet again." So they parted, and Charlemagne was soon secure within the secret chamber of his palace, and Elbegast wended his way sorrowfully to his brethren in the forest.

The next morning, the household and guard were early summoned to be at their posts to await the conspirators, who appeared, as the knight had related they intended, and rode fearlessly into the court-yard armed to the teeth. But they soon found themselves surrounded and in custody, and Eggerich von Eggermond was arraigned for treason.

"It is false," said he ; "who dares say this of me : it is false—I challenge my accuser."

"So may it be," replied the emperor ; "it shall be settled by single combat, to-morrow at sunrise. Prepare to prove yourself innocent, or to be found guilty. God speed the right."

A messenger was dispatched to Elbegast to summon him to the combat, and again the emperor assumed his disguise to be the bearer of his own dispatches. With joy the robber learned he was to be thus honored ; for a duel was, at all times, in those days, an affair of distinction, and permitted only to those of noble birth—exclusively the privilege of gentlemen. But when he arrived at the palace, and heard that his opponent was Eggerich von Eggermond, there were no bounds to his exultation

A duel was also then a very grand affair, to which a great concourse of spectators were summoned, and heralds and trumpets announced the hour of combat ; and God, who knew with certainty the guilty and the innocent, was supposed to preside. Whoever fell, was believed to be guilty, and the victor henceforth crowned with honors. In a legend, of course, the traitor was killed, and shouts of applause filled the air, and "Long live the emperor and Elbegast" rung upon a hundred voices.

When the scene was ended, the king again assumed his disguise and appeared to his friend, who immediately recognized him as his companion in robbery, and trembled for his fate. But he was not long in learning that honor and riches were to be his reward, instead of disgrace. The castle and broad domains of the traitor knight were conferred upon him, and the widow was given him for a wife. The remainder of his life he was the attached and confidential friend of the king, and the palace was called Ingelheim, the "Angels' home," in memory of the celestial visit which saved it and the king from destruction.

There is some similar legend connected with every palace in which he dwelt, every church and chapel which he built, and often there is an appearance of some foundation in truth.

Opposite his castle lay the towns of Rudesheim and Winkle, and it is related that, looking one morning from his window upon their sloping hills and smiling valleys as the sun shone upon them with peculiar splendor, he thought how beautiful a site for vineyards, and resolved to have them planted. Whatever a king wishes, can be done, and forthwith he obtained from Orleans the cuttings for his new vineyards, and in his lifetime saw the hills covered with the most luxuriant vines. Of the truth of this we have no doubt ; but it is also

related that his affection for this and neighboring vineyards, in the vicinity of which he had immense cellars for the deposit of his sparkling treasures, lives still, and that his spirit still comes to revel among the scenes he loved so well, and to bless the soil, that its fertility fail not.

A poet has rendered this legend into verse ; and the credulity which it embodies is to be found among all the peasants who train the vines which the mighty conqueror planted with his own hands.

THE SILVER BRIDGE.

“On the Rhine—the green Rhine—in the soft summer night,
The vineyards lie sleeping in the soft moon’s light;
But, lo! there’s a shadow on green hill and glade,
Like the form of a king in his grandeur arrayed.

“Yes, yes, ’tis the monarch, that erst ruled this land,
It is old Charlemagne, with his sword in his hand,
And his crown on his head, and his sceptre of gold,
And the purple imperial in many a rich fold.

“Long ages have fled since he lived in this life,
Whole nations have perished by time or by strife,
Since he swayed with a power never known from his birth.
What brings his great spirit to wander on earth?

“He has come from his tomb that’s in Aix-la-Chapelle;
He hath come to the stream which he once loved so well;
Not to harm or to blight with his presence the scene,
But to bless the blithe vineyards by Luna’s soft-sheen.

“The moonbeams they make a brave bridge o’er the Rhine,
From Winkle to Ingelheim, brightly they shine;
Behold by this bridge the old monarch goes over,
And blesses the flood with the warmth of a lover.

“He blesses each vineyard, on plain and on hill,
Each village, each cottage, his blessing doth fill;
He blesses each spot, on the shore, on the river,
Which he loved in his life, which forget he can never.

“And then from the home that he still loves so well,
He returns to his tomb that's in Aix-la-Chapelle,
There to slumber in peace till the old year is over,
And the vineyards once more woo him back like a lover.”

CHAPTER XIII.

VINEYARDS—CULTURE OF WINE, FLAX AND SILK.

VINEYARDS have been the theme of poets in all ages and all climes—the “vine-clad hills and vine-covered valleys” have been described in all their beauty, and wreathed with every charm imagination could invent, and those who train the tendrils and press the purple clusters, are pictured in scarcely less glowing colors. There must be some ground for a fancy so universal, yet there could be told many truths that would cast a little shadow over the brightness.

We were a long time in learning in what the beauty or the poetry of vineyards could consist. Whenever we went into the country in the spring, our eyes wandered in every direction for the vineyards, but when they were pointed out to us we could see nothing which could gain for them their reputation. There were long rows of stakes about three feet apart, and springing from the earth near them, a dry stock, with a few green leaves attached. For aught that we could see, they might be fields of beans, and we had really supposed they were. It was a sad blow to our enthusiasm, yet we did not sit down content with this conclusion, for it could not be that all the world had been so mistaken. Yet nearly all summer we looked and pondered in vain, there was no special beauty that we could discern. As the foliage increased, it was closely

trimmed, and the new shoots and tendrils were carefully pruned, and allowed to climb no higher than three or four feet. But we had not yet been among the hills, and walked through the valleys. It is only by looking up or down, through the rows, that they look so picturesque, and not till the associations of the vintage are connected with them that they become truly poetical.

What patient, persevering labor is required during all the process of cultivation, from the first day of spring to the last of autumn. The snow is scarcely off the ground when the women may be seen toiling up the steeps with baskets of manure upon their heads, and little hand-spades, with which to dig about the roots and between the rows, to fill and spread the manure.

Often upon rocky eminences a soil is entirely made in this way, and every particle of nourishment that is needed for the plants carried by women upon their heads. Often a long row may be seen ascending a narrow pathway, with their burdens, slowly and wearily, and then descending to replenish their baskets. Neither horse nor plough is employed in vine culture, but all is accomplished by the patient labor of the hand. How early and how late must be their industry, to be in season with every department.

In the fall, in many places, the stalks are bound to the stakes, and wound with straw to preserve them from the cold. In the spring these must be taken off, and the stakes examined and renewed if broken or decayed—the vines again fastened, the soil dug and raked, as well as manured, and then kept free from weeds, which is mostly done by pulling them and carrying them away, instead of hoeing and leaving them to decay, or perhaps take root again.

There are no fences to guard the vineyards or the fields ; and this we have often seen noticed by travelers, who concluded from it that the people were wondrous honest, and unruly boys with light-fingered propensities, not known in this old world. It is like many other conclusions of those who only pass by, and know nothing but what a passing glance reveals. As soon as the fields produce anything that would tempt the thief, or that it would be an injury to the owners to lose, a watch is set, and one may see everywhere among the hills and valleys, night and day, these watchers, who are employed and paid by government. When the harvests are ripening, a man may not even enter his own field without permission, as at a distance the watcher would not be able to distinguish individuals, and could not be continually called from his post to ascertain. When any particular harvest is ripe, the police fix the day for commencing the labor of reaping, mowing, or gathering. Whilst the laborers are there the watch is not necessary, and if any one neglects to obey, his field is left unprotected, or he must have it done at his own expense.

The expense of fences, where the proprietaries are so small, would be enormous, and indeed quite impossible, and in the early part of the season it is not necessary to provide against the intrusion of cattle, because they are all safe in their stalls. Boys are the same all the world over, and thieves also, we presume, and the delicious fruits of Germany would be no more safe here than in other countries, without some sure defence. We were once walking under a plum tree, and thoughtlessly plucked one which hung so low that it touched our lips as we passed. Our companion at the time was a young peasant girl, and she was frightened beyond measure, looked eagerly around for the police, who, however, did not happen to see this instance

of unlawful plunder. In some royal gardens the plucking of a spear of grass, or the tiniest flower, is punished with a heavy fine, sufficient to deter any ordinary person from committing theft. And no one can complain of such laws, where all royal gardens are public, and royal parks open to whoever pleases to walk in them and conduct himself properly. Nothing can be more free than amusement in Germany. Forests, fields, and gardens are open to all, and no other country presents, on festal days, so orderly and well-behaved companies.

The cultivation of the vine is as old as the world, and its juicy products form a conspicuous feature in all histories and romances that treat of the courts and revels of princes. In feudal times it was the one great luxury, and the cellars of these lordly castles were grand receptacles for the fruits of the vineyard. We have seen in one or two a tun which would hold 800 ordinary hogsheads, or 283,200 bottles, and in many, those which would hold half this quantity.

Many districts in Germany are vast vineyards, yet it is not upon every hill and valley that the vine will grow. It must be a sunny slope or a sheltered valley, and these must be in a uniform and genial clime. In the different provinces of Germany, where the vine is most fruitful, there are made annually from six to *eight millions of quintals*,* and in the different provinces of Prussia from fifty to sixty thousand acres covered with vineyards. From these are produced between one and two millions of quintals of wine, yet Prussia consumes more than a hundred thousand quintals of foreign wines !

Bavaria is the most fruitful in vines, and with her whole territory of nearly 30,000,000 of acres, 120,700 are covered with

* Each quintal 100 pounds.

vineyards, and from these are realized 3,000,000 of quintals, and yet this is not enough for the people. They import from France annually 20,000 quintals, and the six largest wine-producing provinces buy annually of France from two to three millions of dollars worth of wines.

At a congress held at Mayence, by the representatives of fruit-growers, some years since, there were found to be eighty-seven kinds of vines, or those bearing different names, and an effort was made to classify and simplify them, as often there was no difference in the vines, but they bore the names of the different cantons or districts where they grew. From all the hills and valleys of Germany, there were represented fifteen hundred kinds of fruit. These meetings are something like the agricultural fairs of America, but attended more by scientific men, who only know the theories, and have little or no practical knowledge of what they discuss. Yet they are very useful, and have in the course of half a century accomplished much good. As we have said before, there is nothing like German and Flemish agriculture. It was the result of a congress, and the facts ascertained and reported by a committee, concerning the most profitable agricultures, that Belgium came to devote one thirty-sixth of her territory to flax, and realizes year after year, seven millions of dollars from the flax she produces in cloth alone. There are in this little kingdom two hundred and eighty thousand three hundred and ninety-six spinners, who produce annually two and a half millions of pounds of thread, and gain no more than twenty cents a day,—not so much since the introduction of machinery, and especially the great efforts of England to monopolize the linen manufacture. Yet this is said to be the most profitable of all agricultural interests, and far more so than the wine culture.

The political and social economist, whom we have often quoted, says the people in wine and silk manufacturing districts are always the poorest, least intelligent, and most miserable of all. The results are more uncertain, and depend on other things than care and industry. The whole process of making wine and silk is more manufacturing than agricultural, and a *bad year*, which they cannot foresee, and for which they can make no provision, deprives them of all their earnings.

In silk culture, the tending of the mulberry trees, and gathering the leaves, is all that is argicultural, and this occupies but little time. They must earn enough in a few weeks of labor to support them a year, and the price they are paid for this labor must vary with the profits of the manufacturer, which depend on all the fluctuating causes in the commercial world. It is difficult to obtain land for other branches of husbandry in silk-growing districts, and it comes not within the means of the poor. The buildings, and all the preparations for the breeding and care of the worms and storing the cocoons, are on a large scale, like those of the manufacture of cotton and woolen ; and the face of the country, the dwellings and the inhabitants, have none of the comfortable appearance of those where cereals and forage employ the people.

It is very much the same with the vineyards. There are seasons of failure, and those who depend entirely upon the culture, and the wages they obtain for pressing, transporting, supplying casks, etc., are, in a *bad year*, without employment, and in a wine-growing district have no other resource. In a *good year* there is a great demand for labor, and unusual prosperity, but the next may reduce them to starvation. A little patch of ground devoted to corn, potatoes, and vegetables will

be sure to produce something on which a family may depend ; but vineyards must be owned by large proprietors, who can afford to lose now and then a year's harvest, and the laborers have only the dependence of wages for their toil, and when these fail, have nothing.

Perhaps this may console those who are lamenting that America is not a wine-growing country. For wine and silk we must pay dear, but this is better than to see half the country covered with mulberry-trees and vines, and a great multitude starving in their midst. Yet very beautiful are these hills and valleys over which the vine goes creeping, creeping ; and not only vineyards, but orchards and meadows, rich with the waving harvests, greet the eye on many a slope and in many a vale, where for centuries the patient toil of industrious thousands has contributed to their treasures. As vines are mostly planted on sunny hillsides, there is, of course, a variety and picturesque beauty all its own in the region where they grow, and the borders of the Rhine are the most celebrated for what both nature and art have bestowed upon them.

The *Rhine Gau* is called the "Paradise of Germany" and is formed by a freak of the river, which, as it arrives under the walls of Mayence, turns suddenly to the left, and from a northerly takes a westerly course, as far as the little town of Bingen, where it is impeded by a range of the Taurus mountains, and slowly winds round again to the north, forming between Mayence and Coblenz a perfect semicircle, when it again flows straight on to the north. Within this little inclosure, sheltered by the mountains from the cold winds, are fields and vineyards, and gardens, teeming with a richness and beauty more like those under Italian skies, and stretching away in the most luxuriant verdure, as far as the eye can reach, dot-

ted with villages, farmhouses, and humbler cots, while along the river range the remnants of old feudal walls, churches, castles, convents and abbeys, teeming with the legendary lore of eighteen centuries.

Among them all, the most celebrated is the castle of Johannisberg, which is situated on an eminence nearly in the centre of this garden of beauty, and bears the name of the "Throne of Bacchus," and the Rhine Gau is sometimes called the Paradise of the same jolly god.

The palace has seen all the various fortunes of the wars and devastations, flood and fire of the last eight centuries, sometimes occupied as a convent, and sometimes as a stronghold for a besieged army, till, in 1816, it became the possession of Prince Metternich, being given him by the *allies*, as a reward for his diplomatic services during the campaigns of Napoleon. The vineyards which surround it cover sixty-three acres, and directly under the balcony of the castle, are the two or three acres which produce the best wine, which sells for two dollars a bottle on the spot. It is said not to commence fermentation until the end of a year, while other wines ferment at the end of three and six months. The grapes of these few vines are so precious that those that fall are carefully picked up with a fork, and the vintage is some two weeks later than in other districts.

To mention all, or the most famous vineyards that radiate from this, would be to extend our list beyond the capacity of our pages, and to depart too widely from our purpose. Within the limits of the Rhine Gau, and without, far away in every direction, castled-crowned hills, valleys and vineyards extend in endless succession. Near by is the Strahlenberg, and at its feet the little village of Hattenheim, still surrounded by forests and impregnable fastnesses, for there dwelt the lords of Scharfestein,

who for centuries were the terror of the haughty bishops of Mayence. But it is long now since the revelry of kith or kin of theirs has been heard within the walls. The wine of its vineyards is not so famous as those of Steinberg, which belonged to the monastery of Eberbach, which also stood upon the skirt of the forest. But the good fathers who dwelt there did not spread abroad the fame of their vineyards, and not till they became the possession of the Duke of Nassau, did they come into rivalry with those of Johannisberg, "for," said the holy men, "it must not be permitted to touch lips profane !" That humanity and civilization have made some progress since their day, is evident from the use to which their fat livings have come. The abbey has been converted into a hospital for idiots, and the broad acres which supported voluptuous idlers, have a holier mission in ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate.

From Eberbach we pass through a valley rich with everything that nature strews with munificent hand—the hills have an emerald crown, such as can only be woven of the leaves of the "grand old oak ;" the fields are variegated with the peculiar culture of German husbandry, the meadows are green with the waving grass, and the forests are carpeted with a bright, flowering moss. Then come the mountain of Raenthal, from whose summit we may look abroad upon a landscape which has few rivals in any clime—the Rhine Gau, with the vines binding it like a silver ribbon ; Mayence, with its lofty towers, far to the left ; Darmstadt and Frankfort, and, faintly in the distance, the castle-crowned peaks of the Odenwald ; and still on, the plains of the palatinate and Rhenish Bavaria. It is like a picture, from which one is afraid to turn his eye, lest it vanish as in a dream.

When we descend, from village to village, we are still in vineyards, some of which we have already mentioned. The cellars of Winkle were grand wine deposits of the Romans, and received the name of *Vinci cella*, and the streets still bear Roman names. Though a stranger, you will everywhere be greeted by the peasantry as you pass, who, if near, will say, "Good morning" or "good evening," and if far off, will doff their hats, and if you wear one, expect you to doff yours in return. As they work, and sing, and laugh, they will seem to you a happy people, and in the midst of such abundance it will be difficult to conceive that want or misery can have among them a home.

It was here that we accidentally met a young peasant girl, who afterwards became our companion in many weeks of travel. We entered a house to ask for a glass of water, which was handed us by her ; and finding we did not speak her language, she spoke ours, which led to her saying she had been two years in America at school. It would be so strange a thing for a peasant girl to educate herself in Germany, that she could not endure the reproaches it would bring upon her, and so went two or three thousand miles at so much expense, to obtain that for which American children are sent to Germany. It was an adventure to awaken our interest, and proved at least that there was mind and energy in a class of people who have the credit of being without ambition or capacity.

According to our custom, we asked the privilege of looking about the premises ; and as we crossed the threshold, she exclaimed : "Oh dear, how is it possible an American lady can endure these horrid German ways." We were quite astonished at hearing a remark from one who had been born and bred among these same ways, such as we should never have dared to

make ourselves. Her words referred to things to which we have made allusion, proving, however fine the public buildings and galleries of art, there will be found in the homes no arrangements for comfort, and a barrenness which is heartsickening to one who has for a little time enjoyed the luxury of the most humble American fireside. We suppose there has been, indeed, very little change in the mode of life among the people since Charlemagne and his lordly retainers reveled in yon castle, and demanded for their wars and their feasts all that the land could produce.

At Bingen we are reminded of the song which the Hutchinsons sing, and which has drawn tears from our eyes : "Bingen on the Rhine." Well may we credit any story of love and romance that the poet may locate in so picturesque a spot.

On the summit of a hill in Hochheim are eight acres of vineyard, or 4,100 feet, where each foot of the land is valued at a *ducat* ! The whole is exposed all day to the sun, and well guarded from the wind, while a little brook runs near to water it when the rains of heaven fail, and when they are too abundant, wooden *aqueducts* carry off the surplus, and thus leave it always in the right condition for the utmost fruitfulness.

It was the Rhine Gau that was the scene of the ravages and devastations of the "Servile war." The castles and vineyards were owned by proud oppressors, and there came a limit to the endurance of the oppressed. They had nothing to lose, and little hope of gain ; but revenge burned in their hearts, and they thought only to punish their tyrants. Historians speak of them as exhibiting in this way their zeal for the new religion, and the leaders of the Reformation are blamed for the excesses of a lawless mob. But, as in the horrors of the French revolution,

historians ascribe effects to wrong causes. The murders and atrocities of revolutionists are crowded into a small space, but the blood spilt during the reign of terror would not equal that which was shed during the long and not less terrible reign of a succession of Bourbon princes ; and the victims who wasted in dungeons at the command of uncrowned tyrants would not number so many as kings and their heartless favorites had doomed to torture and starvation to gratify caprice and a love of revenge.

“ Who may not succeed by appealing to the passions of an ignorant, vulgar rabble,” asks a grave chronicler ; but he does not stop to ask, how came they to be an “ ignorant, vulgar rabble,” and how came they to think it would be doing good service, to rid the earth of those who ruled over them ? It is more wonder that they endured so long. We have no lamentations to make over Bourbon princes, or the dethronement of these haughty bishops, and proud barons whose empire was in the beautiful valley of the Rhine. The peasants of the servile war gained nothing, and not till two centuries later were kings so far humbled and made to tremble, that they would listen to the prayers of the people. Republican armies seemed a terrible curse while they were marching through the land, but they sowed the seeds of civilization and human rights, which have sprung up wherever they trod ; though so oft must they be crushed by the feet of princes, that they are slow in bearing fruit.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PALATINATE—THE VINTAGE—ST. WERNER—THE JEWS—NUR-
REMBERG—WINE DRINKING—GRAPE-CURE.

BELOW the Rhine Gau lies the *Pfalzgraf*, or Palatinate, which is only a little less famous for its vineyards, and scarcely less beautiful in its general features. It is also famous for one thing more—its sausages! and the villages scattered among the *Haart Mountains*, hold every year, on the first of September, a sausage fair. The varieties of this favorite German dish we have never been able to number. At Bremen, on the Weser, you have in the winter, as the greatest delicacy, *Braunkohl* and *Pinkel*, which, translated, is cabbage and sausage; though each is of a peculiar kind, and quite indescribable, yet we confess, not the less excellent. The brown kohl is, before it is cooked, a curly-leaved, dark green and purple species of cabbage, in small heads, and the sausage is very large and looks like some kind of seeds mixed with fat; but it is the *grits*, or *grots*, of rye or oatmeal compounded in a peculiar way with meat. They are fried for eating, and the cabbage is boiled till it is all soft and makes a kind of mush. All the way from the northernmost to the southernmost limit, we shall find this staple commodity and *table-standby* in every variety of form and color, and all the kinds and degrees of excellence into which it can be moulded.

Gathered together at this sausage fair, are the peasantry from all the cantons of the Palatinate, arrayed in all the glory of their holiday costumes, and holiday spirits ; and the taste they display upon themselves and their wares makes both quite irresistible. At night, beneath the canopy which shelters this unpoetical market place, is held a grand ball, and rustic feet keep time to rustic music till

“ Daylight ushers in the morn.”

From Mayence to Worms, it is one continuous garden, and in this famous city is the most famous wine of all. The vineyard around the *Liebfrauenkirche*, produces a nectar which is labeled, when it is sent forth, and known everywhere as the *Liebfrauenmilch*—milk of the Holy Virgin.

In Rhenish Prussia, we find *Bacharach* the most renowned for its vineyards, and so long ago as in the twelfth century, the then flourishing city of Nuremberg, paid the price of its freedom with four tuns of this wine, to the emperor, and Pope Pius II. obtained every year several tuns to be drunk on grand occasions. But its cellars were also the deposit of great quantities from the *Rhine Gau*, with which it must share its honors. Both have been celebrated in rhyme :

“ At Hochheim on the Main,
At Wurzburg on the Stein,
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
There grows the best wine.”

Here are the ruins of the grand old castle of Stahbeck, once occupied by the Princes Palatine, and here we see everywhere the image of St. Werner, the legend of which has been handed down for centuries, and is related as follows : In 1287, the

father of the sainted boy lived in Bacharach, and was a very godly man, whose devout life offended an old woman who was his neighbor, and who was probably more offended that he did not allow his family to associate with her. In revenge she stole his little son, and sold him to some Jews, who she knew would be glad of any victim upon whom to requite the tortures they were everywhere receiving from Christian people.

In the vaults of a large house near by the river, they held their annual feast, at midnight, to be in less danger of discovery. The little boy was placed in their midst, and to the inquiry, what shall be done with him? many voices cry out:

“Crucify him! crucify him!”

“So let it be,” said the old man, who stood among them as high priest and judge.

Immediately a black curtain rose, and exposed a cross with many implements of torture. It fell again a few moments, and when it was raised the next time, the little boy was nailed to the cross, with his mouth gagged to stifle his screams, while slowly one by one every vein in his little body was opened, and every ingenious torture inflicted that could increase his anguish. When death put an end to his suffering, the body was secured in a sack filled with stones, and thrown into the middle of the Rhine. But instead of sinking, it floated upon the surface, and the next morning a fisherman saw a little white hand stretched out as if imploring aid. He immediately communicated the intelligence, and soon the river was covered with boats pursuing the object, which could not be distinctly recognized, and which, to their surprise, they saw floating up the stream. They followed it till it stopped near where the old woman lived, approached the bank, and by a sudden rising of the river, was thrown at her feet, as she came with the crowd to learn

the cause of the excitement. The hand pointed to her, and need it be said that all believed it to be the finger of providence pointing out the guilty. She was arrested, confessed her guilt, and was executed. Every Jew in the place was also apprehended, and as the body of the boy was laid out in the church, every one was compelled to come and place his hand upon it, and tortures applied to make him confess his guilt. Wonderful to relate, the veins bled afresh at the touch of the murderers, yet only one could be brought to confession. But this did not save those whom God had evidently doomed to destruction, and all who participated in the guilty deed were hanged, and the rest banished.

The child was canonized, and a church built to commemorate the event ; and St. Werner receives the homage of all devout Catholics who pass this way.

If we could listen to the legends of the Jews, what an array of guilt would appear against Christians ; but we do not need traditions to tell us they have been punished for their monstrous crimes towards this outcast people. In how many cities was their persecution and banishment the death-blow to all industry and commercial prosperity. Yet there are places still where they are not allowed to set foot. In some cities, one or two streets are permitted them, which of course are crowded to suffocation. In this year (1858), Frankfort, for the first time, bestows upon them some of the privileges of citizens, and Bremen has allowed them only within a short time to live and breathe within her walls.

It was with the expulsion of the Jews, that the decay of Nuremberg commenced. To gratify the narrow prejudice of the trades and guilds with whom they were supposed to interfere, they were driven forth, and forbidden to sleep within the

gates. The same stupid prejudice repulsed the Protestant weavers, who came as exiles from France and Flanders, and when Protestantism was in the ascendant, no Romanist could become a citizen and own property under its protection. So it has been reduced from the most wealthy and influential of the ancient free imperial cities, to the most unimportant of provincial towns. Though its freedom was purchased with the wine of Bacharach, it was not the less freedom, and Nuremberg has been called the cradle of German liberty. Here resided the emperors, and sat the imperial diets. In the seventeenth century her trade extended over Europe and Asia, and the most useful inventions and important manufactures owe their birth to her enterprising citizens, so that it became a proverb—

“Nuremberg’s hand
Goes through every land.”

But now there is no trace of her former grandeur except in ruins of proud castles and fortifications, which tell a sadder story of decaying energy and spirit, than of walls and monuments. She is now the great toy mart of the world, which may indeed not be so insignificant an honor as at first seems, inasmuch, as the amusement of children is not the least important among human occupations. But it might well be shared with others among a great people.

In one place, where the Rhine flows through a wine-growing district, there is a large stone in the middle of the river, which the peasants tell us has the marvelous benevolence to indicate when there will be an abundant harvest. But, as in most other superstitious, the philosopher can find a natural cause for what seems miraculous to the ignorant. The stone appears only in a dry season, when of course the river is low, and a season just

dry enough to lower the water to the point of exhibiting the stone is most favorable to the fruitfulness of vines. But to the credulous inhabitants of these borders, it would be quite useless to explain away a supernatural intervention. Unbelief is not among their sins, and like the Indian and the Norwegian, the amusement of their long winter evenings is to tell the tales which have been handed down from father to son, from century to century, of the signs and wonders, and miracles, which have been done in their midst.

In most places, the vintage commences about the 12th of October, and in the districts where it ripens about the same time the day for commencing is designated by government, as on that day the watch must cease. The announcement is made by the ringing of bells a week previous, accompanied by a formal notice from the police. The evening previous, the bells are again rung, and early in the morning they give out a merrier peal at the hour the vintagers are to commence, and soon they may be seen issuing forth, not in their best, yet in holiday costume, singing as they go, with baskets upon their heads and in their hands, till the streets are thronged, and the hill-sides and valleys covered with troops of happy people, whose hearts one would not think had ever been burdened by care or sorrow. And this is a sight upon which eighteen centuries have looked, and the only one, perhaps, which has not varied through all the changing dynasties, from the bright autumn days when Cæsar sat in his palace at Spire, and contemplated it ; through all the years of devastation by barbarian hordes—in the dark ages, when bishops, and monks, and priests exercised a stern rule, yet milder and better than that of those savage chiefs, inasmuch, as it substituted for brute force the curbing of the spirit ; during the dawning of still brighter days, when Charlemagne

brought order out of confusion, and erected a still higher standard of law and honor ; through the mysteries of the *Vehmgericht*, or Secret Tribunal, which filled the land with terror, and made the dungeons of a hundred cities echo with the groans of innocent and guilty victims—until the Reformation stirred all the nations up to strife, and for a century deluged a whole continent with blood ; and popes, and princes, and people, learning to respect the opinions of each other, a peace for once filled the earth which did not every moment fear the fierce war-whoop and the tramp of armies.

Whether Roman or Gallic legions reveled in yon castle-halls—whether pope, or prince, or prelate, waved the sceptre from its proud turrets—whether imperial or republican armies marched through the land, the vineyards lay ever smiling and peaceful upon the hill-sides, and the mountains echoed the laugh of happy vintagers, for the time indifferent alike to the fortunes of friend or foe.

Bread and wine were the food upon which all depended, and though palaces were demolished, and cities and villages destroyed, the harvest must remain untouched, for when it failed, famine and pestilence overtook the victor and vanquished, and made more fearful havoc than the sword. We are, therefore, looking upon a sight which has varied little through all these changing times, and the mode of gathering the purple clusters must be nearly the same as when the daughters of Judea were admitted among the grapes and pomegranates on Canaan's shore. Here, as there, a stone or tree alone marks the divisions between the possessions of different individuals, and each knows his own little field with an instinct like that of the shepherd, who can call his sheep by name.

From the summit of the highest peak to the bottom of the

lowest valley, they echo back their songs, and coming and going all the day are the files with their well filled baskets, which are in some cases deposited in large vats in the fields, and in others in these prosy times, carried to barns or granaries to undergo the process of pressing in mills like those in which apples are ground, and often the same are used for both purposes. But this destroys half the poetry of the scene, so we shall confine ourselves to the more primitive modes.

When the principal harvest is gathered, it is the custom to invite friends to glean what remains, but any one may partake in the toils and pleasures of the vintage who will labor for the privilege of eating as many as he wants during the day ; and there are few, we imagine, who would not be willing to *stoop to such labor for such a reward!*

In old times it was the universal custom to tread the grapes upon the spot, and this is still practised in many provinces, and this we saw with our eyes. Into a large flat tub they are poured after being stripped from the stems; and naked feet, which have been washed in the clear stream which gurgles through the valley, commence the tramping, and over them the rich juice, in anything but limpid streams, is seen to flow ! What a desecration it seems of things beautiful, if not divine. And not at all would any one be tempted to tarry long at such wine ; and not at all does it look as if one would ever be in any danger of looking at it long though it is indeed red.

Sometimes the grapes are pressed by pounding them in small troughs by an instrument exactly like that which washerwomen use, and in all cases, when it is extracted, it must stand for some time to settle, and is then poured into the tuns, hogs-heads and barrels, which have been cleaned and made ready as they were wont to be in New England for cider. But not

like cider is the wine, most pleasant and innocent when it is new. How little some lecturers upon temperance know what they say when they talk of fermented and unfermented liquors. It is strange indeed that grapes should be so delicious and beautiful in the clusters, and the juice only a few days expressed so disagreeable and deleterious. Not until after it has fermented is it possible to drink it ; but, judging from our experience with apple juice, and the testimony of those who know nothing about the matter, we took a very generous swallow of new wine, and being about to repeat it, a friend exclaimed, "What are you doing?"

"Why, drinking new wine to be sure, why not?"

"You will learn if you try it. Do you not know that half a glass will make you so dizzy that you cannot walk?"

"To be sure not ; how should I know, never having seen any new wine before ? but I have always supposed that it was harmless before it was fermented."

"After it is fermented you may drink as much as you please, and the older it is the milder and less hurtful you will find it."

But having tasted, we did not care to repeat the experiment ; already our eyes were dim ; and besides, it is far from being palatable, having a strong bitter taste, like some kind of herb-drink. When the tuns are filled, they are placed in the cellars, and not for six months or a year does one think of opening them. Each tun is labeled with the vineyard and date of its contents, and the longer it can remain untouched the more valuable it becomes.

It used to be the custom to dance upon the *butts* when they were filled, and quite a cotillion could be formed upon one, such as filled the vaults of old castles ; and now one is usually taken

to the field, and when it is filled, is wreathed with vines, and a blooming maiden, converted for the time into a naiad by a crown of garlands and a dress of leaves, sits upon it and sings whilst the others sing and dance around her. When the vintage is over, a ball is celebrated in every village, and enough very old and very good wine is drunk to send them reeling home.

To one who has been accustomed to see this precious fruit of the vineyard only at the tables of the rich and on rare occasions, it is almost painful to look upon the reckless manner with which it is wasted in every inn, and on every table, even among the poor. In the regions where it is produced, it is to be had everywhere for eight cents a pint, and in the village inns the peasantry are to be seen at all hours sitting at the long wooden tables with quart and two-quart bottles, and pint and half-pint tumblers before them, a *junk* of black bread in the hand and a pipe in the mouth, drinking and smoking, eating and talking, as if these were the only business of life. But famous as they are, we do not like the Rhenish wines, they are not so pleasant and delicate as the French, and indeed many of them we could not distinguish from New England cider—they are certainly not a whit better.

In a description of the vintage we must not omit the *grape-cure*, which is a grand remedy for all manner of diseases, and does sometimes perform marvelous cures. People go to spend the vintage season where they can procure grapes in abundance, and eat many pounds a day as long as they last. The blood is said to be thus wholly renewed and purified, and surely no physician could prescribe a more agreeable remedy, and one which we should think would almost tempt people to be sick.

The grape-seeds and sticks which have been pressed are dried, being first cut into oblong squares, about the size and

form of bricks, to be used for fuel. We have seen thousands lying upon *slats* arranged one above another in sheds built for the purpose, and when ready they are piled away and sold for so much a hundred, at a price which makes them about a cent a-piece. Turf is cut in the same form, and acres and hundreds of acres of heath supply hundreds and thousands of families with all the material they have for fire during the long winter. The leaves, too, are all raked up in the forests, and every stick by the way-side is carefully garnered by the women and children, who may be seen all summer, when there is no more imperative labor, with their sickles, their rakes and their baskets, upon every hill and in every valley, gleaning and transporting what in America is left for time to destroy, but what in Germany is life to millions.

We lingered until a November snow covered all the hills, and there was no longer trace of life or beauty, where we had traced the progress of the tiniest spire of grass and the first bursting bud and leaf through all the gradations, from fresh opening life through maturity and perfection to decay and death. But where shall we find words to tell of the happy memories which we bring away, and which will be to us a well-spring of joy through all our pilgrimage in whatever lands we rove. We have seen many happy homes, and hearts and minds, on which nobility was stamped with nature's impress, and had we been admitted as familiarly to the palaces of this fair land, are sure we should not have found the sterling excellence that has gladdened us in a hundred peasant cots.

CHAPTER XV.

**THE ODENWALD — CHURCHES — FUNERALS — BALLS — SMOKING —
DRINKING—WANT OF POLITENESS—IMMORALITY—MARRIAGE AND
BETROTHALS.**

Not less famous than the valley of the Rhine are the mountains and forests of the ODENWALD. Here feudalism had her strongest fortresses, and here her institutions took firmest root. Here are scattered more thickly ruins, that tell of the days of old, and every valley and hill-side teem with traditions which mark the footsteps of centuries. Every conqueror from Cæsar to Bonaparte has marched through its valleys, and the walls of these proud castles have echoed to the revelry and execrations of a hundred armies, as success or misfortune induced them to flee to them for refuge and shelter.

The high road from Darmstadt to Heidelberg is called the *Bergstrasse*, or Mountain-road, as it lies all the way at the foot of these castle-crowned peaks, which present a succession of undulating hills and lofty mountains, once dark with the dense, impenetrable forests, but now covered with vineyards, or variegated with the garden husbandry which we have often described. The mountains are on the left as we journey southward, and on the right stretch far away the fertile plains, rich with the golden harvests. It was on a summer morning, just after a gentle shower, that we first beheld them, and like a

vision of fairyland or some dream in Eastern fable, they came upon our view. It is here that an Italian is said to have exclaimed : " Oh ! Germany, Germany, how much more beautiful art thou than Italy !" and surely there can be nothing more beautiful in that sunny land. It was here that we first noticed the difference between German and American agriculture, and began to wonder how such results could be produced. It seemed to us the earth must groan with its abundance, and not only every hill and valley, but every rock, was made to bring forth fruit. In the fields of grain the stems stand so thickly, that the same extent of soil must bear two or three times the quantity we had ever seen before, and it was the same with rows of vegetables, with beans and peas, and turnips—with everything that was good for food for man or beast—the soil never seemed to complain of exhaustion.

The Bergstrasse is said to have been made by the Romans, and to have borne the name of *Via Strata*, meaning a *way constructed by art*, and everywhere are found the relics of the mighty legions who camped in the forests where now have sprung up villages, smile the vineyards or wave the harvests of the honest peasantry, who toil still to feed armies that live in idleness upon the fruits of their industry.

It was in one of the brightest of the sunny nooks which nestle among all these mountain passes, that we took up our abode, and from which we made excursions to observe rural life in the Odenwald.

Many writers have affirmed that no traces of the famous god of the Scandinavians are to be found in southern and interior Germany, but they had not lived among the people, and listened to the traditions that have come down through centuries, of the days when their fathers worshipped idols, and smiled at the

superstitions which still remain, that could have originated among no other than an idolatrous people.

The name Odenwald is believed by those best versed in ethnology to be derived from ODIN, though some perceive in it a derivation from the word *Ode*, meaning wild, and others from *Od*—Jupiter, the god of the Romans, and others from Otto ; but there is mention of the name before there was an emperor of Germany, and he must, therefore, resign this honor. Others would ascribe it to the expression, *O du Wald—Oh, thou forest* ; but there can be little doubt that the whole forest was once consecrated to the deity, whose altars may be traced in all these northern climes, and the ashes of which are not yet entirely swept away. The nominal religion is Catholic, the ceremonies of which are practised with a simplicity and single-heartedness that command our respect, and in all southern Germany the priesthood exhibit very little of the pomp and parade which we have been taught to expect as the universal accompaniments of their order. If they are endowed with riches, they must be expended on something besides personal comfort and luxury, or in the architecture and decoration of their churches. These are simple in the extreme, except in a few instances, where they indulge in stained windows and an expensive organ. The floors and seats are always bare, and the doors always open, as the Catholic church is the place of prayer at all hours of the day and week, as well as on Sunday. Service is held every morning at early dawn, and whoever wishes the quiet of an hour alone with his God, can enter, and be sure no profane intruder will interrupt his devotions. This seems to us a very proper use of a church, and more in accordance with one's ideas of the worship of an ever-present Deity, by daily and hourly dependent creatures, than

to keep his house shut, except on Sundays, and then in so luxurious a condition that only satin slippers can feel quite at home upon its velvet carpets.

Funerals in Germany are almost universally in the morning, and sometimes ere it is scarcely light. We have often during an early walk met the sable train, and can always tell the rank of the deceased by the equipage and appointments. Among the Catholics there is a service at the house of mourning and at the grave, the same as in America ; but among Protestants there is often none—not even a clergyman present. The friends and those who are to bear away the coffin assemble at the time designated by the family, and if others not invited wish to pay their respects, they wait in neighboring houses or in the street, till the procession moves, and follow to the grave. The pall-bearers are appointed by the state, but paid by the family, and are of three ranks. The first attend upon the funerals of persons of distinction, and may also attend on any occasion, if those who employ them are willing to pay the price, which is double that required for those of the second rank. Much of the pomp and state of such occasions is passing away. Formerly a sort of arch was raised over the hearse, and hung with black, and from the top drooped long sable plumes, while four or six horses drew the carriage, also covered with black cloth, hanging to the earth, and with plumes upon their heads. But even dignitaries are not often seen in these days attended by so much pomp. Officers of state must employ the first rank of pall-bearers, who wear long black cloaks, and ride in carriages, with equipage to denote their rank, but others may do as they please.

In Hamburg the friends do not accompany the corpse to the grave ; but sixteen hired mourners attend, who are dressed in

black, with plaited ruffs round their necks, curled and powdered wigs, short Spanish cloaks and swords. But now only the rich, and those who wish to make a display, are seen in this style, as it is expensive as well as ridiculous. Among the Catholics we have often seen six, eight, and ten clergymen, some in white robes and some in black, preceding the hearse, on foot, and several young girls walking behind, with flowers and wreaths which they strew upon the grave. In the churchyards, all summer the monuments are hung with wreaths, which friends place there, and women making them and offering them for sale are sitting by the gate. When it becomes too cold for natural flowers, artificial ones supply their place. The cities of the dead are thus made pleasant; but we have seen no cemetery that compared in beauty of position and charms of natural scenery with Mount Auburn or Greenwood. The one at Frankfort is said to be more beautiful than *Père la Chaise*. Yet it exhibits only a level surface, and very little variety in the arrangements. All that is executed upon marble of course surpasses infinitely anything to be found in the New World; and much more money, time and labor are expended by the state and by individuals, in adorning and rendering attractive this and every resort of the people.

In the country burial grounds there is one portion allotted to the aged and married, another to the youth, and another to the children. Hideous looking images of the Saviour, the Virgin and Saints, are erected at every corner, and also along the streets, which would be sufficient to disgust one with the thought of ever seeing them, if we really believed in the resemblance; but the people look at them with spiritual eyes, and cross themselves reverentially whenever they pass, though laden with boxes and bundles, and in the midst of the most uproarious

mirth. It is only in Protestant districts that infidelity prevails. The Catholics here are not less devout than they were before Luther and Calvin awoke, and they do not seem to be in any danger of renouncing their faith.

The festivals connected with the church are a pleasing feature in peasant life, and a distinctive characteristic of the Catholic provinces. One we often heard called the "feast of consecration," though we could never learn exactly what it meant. It could not mean the consecration of the individual churches, as the celebrations occur all in the autumn, and therefore must have reference to something in common with all, and may reach back to the primitive ages and the promulgation of Christianity. We heard one day, from our room, the singing of many voices in the street, and on looking out saw a long procession, stretching as far as the eye could see, of men, and women, and children, bearing flags, and dressed in holiday costume, with books in their hands, from which they were singing loud and clear the hymns for the occasion, and wending their way to a chapel upon a high hill, where service was performed by the bishop, who travels a circuit to be present in each village at this festive season.

The men were upon one side of the street and the women upon the other, and it must be at least two miles that they walk to the chapel, besides passing through the principal streets, singing ever as they go. Everything in Germany begins and ends with a dance, and the church celebrations are not an exception. Every village inn has its ball-room, the best finished and most pleasant room in the house; but the ball itself strikes us as the most repulsive of any feature of peasant life. Very frequently they occur on Sundays also, and begin early in the afternoon, with two or three fiddlers for musicians. The smok-

ing and drinking commence at the same time, and in a few hours the room is dark with the clouds from the fragrant weed, the wine is standing in dirty pools over all the floors and tables ; the men are stupified, and all are heated and reeking with perspiration, presenting a most disgusting and heart-sickening scene, yet their feet never weary—they dance till night, and then till morning.

But we have attended balls where the assembly consisted of merchants, officials, and respectable mechanics, and at which gentlemen of the highest rank were present as spectators, and the room was also filled with smoke to suffocation. The gentlemen walked about between the dances with cigars in their mouths, puffing without ceremony into the faces of the ladies, and spitting upon the floor, without a seeming thought that they were doing anything contrary to the most gentlemanly deportment, as indeed they are not as it is here understood. No German imagines tobacco smoke to be disagreeable on any occasion, and in the most refined circles, after tea the cigars are lighted, and the puffing kept up for hours, where the ladies are elegant, accomplished, and dressed in the most *recherché* style. If they walk in the garden it is the same, they smoke, smoke, smoke ; cigar lighters are placed upon the dining-table in hotels, and no where in Germany are there salons provided for ladies. There is no common room for the meeting of either gentlemen or ladies except the smoking-room ; and ladies in hotels are not expected to linger after dinner, or spend the evening where gentlemen can enjoy their society. We hear this often lamented among themselves, but it is the custom, and there is no such thing as changing a German custom.

The reason Germans adhere to the *balls* and dances so tena-

ciously is, that it is the only way in which gentlemen and ladies are allowed to meet ; the ball-room is the only place, among high or low, where Cupid can lawfully practise his profession, or any kind of acquaintance be formed that may lead to love and matrimony. So the girls are longing continually for the balls. After having been invited many times to tea, and met no gentlemen, we asked, if they were never invited on such occasions. "No," was the answer ; "if we invite gentlemen a great heavy expensive supper must be provided, that is so much trouble, and costs so much that we do not like it. Besides, gentlemen do not wish to come, they had rather go to the club-room and drink and smoke ;" and when we saw the *supper*, which a lady thought it necessary to prepare, because three or four gentlemen were to be present, we did not wonder she did not care to do it often, and concluded they were more trouble than comfort.

A German lady had remarked, that she often received politeness from Englishmen and Frenchmen when she was traveling, but never from a German, unless his attentions degenerated into insulting gallantry. When we saw their mode of life, and how little gentlemen could associate with ladies in a pleasant and delicate way, we remarked : "It is not strange they are not polite, they have no opportunity of learning politeness. They are not taught to look upon women in the light of companions and helpmeets, but merely as the instruments of supplying their animal wants—of cooking them suppers."

A lady playfully remarked concerning her little daughter a year old, that she believed she would be an authoress, she was so fond of pen and paper, at which the husband and father was almost ready to annihilate her, for harboring an instant the thought, that his daughter could ever become a thing so

despicable ! Yet he was intelligent himself, rich, and traveled, but never thought it necessary for *women* to know any of these things.

There is not so much *manœuvring* in Germany to get daughters married. It is more fair play, and is better on the whole. A *mamma* makes no circumlocutions in asking young men to marry her daughters, and as soon as they are in business for themselves, they say they are regularly besieged. All this we take down from the lips of German ladies, for we should not venture such remarks upon our own limited observation. A gentleman who had lived sometime in New York, and become accustomed to meeting ladies in those pleasant conversational parties, or of calling on them freely to spend an hour in an intelligent and rational way, returns to find it terribly stupid to be confined entirely to the smoking-room, and to talk of business all the evening as well as all day, or else not talk at all. "Oh dear !" he exclaims, "I would like to run in and spend an evening with a family, it would so agreeably pass away the time, but then I do not wish to marry one of the daughters, and I could not call twice before the *mamma* would consider me bound to come to this result."

But in the ball-room they are free. Each young lady must be accompanied by a matron, but when there they dance and talk with whom they please, and those who cannot walk in the street together, or see each other in their homes, without scandal, may stand with their arms around each others waists half the evening. When not dancing, the gentleman keeps his arm around the lady with whom he has last waltzed, till it is time to commence again. These customs are the same among high and low, with prince and peasant, in the castle and in the cottage. A young man of the peasant class tells me that there

is no respect paid to women among them—they strike a woman just as quick as they would strike a man, and as we have seen, impose upon her double burdens. If under any circumstances favors are to be shown, the men receive them.

The young girl whom we met in Winkle, and who became our traveling companion, told us many things we should scarcely dare repeat, and should not expect to be believed. But she said the reason of the immorality among young girls was, that they were kept under this restraint without being told the reason, and secluded from temptation without knowing why, and when obliged to go into the world to take care of themselves, they have no moral strength. She said, in one town, where she was in the spring, after her arrival from America, there was a confirmation in her church, and three hundred girls were to be confirmed, who were from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and when the examination came only sixteen could be admitted to the church by this holy rite ; all the others were, at this early age, fallen women. We could scarcely believe our ears, and should not have credited the statement if we had received it from one who belonged to a different communion, but our informer was a member of the same church, and a most earnest defender of her faith. It was in the same village that we afterwards heard a bell ringing through the street. On looking out, we saw a man patrolling the town with this singular music, and she said it was the custom through all this province when a young girl had gone astray from rectitude, and had concealed her sin instead of confessing it to the priest as required, for the police, as soon as they ascertained the truth, to take a bell in this way and ring it through the town, calling the name of the guilty one, and proclaiming her fall. One would think a woman needed no such herald to proclaim her shame, especially when no

means are used to ascertain her accomplice, but this is the way of the world where men rule.

We remarked to a lady that in the country in America, among respectable families, these misfortunes seldom happened. "Why," she exclaimed, "and here so often!" But the unfortunate are not hurled down to infamy so irrevocably as with us. Ladies in cities who need nurses, prefer this class, and they have no difficulty in finding employment, and cases are known to occur of girls wishing to make this their profession, and voluntarily passing through the degrading ordeal which alone can fit them for it.

In some provinces at the north, the law requires that the son who is to inherit the farm, shall also be a father, and in these cases marriage is not consummated till a child is born, and a woman must not expect to be made the lawful wife who is not first a mother. But in this case there is no danger of desertion and disgrace; but on the contrary, certain preservation.

In all places where there is a regular betrothal, the law compels marriage, unless a marriage has been consummated with another without the knowledge of the parties concerned. If this happens, and the one first betrothed becomes a mother, the father must pay a certain sum every year till the child is fourteen, towards its support. But however frequently this may be the fate of women, however numerous her companions in misfortune, and though all above her are kind enough to pity and forgive, it is not the less a life-sorrow, the shadow of which darkens all her future path. One we knew whom we saw daily performing her duties with a quiet industry and faithfulness that betokened her one among a thousand, and in all her deportment and dress displaying a refined and delicate taste, which is seen among few born ladies. After many weeks, we

heard her story, which was also one among a thousand, in a different sense, and need not be repeated. The lady with whom she lived delayed for many weeks to tell her she had heard of the marriage of her betrothed, as she knew the blow it would be, and when she did at last as kindly as possible, she said in telling us, *the effect was the same as upon a lady*. The poor girl swooned and was for hours insensible. When she recovered from this, there followed days of weeping and then a long severe illness, during which life hung by the frailest thread. She had been a merry-hearted thing, though never wantonly gay ; but never since has she been seen to smile. In America she would have been cast away, and could not again hope to earn an honest livelihood. But in this case the lady was only the more kind, though as high-toned and with as good principles as any could have been, who from education or custom would have acted differently. The girl did not lose her place and feel the weight of scorn in addition to her misfortune, and this, with many other instances which came to our knowledge, led us to ask, has scorn and public censure the effect it is intended they should exert in promoting morality ? A noble-hearted woman will suffer enough though the world should kindly say, "neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more." If misfortune dooms her to irretrievable shame, and whilst the bitter sting is in her heart, she must also be trampled in the dust, and evermore be condemned to a life, from which she revolts not the less, because appearances are against her, who is to blame that she must swell the number of lost ones ? Leniency may be carried too far in Germany on the whole, but it is also true that in America it is not carried far enough. In too many instances it is thought to be not much matter what the life of a poor peasant girl is, or what her sorrow, yet there are many ladies like this, who

make a distinction between weakness and corruption, and by judicious counsel, and kindly sympathy, bind up the broken heart, and heal the wounded spirit.

At least it seems to be proved that proclaiming her through the streets by a town crier does not diminish the numbers who follow her example, as in the town where occurred these two hundred and eighty-four cases, in one year, this had been for centuries the custom, and the population was not five thousand. But we are quite sure that if a different kind of social life were allowed, and men and women could see each other upon terms of friendship, and for mutual intellectual improvement, there would be less secret intriguing in high circles and in low. Yet a great proportion of poverty and crime may be traced directly and indirectly to the unjust laws, and injudicious requisitions of the guilds. In the case we have mentioned, marriage would very soon have followed the betrothal; but the young people lived in a small village where luxuries were few, and the trade of the young man was that of the finer department of cabinet-making. He had been made master workman, but could not be allowed this position in any other place, and could not therefore earn enough by his labor to acquire the sum the law makes necessary before marriage is allowed. If he removed to another place to work as a journeyman he must buy his citizenship, which was also impossible with his means. So they waited in hope of some better fortune, and the lady with whom the young girl was at service, was just about to offer them the money to enable them to begin, when she heard that the young man had yielded to the temptation which so often besets them, and married an old woman who offered him her deceased husband's establishment, if he would marry her, and thus he, with all others who do the same, doomed himself

to a life of degradation and misery for the sake of labor and bread.

We knew one instance where a young man had married, in this way, a widow with one child, in order to acquire the right of citizenship and the position of master workman in a large town, and after her death wished to marry again, a young girl who was not a citizen of the place, though she had lived there several years. But her means did not allow her to pay the sum, which is two hundred and fifty dollars, and before he could marry her he must pay this, and also deposit a certain sum for the support of the child of his former wife, and another, to make sure that he had a competency for his new housekeeping, as the state in its parental wisdom and kindness will not allow people to marry without the certainty of a provision for a family. All this required so much that both together, with the generous assistance of friends, could not make up the sum, and so they were obliged to give up the idea of embarking their fortunes together on the sea of life. In such instances it is very common for fathers to say, if you will marry my daughter I will pay the price, and though the daughter has never seen the man to whom she is thus offered, she is sold without scruple, and thus made what the law and the world call respectable.

That hundreds of children are born every year, for whose maintenance no one is responsible, is known and permitted; but people cannot be allowed to wear the badge of respectability without paying the state so much money, though we presume they do not frame the statute in these words.

Nothing procures the right of citizenship but money. No parents of any position are citizens of any principality in Germany, without paying for it; and they may spend

their lives there, and their children be born and grow old there, yet neither they nor their children's children are citizens without the price. An Englishman, in his travels, met a young man who had been some years in America, and returned for a little time to see his friends. The police, the passports, and all the trammels of social life, seemed to him a thousand times more intolerable than ever, and he exclaimed: "It is better to be dead in America than alive in Europe;" and every European who goes there thinks the same, notwithstanding the bluster they make, and the fault they pretend to find for the sake of magnifying their importance.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ODENWALD—TOBACCO RAISING AND SMOKING—BLACK BREAD
—COSTUMES—GAMES—LEGEND OF EMMA AND EGINHARD—WILD
ANIMALS—BEETS AND BEET SUGAR—HABITS AND HEALTH—
LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS.

THE valleys of the Odenwald are watered by the Necker, which flows through them for thirty miles, before it reaches the plain near Heidelberg, where it has been described a thousand times as a "tiara of diamonds set in emerald," and where it is indeed the mirror to one of the loveliest landscapes human vision is ever permitted to behold. From the hill-tops, the Rhine may be seen, too, winding away in another direction, and the whole country, upon both rivers, a garden under such perfect cultivation, as few among Americans bestow upon the choicest parterre. There are a few vineyards ; but neither vines nor fruit trees are so much attended to as in other parts of southern Germany, though the climate is sufficiently genial ; because the people wish a more certain dependence. Cereals and vegetables do not so often fail of producing a sufficient quantity to support life ; but a bad season will destroy grapes and fruit to such an extent as to cause a famine. Tobacco flourishes luxuriantly and in the fields looks very rich ; but is a dismal sight in the autumn, hung over all the roofs and sides of the houses, black and shriveled, to dry and become fit to be made into *quids* and *quirls*. A fastidious American gentleman says it bears no comparison with that which is grown in

Havana, and he would as soon smoke dried cabbage as German cigars. The difference in the price indicates either a difference in the article or in the country; the one selling for five dollars a thousand, and the other for fifty. We only wish they were beyond the means of any, as only by empty purses can men be driven from the disgusting habit of smoking and chewing the filthy weed. An American also remarked: "he wondered the women did not all look like bacon, they were so obliged to live in smoke." While another ungallantly replied: "he thought they did." How they endure it, is perfectly inconceivable. It became necessary that we should be shut up in the cabin of a river steamer, one cold autumn day, and in the same room were fifty men, pipe in mouth. Not being able to breathe, we pushed back the window a few inches, and seated ourselves in front to catch every breeze and annoy others as little as possible. But the first time our eyes were turned away a *gentleman* took the opportunity to shut the window, and did it so softly that we had no suspicion of the agency by which it was done. For a little time we tried to endure it, but being nigh unto choking, we at length ventured to admit the air again, though by a much smaller aperture, when another *gentleman* called rudely out, "Madam, we cannot have the window open, shut it immediately." But not being accustomed to obey so implicitly, any lord of creation, we remained quiet, with open mouth in order to catch every particle of fresh air, or water that should kindly enter. But soon the steward entered, and the *gentleman* requested him to shut the window. He politely replied that the lady preferred it open. They said, "no matter for the lady, *we* want it shut." An American gentleman had sat by till now; but fast asleep. The buzz awoke him, and without the least suspicion of the cause of the commotion, he rubbed his eyes

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and opened the window; quite innocent of any intentional offence, only expressing his surprise that we could sit there in the smoke. But before he had finished the words, the before-mentioned *gentleman* laid rude hands upon him, and commanded him to shut the window. Not being exactly *wide awake*, and having no idea of what had passed, he shook off his assailant rather roughly, and a serious affray was the consequence; which the captain was called to settle, and to say also that no window could be opened in the cabin. We had no inclination to resist lawful authority, and therefore submitted to sit the rest of the day in a room as densely filled with these horrible fumes as any room devoted entirely to curing hams is allowed to be, and here sat several ladies working embroidery, and in great amazement that we should be disturbed by such a trifle. These gentlemen were not *Bauersleute*, but merchants, lawyers, and physicians, astonished beyond measure that a lady should think of interfering with the comfort and wishes of *men*.

In some places an attempt is made to raise Indian corn, but we have never seen any that deserved the name. A whole field will sometimes have only one or two ears upon a stock. They either do not understand how to manage it, or the climate and soil are uncongenial, though we cannot tell why this should be. They use it only for geese and pigs. The great staple is rye, which they think is cheaper and more healthy, but a Frenchman who pretends to a chemical and practical knowledge of husbandry, says wheat can be grown as cheap, and is far more nourishing. It will take a long time to convince Germans that he is correct, for they adhere as tenaciously to black bread as to tobacco. These huge black loaves are seen everywhere, and nowhere in Germany is it the custom for the baking to be done in the family. In the country villages there is one grand oven

to which all transport their loaves after having kneaded them at home. Carts are seen at all times going through the streets loaded with this commodity, piled in like so many stones, and about as hard. The form of the loaves is oval, about two feet in length, and of corresponding breadth, and the color that of a brown Indian crust. The bread is always sour, because to make it very light, it is permitted to stand fermenting till it is honeycomb. Among the peasantry and common *Bürger* the great loaf is placed upon the table, morning, noon and night, for each one to cut a slice till it is gone. To our taste it is horrible stuff, which we can in nowise swallow. But the wheat bread is as universally good; from north to south, from east to west, we have never seen it otherwise, and this is both kneaded and baked at the bakers, and always wet with milk. It is light and sweet, with a rich nourishing taste. An American writer, traveling in Germany, laments that American housewives do not equal the Germans in making bread, and does not seem to have learned, all the time he was here, that German housewives do not know half as much of bread-making as American. Never a particle do they make. What a relief to these housewives must it be never to be obliged to bake, and then never to be obliged to wash! Would they not think in New England it were Paradise, indeed, never to have in their kitchens the *muss* occasioned by the meal, and dough, and heat, the parade of tubs and suds and slops attendant upon the duties of Monday and Saturday, to say nothing of the extra occasions, when there must be an extra parade. What an *easy time* they would think they had, and never think *help* necessary in parlor or kitchen, and with their nicely constructed domiciles, painted floors and papered walls, they would certainly be able *to do all the work*, and have much time to play. Thirty or forty

loaves are baked up at once, but there is a continuous eating, which requires a continuous array of dishes, and washing of plates and cups, though the ceremonies at table are simple enough. In all the houses of the middle classes there is a round table standing always before the sofa, in every room. Upon this the cloth is laid, among a great proportion of them five times a day, or perhaps at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon the white covering is dispensed with, and at these hours the meal is very light. Among the peasantry the table is long and square, and stands before a bench, both being immovable. The Bürger perhaps drinks wine in the forenoon, and the Bauermann beer, but coffee is never dispensed with by either, at breakfast and after dinner. Supper among all classes is at eight or half-past, summer and winter, and is about the same as a New England breakfast. The peasantry of the Odenwald live a great proportion of the year upon black bread and potatoes, indulging in meat only at weddings, Christmas, and church consecration feasts, and are said to average a longer life than any others in Germany, the number of those who live to the age of sixty, seventy, and even ninety, being not few but many. The ancient costume of the men was a long dark blue coat, with rows of blue or bright buttons, and when they could afford it, for grand occasions, of silver, with the three-cornered hat that is still retained by court officials, but it is beginning to disappear, and the common dress of the laborer, as seen in all other lands, to be adopted in its stead. The women, as among the Indians, yield more slowly to innovations. Their caps are still ornamented with beads and ribbons, plaited like combs, made into enormous bows, to stand out from each side of the head. The peculiar head-dress of each district is retained long after every other part of the peculiar costume is given up ;

and self-denial of every other kind practised, that they may be able to purchase the ribbons and ornaments for this.

We have found two or three games and amusements strikingly like those of the Iroquois. One which is practised by the Indians at their New Year's feast, and among the peasantry of southern Germany at Christmas is, for two men to dress themselves, one to represent winter, in straw, moss, and evergreens, and the other as summer, in ivy and fresh garlands, and go from house to house begging. When nothing is given them they steal if they can; but this must be done with the greatest stealth, as it is an everlasting disgrace to be caught in the act, though all is in sport. It seems to us a remarkable coincidence that there should be exactly the same game among these two different people. Also, when in the long winter evenings they gather round the light of the resin torch, which is still the chandelier of the American Indian and the German peasant, to listen to the stories of the aged men of the days of old, the histories, sagas, and traditions, which have come down through a hundred generations, if they vary from the truth or the form which has been repeated by all before them, in order to add interest to their tale, they are never forgiven, but looked upon with distrust and dislike ever after. These were in former days their only chronicles, and if not preserved with correctness were of no value. So said the Indian and so says the Odenwalder.

It was to a little village among these wilds that the daughter of Charlemagne is said to have fled with her lover, from her father's vengeance. She wished to marry the secretary of the king, which, of course, was to descend from her rank, and when their liaison was made known, the one was threatened with death and the other with the scarcely less terrible living death

of imprisonment within the convent walls. But they succeeded in making their flight, and rested not till within the darkest recesses of the forest of the Odenwald, where they took up their abode in a rude hut, and lived by daily toil unknown, and yet content, for seven years. Then, according to the fashion of traditions, the great emperor passed that way on his return from a hunting excursion, and entered a hut to ask for a cup of cold water. Immediately he was recognized by the daughter, who hastened to prepare for him the refreshment which he needed. When he seated himself at table what was his surprise to find before him his favorite dish, which only his Emma had known how to prepare for him. He looked up and knew at once that her hands had provided it for him now. She read her pardon in his eye, and fell upon his neck, where the husband and disgraced secretary found her on his entrance. It need not be added that complete reconciliation followed, and the happy pair were taken home to live again in the palace. A cloister was built by them where the cottage stood, to commemorate their sorrow and their joy, and the place still bears the appellation of "*blessed spot*," which words were uttered at the time by the king in his transports at discovering his long lost child.

In these days the hunter is almost deprived of his sport among the fastnesses which once afforded inexhaustible supplies of game to the royal parties that spent days and nights within their shades. Foxes, wild cats, weasels, squirrels, hares, and rabbits, are still plenty, but not a bear has been seen since 1622, when the last one was killed at Darmstadt, and the last wolf in 1841, and it is more than two centuries since they have found a beaver.

But the hunting of wild cats and rabbits is a privilege still

of only royal and noble families. For a peasant to shoot a squirrel would be a crime in royal eyes, as great as stealing a cow, and if the punishment corresponds, they will not often venture upon such sport. It is not many years since a poor man was confined in *prison eighteen months* in the kingdom of Hanover, in darkness and solitude, for an offence to which he was probably driven by starvation. At the end of this time he was brought forth and commanded to confess his guilt. Upon his remaining silent, the thumb-screw was applied, and after repeated applications and hours of anguish, he was forced to confession, and it was that *he had stolen a cow!*

A forest-master and game-keeper are kept constantly upon the alert, to watch the woods, on account of the animals and also the trees, and no bird of the air or four-footed thing, nor a tree or shrub without permission, is at the service of the poor. But the forest-master is sometimes known to wink at the crime, if a peasant takes a hare or rabbit, or bit of wood, because he lives among them and knows their poverty; but they are taught, and really believe it to be a crime, and therefore do not often hazard their lives by such an offence. They gain their bread by the sweat of their brows, and though so poor and toil-worn, seem content. Their love for their mountains is like that of the Swiss peasant, and their songs tell the yearning of their hearts for home, when war and famine drive them forth. But they know nothing of the freedom of the Swiss mountaineer, and their cottages do not exhibit the neatness and thrift of the Swiss peasantry. Their homes look always filthy to an Englishman or American; the women have the coarse ways and habits of the men, and no conception of the tidy, comfortable cottage of the American farmer or English peasant. It cannot be otherwise when the mothers and daugh-

ters are in the field, where you see them without bonnet, cap, shoes or stockings ; sunburnt and old at thirty, though at this age they get so dry and tough, that they look afterwards always the same.

The shelves for the dishes are in the kitchen, and always open to all the dust ; a bed in every room, and pigsty and stable under the same roof. Seldom any are so *well* off as to have an extra set of cups and plates *for company*, and that which they use, like that of the middle classes in cities, is the common white ware, which is seldom in these days upon the table at all in America, but kept for baking purposes. But you never see a pie in Germany, and not often a pudding. If there is any cake, it is like the bread purchased at the baker's, and never good—a New England housewife would not think it fit to eat. If you enter a peasant's cot unceremoniously, they will ask you to take a cup of coffee, and with it a piece of bread, which, like them, you must dip in the cup before carrying it to your mouth. This way of eating bread and coffee is also universal among all classes. It will be placed upon the table without cloth or other service than cup and saucer, pewter or German-silver spoon, and your fingers. But to this you are welcomed in the same way as to the venison of the Indian, and commit an unpardonable offence if you refuse, though you may already be full.

Among the lower order of burghers, *Sauerkraut* and *salad* are the almost every day accompaniments of dinner and supper ; and these, with cheese made of sour milk, and sour bread, cause a peculiar smell in all their kitchens, which often creeps out and indeed permeates the dress and fills the air, so that sourness is the universal perfume.

The peasantry sell everything they raise and everything they

make, not even indulging in the luxury of *Sauerkraut* except at feasts. Every inch of ground is made to produce something, and sometimes the same soil nourishes two or three successive crops. After everything else, they realize a good harvest of turnips, and dig, dig, dig from April to November. Besides the cereals, tobacco, potatoes, and turnips, they have cabbage, colewort, lucerne, rape, saintfoin, poppies, hemp, and black turnips. Buckwheat is raised extensively at the north and south, though it is *Buchweizen*, buckwheat, from its resemblance to the beech nut. Poppy seeds, besides being made into opium, are boiled and eaten like sago, not a stock or leaf is wasted. Everything that can be cut green is used to fodder the cattle, and children are everywhere seen washing the weeds and all refuse that cattle can eat. They gather the leaves and moss in the woods, and pick up every stick or dried branch that can serve for fuel. The lupin is raised extensively for manure, and considered to enrich the land better than anything else, and will grow in all climates. Besides these are the hop fields and the beet fields. The former seem almost as extensive as the vineyards, and did we not know they were hops, would look almost as pretty. Beer is even cheaper than wine, a bottle costing only one-fourth as much as a bottle of wine, and that which comes from Bavaria is considered the best. But it is everywhere the common beverage, and to be had in its wholesome, unadulterated state. Yet too much can be drunk of it even then, and those who indulge too freely are most *blowzy* and stupid-looking beings.

Beets have been cultivated for the last thirty years very extensively for sugar. We find always in the most humble peasant's cot the best of loaf sugar, when sugar is used at all, for their coffee. In southern Germany it is generally beet-

sugar, which is whiter than any other, and one, two, and three cents cheaper a pound, but considered not so sweet, and therefore not so cheap on the whole. But in Austria a great proportion of the population are entirely ignorant of the use of sugar, and in Bavaria there are consumed on an average, only two and a half pounds a year by each individual, and of course this must indicate that half of them never taste it at all. The use of sugar is considered one of the evidences of a higher civilization, and if it is to be taken as a test, Austria and Bavaria are the lowest in the scale, or about the same as Russia and Turkey. The Turks use scarcely any, as they never put it in their coffee, and know not the use of tea; and the serfs of Russia are scarcely more degraded and destitute of all that modern civilization considers necessary to human beings than the masses of the Austrian population. They know almost as little of the use of money as they do of sugar. In the same year that Austria consumed 33,000,000 pounds, China consumed 1,000,000,000. And America is many millions in advance of any other. The table which we consult was made several years since, but the ratio continues about the same, and as it gives at a glance a better idea of the condition of the people than any description, we transfer it. It indicates the average quantity consumed by each individual, at that time, in a year :

England, . . . 20 pounds	Denmark, . . . 5 pounds
Ireland, . . . 4 "	Sweden, . . . 3 "
France, . . . 5½ "	Norway, . . . 3 "
Prussia, . . . 5 "	Spain, . . . 6½ "
Bavaria, . . . 2½ "	Portugal, . . . 5 "
Switzerland, . . . 6 "	Italy, . . . 2 "
Belgium, . . . 15 "	Austria, . . . 2½ "
Holland, . . . 14 "	Russia, . . . 1 "

The difference between England and Ireland is the same in sugar as in everything else, but in some of the other instances, where it is made, more is consumed than among people of nearly the same condition, in other respects, who must import a large proportion of all they use. But though it is not a necessity like bread, it is a luxury people deny themselves only when compelled, and we involuntarily judge a family to be comfortable in other respects if they can afford sugar.

A great proportion of that which is imported brown, is refined after its arrival, by which the greater tariff upon white sugar is avoided, and the expense lessened. But great effort is being made to produce all the sugar they consume, as not only the beet, but also the vine, the melon, the maple, and maize can be grown in different parts for this purpose. Of these the beet is the most important, as it is valued not only for its saccharine properties, but for the amount of forage it furnishes, which, as we have said before, has become for the last twenty years the absorbing subject of consideration among the agriculturists of Germany. It is said to enrich the soil by the invisible contribution it makes, and to afford three times as much nourishment for cattle by its leaves, as the same surface devoted to hay. Then from the sale of the root to the sugar manufacturer, twice as much money is realized as from the sale of the quantity of barley which can be raised on the same ground ; and greatly as the cultivation of the beet has increased, and the quantity of land devoted to it enlarged, the amount of cereals has not in consequence diminished. They have occupied less space, but by enriching the soil with the greater quantity of manure furnished by foraging plants, they increase the quantity per acre.

Those which are red outside and white within are considered to produce most sugar, and next the white and yellow, and

those which are small more in proportion to their weight than the larger. Analysis discovers in the beet twenty-nine different materials, the principal of which are water, fibre, crystalized sugar, oil, gum, coloring matter, ammonia, lime, and oxide of iron, though all these may not dwell in the living plant. There are also twenty-five kinds of beet roots, which produce from eight to ten per cent. of sugar. The soil must be very rich and deeply tilled, and a cool or temperate climate is better than one very warm. We see that in tropical climates, the plants which produce sugar are nourished by the air, and in temperate, by the earth, and the beets which grow in colder climates are sweeter than those which grow in warm climates.

It is said the sweetest grapes do not produce the most sugar, but from twenty to thirty pounds of raw sugar are made from a hundred pounds of juice.

The maple is not so profitable in Europe for sugar, as any other tree or plant from which it is produced ; on an average, only four ounces, and at the most only two pounds, being made from a hundred pounds of juice, and to boil and perfect these hundred pounds they burn forty thousand pounds of wood !

The maize, in the climate and soil adapted to it, produces the same quantity and quality as the cane upon an acre of ground. The brown sugar produced from the melon is similar to that from the cane, and the cultivation not so expensive as the beet root.

From these facts, we must conclude that sugar will become more and more abundant, especially in the countries where it is made from the beet, which is in other respects so valuable an agricultural product. The sugar beet is most cultivated in Baden, but is spreading fast through all Germany where the climate and soil will admit. The gallons of wine to each individ

ual average many times more than the pounds of sugar or meat, both in France and Germany, and cannot be so nourishing. Nowhere among the peasantry is meat an article of daily food, while in New England the farm laborer thinks he is very ill-used if he has not meat three times a day. In America, enough food is wasted every year to support the family of the German peasant, as they live, half that time. But the universally accepted idea, that the average health of the whole people is greater than in America, is not confirmed by inquiry or observation. The women of the cities do not look so pale and thin, but color and flesh are not always indications of health. The proportion is so great that you are inclined to think almost every person you meet is afflicted with salt-rheum or scrofula, so covered are their faces with a dreadful humor, and the usual infirmities of humanity do not seem to be less common. The delicate bloom and beauty for which American women are so renowned, is certainly very scarce ; but one reason of this is, that wine and beer are used much more habitually, and must necessarily give to their skin a coarse texture, and ruin a fine complexion, if it is originally possessed. We have often heard American women give this as a reason for *never* indulging in wine, that it *would make them look so coarse*.

The proportion of persons who are from birth or infancy deformed, or who never pass the physical stature of children is startling. In the cities one cannot walk without meeting one at every few steps, and in Dresden and some other large towns, statistics give the proportion as one in every twelve. In America these are very rare, and then as the result of accident, rather than inherited disease. In our intercourse with women of the higher and middle classes, we hear quite as much complaining, and should not conclude we were among a pecu-

liarily healthy people, from anything we see or hear. Among the peasantry we can hardly judge—they grow old so young, and their labor so disfigures them. In city and country, among the peasant girls, we are struck with the beautiful glossy hair, which almost every one possesses, and the neatness with which it is combed and braided. It is evidently their peculiar pride, but where it is the custom for them to carry water, hay, manure, and everything upon their heads, they become bald upon the top very young, by the incessant friction of the pail and basket, and cannot keep it so neat. Those who work in the field, and yet have not the harvest labor to perform, seem very tough, but so often they look forlorn after attaining to middle life, that we cannot help thinking the severe toil of the field and the house, together with the exhausting penalties of womanhood, destroys their constitutions, and before life's pilgrimage is half done dooms them to the grave.

The language of the Odenwald is said to be middle German, though we do not exactly know whether this means half way between high and low German or not. But every district has its dialect, and those separated by a forest, a river, or a mountain, can scarcely understand each other. Instead of saying *Grossvater* for grandfather, they say *Herrche*, and for *Grossmutter Frache*. On the prairies of the west we have heard German wives call their husbands *He*, when speaking of them, present or absent, instead of speaking their names. This is the way the Indian woman speaks of hers, and in no way can be induced to speak his name, considering it disrespectful. In the Odenwald the women reiterate continually *Er, he*, when talking of their husbands. And the men say *mei old*, when speaking of their wives. This too we have heard often in America among the descendants of Germans who spoke English—except that

they add another word and say, *my old woman*, and sometimes merely *my woman*. There is about the same difference in all things between the different German tribes, and their descendants, as between the different tribes of American Indians. In some respects they are the same everywhere, and there will always be found some things peculiar to each.

Like the Indian too, the Odenwalder is very suspicious of strangers, and very tenacious of his old customs, that have been handed down from his fathers. But towards those whom he knows to be friends, he is cordial, communicative and obliging, and among those, who have almost every one a son or brother in America, we were in no danger of being treated with coldness. Our great trouble was that each one expected us to know his friends, though one was in New York and another in Wisconsin. In the family in which we were, four had gone to the New World, and were all so prosperous, that their letters were always filled with glad tidings, and the intelligence of the family concerning our country was much beyond that of many fine city people, who would consider themselves two or three ranks superior. As usual, they had the strong love of the German for their fatherland, but a bitter hatred of its tyrants. Very kindly they felt towards the people among whom their children had found home and friends and fortune, and in all our travels we have not found nobler hearts, united to that intelligence which always liberalizes, and never in our lives experienced more genuine and heartfelt kindness, which causes us to turn ever to that little spot as one of the brightest and sunniest in Germany.

CHAPTER XVII.

WASHING — SAUERKRAUT — HOUSE FURNITURE — HOUSEKEEPING —
GIRLS GOING TO AMERICA — SCHOOL SYSTEM AND SCHOOLS —
PAPERS — MASTERS — EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

AFTER the vintage and the harvest are finished, commences the house-cleaning and the preparations for the grand wash, and during October, one may see everywhere the lawns and the grass-plots covered with the snowy linen, and long lines, forming miles of net-work by every dimpling brook, and under every green tree.

The harvests of linen are protected the same way as harvests of wheat. During all the washing season, men are employed night and day to watch the grounds ; but are in this case paid by the families instead of the government, and receive a cent a wash ; but each expects the articles under his supervision to be so arranged that he can attend to several at a time, else this small sum *would not pay*. If one family is so unfortunate as to occupy the green alone, the watchman will not remain upon the premises unless they will pay him the price of several. If they do not choose to do this every article must be taken in at night, and hung out again in the morning. It is a curious sight, those throngs of busy women with great tubs and baskets of wet cloth, wending their way to the brook, where they may be seen with bare legs and feet, bare heads and bare arms, sousing and splashing in the cold water, then ringing, and shaking, and snapping and “ hanging out to dry.” What a laughing, and giggling

and gossiping among so many merry-hearted maidens, and then how clean and nice those piles of fine linen as they are gathered in heaps upon the yet green grass. The washerwomen go from family to family during all the autumn, and in every one they commence their operation, at exactly twelve o'clock at night. From the great chests in the garret, where it has been collecting for half a year, the family bring the linen and deposit it in the washroom, provide the soap and lye, get the tubs and kettles in readiness and retire. -At the appointed time, enter these *weird sisters of the suds*, and begin their task, which is to pour hot lye all night, draining it off as it cools and heating it over, till everything has been thus two or three times saturated with this boiling decoction; afterwards they are rubbed according to their necessities, rinsed and dried. If the running brook is near, the finishing touch is given in its limpid stream. So great pride have they in these stacks of fine linen that they sometimes borrow, and even sometimes hire, a quantity of a neighbor to fill their lines. This is their wealth, as fine dresses are of other people, or fine furniture, and those who pass by ask of the watchman or the maidens, whose wash is that? If it is wondrous large, and the quality wondrous fine, it becomes the subject of village gossip, and those who possess it are set down as rich and thrifty housewives, as some whom we know are considered rich who have given great entertainments with borrowed china and silver.

We inquired particularly concerning the expense, and learned that for six in the family, two days will be required to finish the wash. They pay the women eighty cents a day, and must give them plenty of coffee and substantial food, and with this and the lye and soap and extra fire, they *reckon* a six months' washing to cost about three dollars! But a lady in the city told us

that she had her washing done in the house every fortnight, rather than send it to the bleachers, because it was cheaper. It took a washerwoman two days, and she paid her twenty cents a day, and she of course found the soap and extra fire herself, and one of her servants assisted during the whole time. If she sent it away, those who took it charged for these, and it amounted to more on the whole. But three or four dollars is certainly a very trifling expense for a six months' wash. Where I happened to be, a woman came in to do the starching also, and assist in the ironing, which was not included in the sum we mentioned.

The country linen is mostly what in New England is called *home made*, and worn unbleached till it becomes white by continued washing. It is also coarse compared to that of the manufactories ; but wears a life time. During the autumn and winter, the little spinning wheel is the constant inmate of the family-room of peasant and burgher, and we have also seen it in many a city parlor, where the ladies sometimes have it made of ebony, and the cup to wet the thread, of silver, and upon all, gay ribbons adorn the distaff, and a gay-colored paper or cloth binds the flax to keep it clean and smooth.

There must, of course, be great numbers of articles where the washing is done so seldom, and this species of wealth seems out of all proportion with everything else. But notwithstanding the wealth and the poetry, we cannot help considering it a filthy custom, which will certainly vanish before the light of civilization.

Another grand operation is the making of *Sauerkraut* for the winter's use. For this they do not use cabbage alone, but also beans, and sometimes turnips. Whatever the vegetable may be, it is first washed, trimmed, and if cabbage, cut in fine slices, and placed in a great barrel or tub ; first a layer of salt, though

not in great quantities, and then a layer of cabbage, till it is full; but during the process the persons pack it tight with great pounders, so that it is very solid, and then covers are placed upon the top, kept down with heavy stones. Thus a fermentation is produced which gives it an acid taste, and when rightly done and carefully kept it is not disagreeable to a strange palate, and one may soon learn to like it. When we heard the process described, we could not help thinking the appellation, we heard given it by an Englishman, correct. He said it was nothing more nor less than *rotten cabbage*; but when we saw it, all unpleasant impressions were removed. It was clean and wholesome. In the city, few families make their own, but buy it of those who prepare it in large quantities for sale. When it is not rightly done, and fermentation is carried beyond the proper point, it is neither good nor healthy, so it becomes a nice art to make *Sauerkraut*.* We have no doubt it was among the favorite dishes upon the table of Charlemagne, and very likely was made by the Germans of the days of Attila. In Frankfort it is the regular Friday dinner for all the people during the winter, but in the country it comes much oftener, as do also the boiled beef and salads for which they are so famous. Yet there is the same importance given to the cookery, and housekeeping talked of with the same ideas of the wondrous capacity it requires to perform its operations. One would think

* The regular cook-book receipt for making *Sauerkraut* is the following: "Take whitehead cabbage, cut out the thick, hard veins, and slit it as fine as possible. For a half-barrel take seventy pounds, or about thirty-five large heads of cabbage, one pound of salt, a quarter pound of cummin, half an ounce of turmeric or saffron; mix these with the salt, and as the cabbage is packed, strew it upon each layer, and from time to time use the pounder to press it tight. When the barrel is full, place it in the cellar, cover it with large cabbage leaves, place a board upon the top, and upon this a heavy stone. It must stand fourteen days before it is fit for use, and what is taken out for dinner must be all eaten or put back in the barrel, as it is not good if it remains in the air."

that all the mysterious compounds might be learned in a week that are manufactured in the course of a year ; yet we hear a girl of eighteen say she knows nothing yet of cookery, but will learn before she is married. Her sister has done the cooking six years, ever since she left school, at fourteen, and how she could go in and out every day and not learn herself, we do not understand. Every day without exception we have boiled beef, sometimes potatoes, and sometimes cabbage, and sometimes turnips. Occasionally a piece of fried veal or pork, and black bread. The table dishes are pewter, though one of common white earthen is given to the boarder or guest, as being more genteel, and the serving the same as everywhere else—that is, each one serves himself as he needs. If it is a burgher and not a peasant family, the house is large and commodious, all the unoccupied rooms are neat and in good order, and the unpainted floors scoured to perfect whiteness. In the parlor is a sofa of hair-cloth, and in front of it the table covered with a fine red cloth, two bureaux, and cane-bottom chairs. Upon the bureaux is the usual array of *knicknacks* which we see in every German parlor, being the gifts of Christmas, birth-days and name-days, little earthen men and women, all manner of designs in porcelain, china cups, and baskets of embroidered cards. Upon the walls in every room are pictures, and the ceiling over-head is painted in fresco; as it is everywhere among all classes above the peasantry. We have asked in some families the expense of these frescoed walls, and been told that in very ordinary houses, this alone costs from twelve to twenty dollars a room. It is very pretty, and in a sleeping room serves to amuse one who must lie in bed during the hours of day ; but for ourselves we should much prefer a carpet for our feet, or many other comforts which this money would purchase, if the

condition of our finances did not permit us to indulge in every luxury. In the dining and family room, is a piano which is treated very much as if it were a deal table, covered with all manner of trumpery, soiled with dust and the drippings of tallow candles ; yet here has been educated one musician, now a composer, and of considerable reputation, in America, where he has been several years ; and here is another learning the same art, who is yet but eight years old, and performs the most difficult pieces of Mozart, and plays the organ every Sunday in church, though his little feet cannot reach the pedals. The spinning-wheel and piano keep time together, and the knitting-needles are everywhere. The girls are not taught music, because it would be considered a branch of education beyond their sphere in life, though one has a decided taste and talent for it. It is only necessary that girls should know how to keep house, and among those with whom they must associate, to manifest an ambition for anything else would subject them to envy and reproach that would make any acquirement or accomplishment a thorn. But the parents have recovered from such narrow-minded views, and we have often noticed when we met a family who had children in America, that they were more liberal, and infinitely more intelligent than others of the same class. The long letters which are allowed to contain what newspapers dare not say, enlighten them, and in time prove good means of education. The housekeeping to which the daughters must sacrifice everything else, requires but little of their time, and certainly requires but a very ordinary capacity, and among good housekeepers in England or America, would be called very far from excellent, as would be the case almost anywhere. It is the custom in the cities for the young ladies to be sent to practise a year with the cook of some large hotel, several hours

each day. When we ask why they do not learn at home, they answer that they do not have all kinds of cooking going on there, and besides, the servants do not like the trouble of them. But others say that those who serve their apprenticeship in this way learn only the higher departments, and when they have to attend to the daily wants of a small private family, are as ignorant as if they had not learned at all. In these cases the daughters take no interest in family affairs until they are done going to school, and are strangers to every duty of household economy. But after they have become young ladies, they spend a year in fitting themselves for housekeepers. Often when a young lady has become betrothed, you hear it said she has gone to spend six months, or a year, in learning to cook. This is certainly better than not to learn at all ; but if they were to practise a little every day at home, during their girlhood, they would become better fitted for all the duties of the household. It is this great parade and talk of the German ladies, about their housekeeping, that has given them the renown of excelling all others. We know very many ladies in New England who have never talked an hour in their lives about their household duties, and yet have them performed to perfection ; who employ the same number of servants as German ladies of the same rank, and have better dinners and much more tasteful and well arranged tables, without ever cooking themselves. To say that a lady who is able to have servants must cook herself, is the same as to say the President of the United States must be his own secretary, in order that his penmanship may be well executed. He is expected to have a head that can comprehend the duties of many departments and see that they are well filled, but not to perform the labor himself.

We hear the same talk about learning to sew, and girls eighteen and twenty have not yet learned to cut shirts and drawers, and go to their mothers every few minutes to be shown how to turn corners and fit different parts together, which we have seen done by American girls of thirteen, without thinking it was any great accomplishment. But all America is judged by what travelers see at hotels in New York. It is the universal belief in Germany that American children are not required to obey their parents, but go and come night and day, exactly as they please. A great proportion of those in New England would be glad if this were somewhere near the truth ; but there, as here, the fault lies in a different direction—in too severe a discipline, which ruins more children than excessive indulgence, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the discipline is not of the right kind.

It is very amusing to hear a German mother talk with her daughters about matrimony. On learning that two of her girls were to be sent soon to America, we asked, "What do you expect them to do there?"

"We hope they will get married. There is little prospect that they will here, young men are so poor ; and we have no dowries for our daughters. Besides, five hundred young men have gone from this town to America, and five hundred more would go if they had the means."

We hardly knew what to answer, as we were well aware that plenty of girls were in the same anxious suspense the other side of the water, though they would not so frankly acknowledge it. But we find no fault with this frankness, and do not think the mothers or daughters who talk in this open way of what they hope and plan, are less delicate than those who, in similar circumstances, would think it necessary to deny that they ever

thought of marrying, or had any wish to, knowing all the time, as does every one else, that they are speaking falsehood. But the fault is, that they are taught no other way of living. We ventured to tell them it was possible they might not get married there, but if they would learn music or anything else thoroughly, they would find no difficulty in taking care of themselves, and labor would not be ~~any~~ degradation to them. It had never occurred to them to fit themselves for teachers, as all the country schools are taught by men, and a woman would be thought as much out of her sphere in the schoolroom as in the forum in Germany. We have visited many of these schools, and thought how infinitely better off would be the little ones with some gentle-hearted woman. But where more young men with a university education are waiting for the teacherships than there are places to be filled, and have no other way of earning their livelihood, and no practical knowledge of anything in life, it cannot be expected that they will allow women to become their rivals.

The school system is everywhere the same, as each government has adopted that instituted by King Frederick William III., when he ordained that the people should no longer be serfs; and provided for their education. His intentions were evidently good, though there is a little inconsistency in teaching people to read, and then forbidding them to exercise the power when they have acquired it, and even this seems quite unnecessary, where neither books nor papers are within the means of the people. Had they full permission to read all they could get, they would be little injured by knowledge, so dear is everything printed in this land where printing had its birth. The present king of Prussia, in his premature old age and imbecility, has placed more restrictions upon the liberty of the press than any

of his predecessors, requiring every colporteur who passes through his dominions to be searched, lest some opinion disparaging to tyranny should find its way among his subjects.

The school books are as carefully pruned as the newspapers, from anything tainted with liberalism, and are of course very simple in their contents, as all the children leave school at the age of fourteen. Some teachers seemed eminently fitted for their duties, and the children well instructed in the rudiments of arithmetic, geography, drawing, and natural history, which is all that is attempted. Music is taught scientifically, and the notes always furnished of all that is sung. But it is also required that sewing and knitting be taught, and the first hour of every afternoon a woman has charge of the school, or of the girls, and they are busied with every description of needlework.

The discipline was very much after the old fashion of cuffing and knocking, and the schoolrooms small and ill ventilated. The children assemble at seven in the morning in summer and leave at eleven, and from one to three in the afternoon. They read in concert, and recited the multiplication table, which to our ears was very amusing. *Zwei mal zwei sind vier. Elf mal zwei sind zwei und zwanzig.* It seemed impossible it could be correct, but when we repeated it in English they laughed so inordinately and were so incredulous that we could only conclude habit alone at fault. There is a superintendent in every district, who visits the schools at stated seasons, and one happened in whilst we were present. He listened to their exercises, and said some pleasant word to each, exhorting them all at the close to diligence and obedience. Our companion at the time was the young girl who had been educated in America, and we could not help wishing she could exercise the office of teacher,

for which she showed herself so well fitted by the assistance and explanations she rendered those who would listen to her. But knowledge did not add to her usefulness or happiness in her fatherland. Every day some gossip came to her father to say how he had ruined his daughter by allowing her to study, she would never be a good housekeeper and never get married, and while she had elevated herself above the rank in which she was born, she still could not step out of it, and however intelligent or ladylike, she could not be received into one above, because *she was born a peasant*. Every day she wept bitterly to go back, where she was free to become what she chose, and where society allowed women so many more privileges, and placed no barriers in the way of any.

The schools we visited were in Catholic districts, and once also a priest came in, who examined and encouraged the pupils to diligence with not less seeming interest than a Protestant clergymen, and in no respect that we can discover, does the state of education differ among those of one creed or another, or the intelligence of the people.

We were present when a family in this city received a letter from a son and a brother, who had been some years in America, and having lost his wife, was urged to return to his friends. He said "No, never ; this is the land of my adoption and the land of my choice, and here I have friends whose worth you cannot imagine ; who have been kind to me in poverty and sickness, and who would be parents, brothers, and friends to my children were I to die. I would not be guilty of placing them under the care of a German schoolmaster, to suffer as I did when a boy. No ; this is the land of their birth, and I shall not take the responsibility of removing them from an atmosphere of freedom to one of tyranny and slavery." The

lady who received it said it was true the teachers were despotic and unfeeling ; but our inference would be that it was the same with them as with every other official who was not accountable to the people among whom he labored, the parents of the children where he taught, but to some far-off power, whose ear could not be reached but by emissaries, and who was not likely to listen to complaints against servants who were faithful to him and endangered not his throne.

There is little to stimulate ambition among the peasantry. They do not see any particular benefit of knowledge, and care not to exert themselves to acquire what brings them neither pleasure nor other reward. It is rare to see a book of any kind in their houses, and few of them can afford even the little *Zeitung*, about a foot square, which the cities furnish. Families in the city, who indulge in many other luxuries, do not consider a *paper* within their means, as necessary to their intelligence ; while families of the same means, or less, in America, would take two or three. In southern Germany, we saw no children's papers, and could not learn that any existed, except two or three in Hamburg and Bremen. When we expressed our surprise at this, a lady was equally astonished that such a provision should be thought at all necessary for children, who had to go to school and study, and had no time to read. There are very respectable scientific and literary periodicals for the learned ; but nothing like a *newspaper* exists in the whole Confederation.

Postage is so high that few can afford to write letters, and paper also is beyond the reach of the poor. In England, cheap postage has done more than all the schools towards educating the people. In Germany, the police force the children into school against their will. In England, they are left to do as they

please ; but since they experience a benefit which every day gladdens thousands of hearts, in the penny paper and penny letter, nothing more is needed to spur them to exertion which can prepare them to avail themselves of these blessings.

Girls in the city leave school also at fourteen ; but after that time have "*masters*." A young lady came to board in the family where we were, in order to be educated. In our simplicity we asked if she were going to school ; at which the lady who was to have the care of her was almost insulted, and replied : "Young ladies do not stay in school in Germany, till they are married." Upon which followed quite a stormy debate between us, as we could not understand why it was any more degrading to attend school than to have "*masters*." She said the girls in Germany learned mathematics and physics. I asked if she supposed they did not in America ? She said, to be sure, she had always heard that those who wished to educate their daughters in these branches, sent them to Germany ; that there were no masters capable of teaching such things among us. We thought of President Day, and Davies, and Loomis ; but our knowledge of the language was not equal to instructing her in the common items of newspaper intelligence, with which she would have been familiar, if she had been in the habit of reading them. But though she was very profound in mathematics and physics, she was very ignorant of all common and practical knowledge, and really believed the almanac-maker could predict the weather with certainty. The process which the young ladies go through in being educated, is like everything else where there is no freedom of thought and speech, and where there can be very little use of knowledge. It is a mechanical process, which is a great weariness to the flesh without sufficient compensation.

A gentleman went to America to make his fortune, and settled in a western city. After many years, he returned to Germany, to educate his children, saying it was impossible in the United States, anywhere, to give them advantages. "Masters" were not to be obtained at any price, and neither are they in Germany, except in the cities. No family, two miles from any university, town or capital, could give their children anything more than a common school education, which is nowhere so good as in America, unless they have *tutors* in the family for each branch. We know a young lady who had at one time *nine* "masters," and many American girls here, whose tutors cost more than their board, clothes, and all other expenses. Yet it is possible for a family to take up their abode in the region of a university, and educate half a dozen children with less expense than could be done in America ; but they must live very quietly, and be content with poor lodgings and simple food, such as they would not be contented with in America.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DIVISION OF LAND—TAXES—HABITS OF LIFE—BRUNNEN—VILLAGE
LIFE—SCENE AT THE BRUNNEN—A MEETING AND A MARRIAGE.

WHERE the land is owned in small proprietorships, the continual subdivisions among large families reduce them at length to very narrow limits, an evil, for which, however, there seems to be no remedy, except a return to the old law of inheritance, making the oldest son or child heir of all, to which no people will ever submit after once having tasted the independence which even a *little bit of land* confers.

In England the land is still possessed by about six hundred families, while in some parts of Rhenish Prussia there are six thousand new divisions every year! and the whole is divided into more than twelve millions of parcels, some of which contain scarcely an acre, and some only twenty rods, and are considered large when of three hundred acres in extent. A proprietor must pay the amount of sixty dollars in taxes in order to be entitled to hold the office of provincial deputy, and scarcely five hundred proprietors pay this sum. Many pay not more than a dollar, and some parcels pay not more than a penny a year. Many of the landowners have not so much money, and live not so comfortably as those who work upon the large farms of England and Scotland for daily wages, yet they would not exchange situations. All the toil that is

expended upon a potato patch is so much money at interest. It improves the land, which every year increases in value, and is a certain dependence in case of sickness or calamity. A much larger number can be fed and clothed from the profits of the same soil when owned by many than by few ; but it is impossible with this constant division for a few to become rich, or that there should be any material improvement in the condition of the whole. They live from year to year, and from century to century in the same way. All are upon an equality, as we have seen in Norway, and there is nothing to create rivalry and competition. In Germany this is one great cause of emigration. When the father dies, and the farm must be divided, the share of each is so small, that one or two are induced to sell out to the others and seek a home in a new country. But to pay the money, the one who remains must make great sacrifices, and will not, in many years, be able to add comforts to his house, or improvements to his land, and is therefore little better off for the increase of its dimensions. We find, too, in low as in high life, marriages are often contracted between those whose lands join, and "How much will her father give her?" is the question of the peasant as well as the prince when his heart is inclined towards a pretty maiden. Many practise self-denial, and devote their lives to the severest toil, in order to lay up for their daughters a dowry that shall tempt a husband ; otherwise they will never get married.

Yet it often occurs that farms are sold for debt, and often that a drought, or hailstorm, or sickness, or fire reduces these small proprietors from poverty to wretchedness, and the hammer of the auctioneer is heard in front of a humble cot, where a bed, a few chairs, some kettles, a cow, and a pig are all that can be set in array to tempt purchasers. What becomes of those who

are thus deprived of their little all—an all that was so little—we hardly know. They disappear, and, like all the unfortunate, are soon forgotten.

The taxes are nearly the same in all other parts of Germany * as in Prussia, and are imposed upon journeymen according to their earnings, and upon all trade according to the profits. Besides a poll-tax of one dollar upon every man—even the lowest day laborer—every person must have a license to open a shop of any kind, and also a school, and no person is allowed to trade or teach without permission, and must pay for the license. There is the tariff upon all foreign goods, of course, and also a tax upon all home-made—upon salt, paper, lard, home-made spirits, malt, home-made wine, and upon tobacco-leaves—a tax upon meal, and license necessary to grind it—a tax upon meat, and license to slaughter. One-fifth of the clear annual produce of the land goes to government, except in case of privileged nobles, who pay only one-sixth.

The taxable population is divided into four classes : 1st, the large cities, which are nine in number ; 2d, small towns, which are 132 in number ; 3d, all towns of more than 1,500 inhabitants ; and, 4th, all small towns and country. Then the people are divided into six classes, who pay a household tax according to their position, the highest four dollars, and the lowest one groschen. The personal tax is paid within the first three days of every month, and if not paid at that time, is increased.

The meal tax includes all kinds of grain, beans, peas, etc., and no quantity under a hundred pounds can be ground. The tax upon each hundred pounds of wheat is about thirty-six cents, and upon the same quantity of other grain about twelve cents. The tax upon one hundred pounds of meat is one

* Austria is never included when we speak of Germany, unless particularly specified.

dollar. The tax upon trade includes all kinds of business, merchants, millers, innkeepers, ship-builders and masters, handicrafts, etc. But position and preferment are not conferred according to success in any business. The merchant may get rich, but this will not bring him to any greater honor, or elevate his social position. He may enjoy his wealth, but his having shown skill and energy in one department of life, is no reason for elevating him to another, which would increase his social influence. Everything is done by the police to prevent the servants and lower order of mechanics and tradesmen from changing their calling, or in any way elevating their position, and all the way up it is the same. All who fill offices or hold government places must be educated with reference to them, and kept as a class apart from the people. A father who has sons asks them when they leave school what trade or profession they will follow, and when they have chosen, it is for life, however unfit they may find themselves for the duties they may be called to perform.

That there is so little advance in what pertains to comfort in their homes, may be partly ascribed to the habits which the men form in barracks, where they are all obliged to spend three years. They learn to practise neatness and order in some respects, but must live in a very coarse way, as regards personal comfort and gratification. Their beds and tables are of the rudest kind, and the *mess* is served out to them with the coarsest utensils. They become accustomed to coarse, rude things, and when they have homes, do not feel the necessity of better. They have, perhaps, frequented galleries of fine arts, and become *amateurs*. They have lounged in public gardens, and learned to admire fine music and fine ladies, but fine articles for their sleeping-rooms, and upon their tables and floors,

they do not miss themselves, and their families do not, of course, having never been provided with them.

The *cafés*, where the gentlemen meet to smoke and talk about business, are usually very handsome in cities, and the railroad *dépôts* and all public buildings are on a grand and commodious scale, and though we have philosophized upon it so much, we still marvel and wonder how they can consider these so necessary, and be so content with the dark alleys and staircases, and bare walls of their own domiciles.

Another reason why they remain from century to century the same is, that they go so little abroad. All summer they migrate from watering-place to watering-place within their own borders, where they see nothing new. Those of the north find their own houses and way of living much in advance of those of the south, and from the Rhine to the Volga there is little variation. Those who compose the court circle in every principality are a class by themselves, and no degree of wealth or merit entitles one to be admitted within its precincts. There is nothing to excite the ambition of those below to become in manners or style of living like those above, as the barrier is impassable which separates them. But an English author says the manners of the nobility are in no respect superior to those of the *bourgeois*. It is impossible to tell a lordly baron from a dealer in merchandise, whom he despises, by anything in his conversation or deportment. His instincts are no more refined, and in the gratification of his daily wants he exhibits no higher standard of taste than those several grades below him, according to society's definitions of rank and titles.

Thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent in Berlin upon architecture and art before they thought to have aqueducts and sewers, so that beneath these fine statues

and palace windows were continually running most filthy and offensive streams, over which an Englishman wonders that even men of bronze and marble do not hold their noses. It is only within four or five years that this nuisance has been removed, and not till long after the Croton aqueduct had brought the blessed fountain to every house in New York. Which is, on the whole, the noblest work of art, a statue or an aqueduct? But in all the country villages of southern Germany there is the most generous provision for cleanliness in the ever-running streams of water. The BRUNNENS—they will linger forever among our pleasantest associations with country life in Germany.

It was in the early golden autumn days that we found ourselves in a little inn of one of the most beautiful of the rural districts of the Duchy of Nassau. The first sound that greeted our ears was the music of the running water, mingled with the happy voices of children, the que-qua of ducks, the squawling of geese, and the lowing of kine. We looked out, and there it was, indeed, the *Brunnen*, which has been immortalized by Goethe, and serves for *warp* and *woof* of a thousand stories for those who weave romances from real life among the rural scenes of their fatherland.

There is first, a great reddish brown stone reservoir with two large stone troughs, extending from each side, full of clear water. From the centre rises a large square pillar, from the front of which proceeds the stream, never ceasing in its flow, and several inches in circumference, which falls into the basin below, and makes the only music perhaps of which the ear never tires. From grooves at the ends of the troughs the superfluous supply is carried off, and finds its way into neatly paved drains upon each side of the street, which we can trace for half a mile, when the streams are lost in a running brook

that winds in a silver thread through green fields and luxuriant gardens.

It was noon when we first cast a hasty glance upon the scene, and then, as every day afterwards, the cows were driven down to drink, the oxen and the horses came from the field and slaked their thirst in the crystal fountain, the maidens came to fill their pitchers, and the children stopped to splash their naked feet upon the stones. We can never forget the exhilaration which thrilled us as we looked upon this village scene.

The village itself is far from pretty, having been built in those dark days when everything was dingy and dark. The houses standing close together, and close to the streets which are narrow and gloomy, with miserable rough pavements, that give you the feeling that you are walking upon thorns, and are every moment liable to a misstep which may send you headlong. But we are quite inclined to forgive the stupid people who built the houses and made the pavements, having seen the BRUNNENS, and enjoyed the beauty of the fields and lanes. Here we are reminded of New England, and in many a valley, and upon many a hill-top might easily imagine ourselves *at home*! Oh, how beautiful! It is the time of the utmost perfection of every thing in nature, and before even a leaf or green blade is tinged with the symptoms of decay. The principal features of rural life must be everywhere the same. The fields must be ploughed, the seed must be sown, the harvests gathered wherever "oats, peas, beans and barley grow."

"The mower whets his scythe,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,"

and the "cow-boy whistles as he goes," very much in the old world as in the new. But—

“The little boy that tends the sheep
Under the hay-cock fast asleep,”

is not to be found just here, though far to the north and far to the south, we have seen even him, for in those parts may be still found large tracts devoted entirely to grazing, and the little boys and girls who attend school in the autumn and winter, go forth in the summer with the shepherd's crook, and wander all the day among the hills. Here are no lowing kine or bleating sheep, because it is more profitable to keep them in the stalls. But there is the ploughman plodding wearily on his way, and more wearily we think, that his plough is a cumbersome thing, and the carts jumble and rattle over the stony street in a more lumbering fashion, because they are heavy and unwieldy in their construction, and the hoes and shovels must be of themselves a weight. What a curious sight to see women with these implements upon their shoulders, or goadstick in hand, calling “*haw buck*, and *gee hei*,” for we presume these terms “like love and beef-steak, are the same in all languages.” They are in costume, too ; but what a costume ! a petticoat, and shirt with short sleeves, with suspenders across the back—no stockings, shoes or *coiffure*. This is their everyday working gear. On Sunday morning they may all be seen wending their way to the village church, in a neat dress, which partakes more of Parisian fashions, and a pretty shawl, with the prayer-book in their hands ; some with bonnets and some without. There is something of the quiet air of a New England Sabbath, though nowhere in Germany is it recognized as holy time after morning service.

The chimes of this village church ring through the welkin with a peculiar sweetness, and we afterwards heard were scarcely equalled by those of any cathedral. We heard them

first when roving far away in the valley, on Saturday evening, when the sound of the mill-wheel was hushed, and the "tired laborer hied him home," when the birds had ceased their warbling, and no other living sound broke upon the stillness. Our companion that evening, was a young Catholic girl of the village, and at the first note of their solemn peal, she knelt down and crossed herself, and this did every one whom we saw, whilst they were ringing. Neither religion nor education prompted us to a similar manifestation of devotion, but there came upon our spirits a softer tone, and a thousand sweet associations came springing up to give mellowness to our feelings, and "bid the silent tear to flow." Yet—

"It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone."

On Saturday afternoon, the children who are "let loose from school," or rather the little girls, are employed in cleaning the streets, and before sunset they are all neatly swept, the stones around the *Brunnen* are newly washed, and the Sabbath rest has already commenced. Early in the morning we hear again the chimes, and when we look forth there is no sign of toil; but a well-dressed, quiet throng, going up to the house of God. Again at eleven they answer the same summons, and a few go again in the afternoon; but this is not required. It is a holiday, and walking, riding, and paying visits, are among its privileges; but though we have walked the whole circle of the village, and rode many miles in the surrounding country, we have seen nothing that is offensive. In some hall or hut, we doubt not, there is a village dance, which on Sunday or other day, would strike us as revolting; but we must enter in order to be troubled by it. In this little town of perhaps two thousand in-

habitants, there are also four public gardens, where are seats and tables, and in the house adjoining, wine and beer for those who wish to buy. Many assemble here to drink and talk ; but all is orderly, and a few are strolling through the fields. But we hear no sound of mirth or revelry, and all have a decent respectable look, that inclines us to class them above the lower orders of peasantry to be found in many other places. Some of the new houses in the suburbs have something of the pleasant cottage air, which is seen among the German population of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. But, however old and dingy, the habitation, flowers may be seen blooming in every window, and in every room there will hang rude pictures, gaudy with the bright red and yellow tints, which please the eyes of children.

How soothing is this Sabbath stillness ! How sweet the rest and leisure to the weary.

On Monday morning, the first sound that greets our ear is the blacksmith's hammer. The day has scarcely dawned, and we look out to see how a little village in Germany wakes up. It is not long before the hay-makers and harvesters are out, the mill-wheel is splashing in the stream, the geese come waddling to the rill, and all is busy life and bustle again. All day it is one continuous throng of women to the *Brunnen*. They come to fill their krugs or jugs, which are of stone, and large enough to hold a gallon or two—sometimes with large tubs of vegetables to wash, especially great quantities of lettuce and cresses, which are soured in the troughs, and rinsed a dozen times without reference to the quantity of water, where it is furnished by a stream that might turn a mill, and sometimes they wash themselves, and the little ones, with round, red rosy cheeks, that waddle along holding by the mother's apron. Often she carries

an infant in her arms, a pail of water upon her head, and has two balancing themselves by her dress. We have won the glances of a bright-eyed little boy by dropping him a *kreutzer*, and the mother gives us a friendly greeting, being flattered like all mothers, by the preference we bestow upon those she loves better than herself. What a place for gossip, what a retailing of all the news and scandal a village can furnish, as they meet, sometimes two and sometimes twenty, every half hour. How well we understand the pictures of the poem, and the romance as they whisper, and hush, and look slyly round. Goethe had looked upon just such a scene when he wrote those lines in *Faust*, where two girls met to fill their krugs, and one who needs no evil tongue to sting her heart, and make her blush for shame, is accosted by the other with a look and word that are like the dagger's point :

"Lieschen—' Hast thou heard nothing about Barbelchen?'

"Gretchen—' Not a word : I go so little out of doors.'

"Lieschen—'Tis fact; Sybilla told it to me herself to-day. She's played the fool at last, and so end all her fine lady airs."

It was to just such village beauties that Goethe himself professed the love he did not feel, and made the vows he never meant to keep.

What a rendezvous it is for lovers, too, so well they can plan a meeting, speak in low accents what the splashing krug shall drown to other ears, and steal away

" As light of wing and gay of heart
As Eden's garden bird."

At noon, as we said before, the cows are driven down to drink, and the laborers return from the field, one and all stopping to get a draught, or to perform their ablutions at the

fountain. The water itself is like silk or velvet to the skin, and gives a clear hue to the complexion, and is also sweet to the taste. We cannot learn who supplied these aqueducts, and have no idea how long they have flowed, but it was some good genius that thought to bestow such a blessing on the poor. *Brunnen* masters are appointed in every village to see that they are kept in order, and at certain times they are cleaned, and new overseers take the place of the old. Then there is a feast, for which the children go through the village and collect eggs, which they lay upon green leaves, in a basket ornamented with field flowers, till evening, when they are roasted, and a great supper is given.

It was by this same *Brunnen* that we stood with the young peasant girl who had been our companion in all our summer journeyings, when a young man happened to stop there, too, for a glass of nature's nectar. We were speaking English without a thought that he would understand us, when a smile betrayed that it was no strange language to his ears. His answer to our inquiry revealed that he, too, had been in America.

"And why have you come back?" we asked.

"Come back to get a wife," he said.

"But could you not find such a commodity in America, that you must come so far and spend so much money to obtain it?"

"Yes; but I wish to be sure that she is respectable, and we never know what those may be whom we find there. I cannot tell what sort of home they will make till I know what sort of home they have left."

And so we learned that he had been seven years on a western prairie, to which he went a penniless youth, and became

able to spend several hundred dollars in returning to the land of his birth to gladden an aged father before he should lay his head in the grave, and awake the voice of gladness in the cot of his youth, before it should be made quite desolate by the grim messenger before whose ruthless scythe all men must fall.

But here he had been three months and had not yet found a wife. "There were not so many pretty girls," he said, "at the *Brunnen* now a-days as there were before he went away." But we could not help thinking the change was owing to the different ideas of beauty which he had formed, and as they appeared in their working dresses, and went through the dusty street with the water dripping from their heads to their feet, he could not believe a "neat handed Phillis" could be found among them, though in his boyhood, at the *Brunnen* or in the village dance, they had seemed only bright-eyed and merry-hearted maidens, to whom his boyish love made no objection.

But now he was no longer a peasant boy nor a peasant man, but a citizen of a Republic, where he could become a man of wealth and influence, and no one would ask in what rank he had his birth. His ambition had evidently experienced a little of the mushroom growth which would be natural from a sudden transition to freedom, and a wide field of hope and promise, but it was evident that the spirit of young America had been infused into the sluggish blood of the German youth, and industry and energy would not fail to obtain what he had learned were their sure reward on prairie soil.

But I began to think, from the stolen glances of a pair of dark eyes, that I was in some danger of seeing my little maiden transported, and with a friendly invitation that he would call and see me before he returned to my fatherland, I said good bye.

Not long after we had returned to the city, he fulfilled his promise, but we were not flattered with hearing that my politeness had given him courage to come. We had not mistaken the purport of those glances, and now he would know if there was any reason why he should not win the heart of the "blue-eyed Mary," whom he had concluded would make exactly the wife he had come so far to find. It was a conclusion which did him no evil in our eyes, and we could not deny that he had used his eyes to very good purpose. Our selfish interests would have prompted us to bid him go elsewhere ; but as we had often thought ourselves, what a nice, thrifty little housewife she would make, if transplanted to some vine-trellised American cottage, and what a bright blooming flower she would be herself in an atmosphere of freedom, we could not be guilty of saying "nay," though it would be the greatest affliction we could experience in a strange land. She was pretty, with the bright fresh hue of innocence and health, and three years in England, and three years in an American family, where she had experienced the kindness of friends, had developed her intelligence beyond that of many a fine lady, and in no bred and born lady did we ever meet more refined and delicate instincts. During days and weeks of daily intercourse we had found her a companion invaluable for what she could tell us of her people, and to be trusted to any extent with untold gold. We had, therefore, only to say, she was worthy the love of any prince of the land, and still we knew that in her own she must ever remain a peasant. If he could prove his title to claim so precious a jewel, to be intrusted to him and him alone, a thousand miles away, he was at liberty to try his skill in winning her love. The days of courtship we will pass by, though it was not the least among our unexpected pleasures to share the confi-

dence of two young loving hearts, and be admitted to all their secret counsels while passing the happy season of preparation.

The betrothal took place in the peasant father's home, where we saw him place his hand upon the youthful heads and give them his hearty blessing, and for the wedding we assembled in the salon of an American consul, who performed the ceremony, as the American law requires, in considering it a civil contract, when a clergyman of the independent Lutheran church joined them in holy matrimony, as is customary, in consideration of its being a religious bond. A pleasant party of many who knew and loved her, assembled to offer their congratulations, and present some testimonial which should secure her a welcome in the "land she was going to."

No peasant girl would think herself lawfully married without a wedding dress, a wreath, a dance, and a feast. Our little apple-blossom bride appeared in a cloud of white muslin which might have graced a princess, and for the dance they repaired to their village home. After a few festal days, which were celebrated in true German country fashion, we saw them on the ship which was to bear them to "loved New England's shores," and waved a last adieu to all we had then learned to love among a strange people, feeling with the bitterness of the first pang, what it was to be alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLACK FOREST—POSTILLIONS—FARM-HOUSES—FOOD—WOMEN
AND COWS — WINDMILLS — A GERMAN YANKEE — PORCELAIN
STOVES—A MOTHER, BUT NOT MARRIED—BRAIDING STRAW—
CLOCKS—THE TAX-GATHERER—INNS—BOARDING-HOUSES.

TWENTY years ago, when Howitt wrote his "Rural life in Germany," in describing his trip to the Black Forest he says : " Our postillion wore a light yellow jacket, cut like a foot soldier's coat, turned up with red, and the seams corded with red. Under the left arm he carried a horn, and at his back the tassels of the horn-belt stood out like two great cauliflowers dipped in red dye, which go surging and bobbing in correspondence with the motion of the carriage. When it is wet or cold he put on a great coat, but the cauliflowers are pulled up and stick out at the back of the neck. His boots are a part of his trousers, the leather commencing about half way between the thigh and knee—a black glazed hat with broad white brim and a heavy whip completes the costume."

One cold foggy morning, we hastened at an early hour to the station at Freiburg, and entered exactly such an *Eilwagen* as he also describes, which is a narrow oblong coach, hung high in the air, with black leather top and yellow wooden bottom, divided into two compartments as entirely distinct as if they belonged to separate carriages, in the first of which are seats for four, and in the second for two, with no means of communi-

cation between. The fog was so dense that we did not at first see the postillion, or anything else three feet from the window, but when a long hill obliged him to descend from his "high estate," there he was, to be sure, with his yellow coat and cauliflowers, exactly as he had been for half a century, and perhaps for a century and a half, or ever since the Thirty Years War. The mass of flesh and blood within must now and then be renewed, and in this case it could not have been long since there was a change, as the youthful, chubby face indicated a form which had not been many years in such harness. But the postillion has an identity distinct from the man, and the coachmen as a class have so marked a physiognomy, and a uniform exactly to correspond, that we have never been able to distinguish one from another, or call any man by his name. When one dies, another takes his place, wears the same coat and hat, and cracks his whip with the same *gusto*. And these whips make exactly the same music, whether flourished in Prussia or Bavaria, on the Rhine or the Danube, by one hand or another.

What the country was through which we were passing it was impossible to tell for many miles, so closely was the misty curtain drawn before our eyes. But we knew from the books of a hundred tourists that we were in the *Höllenthal*, or Valley of Hell, as we enter it immediately after leaving Freiburg, where it is a wide plain bordered with gentle hill-slopes covered with vineyards, and arrive through it upon the banks of the Dreysam, a small but pretty stream which plays a thousand freaks as it coquettes with the wild flowers that bloom to the very edge of the water, upon the greensward, and sputters and frets in pre-tentious anger as it bounds over the moss-grown rocks that impede its course.

The curtain was lifted just as the scene in its wildest grand-

eur broke upon our view, and never did we come so near going wild ourselves. How many a story of genii and giant, ghost and hobgoblin, sage and seer had we read, the actors whereof dwelt in this same valley, and had for their haunts the recesses of the Black Forest. In our childhood, the idea had possessed us that the people were also black, and were given only to dark and terrible deeds, and we are not sure that we had entirely overcome our fears in venturing among them. At its termination the valley becomes very narrow, and then pile on pile rise the rocky heights, covered with a verdure that is indeed black, though it is mostly of the fir tree, and so thickly the branches are interwoven, that it seems impossible that a bird can find his way in and out. Yet we heard many a clear note that assured us of their freedom and of their happiness, but we could well believe any tale of robber, thief, or murderer that took refuge in so impenetrable a forest. But now the clearings have broken the spell of the darkness and solitude that reigned so long, and the farm-house and the harvest field that from distance to distance lie scattered among the hills, relieve one of all terror, though there are still miles and miles of wilderness, and the mountain gorge frowns not less wildly beneath the thick masses of sombre foliage, that cling in tufts along its summit.

Though we do at length find ourselves at an incredible height, we can scarcely be said to have ascended, for the road winds round and round till it forms three terraces, one above another, making the rise so gradual that we should have no idea of the dizzy precipices we have passed if we could not look down upon them when safely arrived at the top. Here they call it the "Kingdom of Heaven," or *Himmelreich*, though we do not see any particular indications of its being a heavenly region, but we have certainly struggled through a long narrow way, though it was not straight, in order to reach it, and may well

rejoice that we are safe. Far away we see the peaceful lake of *Titisee*, into which the Dreysam flows, upon which the now cloudless sun is shedding a flood of golden light, and soon begin again to descend, though not to any great depth. Our destination is a little village in the heart of the Black Forest, and here we soon find ourselves quite at home among the happy villagers, and where the surrounding country reminds us of the farming districts of many parts of New Hampshire. In the village the houses are scattered about here and there without regularity, and most of them are very neat looking; some are cottages two or three stories high, and with green blinds to the windows. To each is attached a garden or greensward, and everything indicates the thriving and comfortable condition of the inhabitants.

The farm-houses are built like those in Norway and Switzerland, a balcony running all around under the projecting roof, which has very steep sides, and is thatched. The miniature representations carved in wood, which find their way to America among the toys for children, are correct as far as the form is concerned, but time, and wind, and weather, have sadly changed the real domicile, which is almost black; the balcony is filled with all manner of old trumpery, the manure yard blocks up one side, and the wood yard the other, and the upper room beneath the roof is filled with smoke, which escapes slowly through little apertures at the sides. In this room are hung the beef and hams to be cured, the peculiar construction being for this purpose. Here they are spinning wool from a distaff, as linen is spun, and this is the only kind of wheel they use for any purpose in southern Germany, Switzerland and Italy. But they cannot *reel off* a fourth part as much in the same time as from the *great wheel* used in New England.

Here we shall be offered nothing but bonny-clabber for breakfast, and at ten o'clock, if we wish for lunch, we may have black

bread and potatoes, of which all partake. To do the work of the field and the house there are four men and four maidens, but though the maidens help the men everywhere, we never see the men assisting in any household work, never saw a man carry a pail of water, or make any burden lighter for those who have to work out doors and in, day and night.

But the farmers in this region are only peasantry, and not at all like some who may be found far to the north, with intelligence and refinement. At dinner we have pork and potatoes, at four o'clock potatoes and coffee, and for the last meal in the evening potatoes and milk. The only cheese we have seen made in Germany is the little round ball in the palm of the hand, of sour milk, which is known in America as *Dutch cheese*, and made now and then as a curiosity. They cannot afford sweet milk for cheese, but the butter is much more yellow and sweet, than in Nassau and Darmstadt, where it is white and never salted. Nowhere in city or country, in middle Germany, did the butter seem palatable, but always thin and insipid. But among the grazing districts of the north, it has the genuine golden hue, and rich taste ; and here also, where the cows are allowed to wander over the hills. But Swiss and English cheese are everywhere to be purchased of ample proportions, green, yellow, and variegated.

The old-fashioned dash churn and the barrel churn, exactly like those used in New England, are everywhere, from north to south, and east to west. A hundred times we have seen some *Frau* or *Madchen* turning or splashing the dash on some back piazza or in the yard, as we have seen a hundred times in New England. The butter is *worked* upon a board with a wooden spoon, and made into balls, and no difference can we discern in shape and dimensions from those from which we have cut slices all our

life; so we conclude there is an instinct in butter-making, as in many other things, which we find the same the world over, however widely apart may be the hands by which it is *spatted* and *pressed* !

In Russia and all middle Germany cows are yoked to draw the plough and the cart, as oxen and horses are elsewhere. The yoke is fitted to their foreheads, and with their heads all labor is performed. We alluded to this peculiarity to a young peasant, who said, "Yes, cows and women have to do a good deal with their heads in this country ;" and these two facts led a lady to exclaim, "she should not like to be a cow or a woman in Germany." But in the southern part the cow is treated more like a fine lady, and chews her cud leisurely in the field or at the stall.

Upon this farm are 14 oxen, 12 cows, 2 horses, 6 sheep, 4 hogs, 8 pigs, and 8 hens, besides 11 yearlings. There are also five goats and several rabbits, which run about freely with the chickens.

As we enter Germany from the north, the first curious object that meets the eye is the picturesque *windmill*, with its long network wings, that are adjusted to the different points of the compass, *according to which way the wind blows*, and turn the little wheels within that grind the corn and sift the meal. They do not accomplish so much as those which go by steam or "water-power," but one may hope they will be left to the landscape when a more modern apparatus for making flour has taken their place. But in the interior the mills are after the most approved American models, as this was found necessary, in order to compete with England in the manufacture of this article, and we see therefore in the rural districts large, substantial brick edifices, with all modern improvements for the

millers' business. Further south the old-fashioned watermill is still perched upon every little cascade with its companion the sawmill, which may often be seen from the road converting the tall trees of the forest into "building materials," and making sad havoc with the "monarchs of the wood."

Very little wheat is raised, though we cannot tell why, as the bread of wheat flour is no dearer than that of rye, and both only from two to three cents a pound. Potatoes are eight cents a bushel, and apples ten and twelve. But they know nothing about good apples in Germany, though they will not believe it; yet where they have such delicious grapes, pears, peaches, and pomegranates, we do not see any particular necessity for their claiming also the best apples.

Coffee is eighteen cents a pound, and sugar twenty-two; yet, if we enter a peasant's cot, they will offer us a cup strong as lye, and feel hurt if we refuse. Among all the villages in this region the women are employed in braiding straw, and also in making and polishing different parts of the clocks and watches for which the Black Forest is so famous. We had not expected to hear a word of English here, but we are scarcely seated by one of those great porcelain stoves when an old gentleman accosts us in our native tongue, which he speaks very well. We ask him how he learned it, and he said, in true *Yankee parlance*, "When I was a young man I went to England, *you know*, with a *lot* of clocks and watches to sell; *you know* we only partly finish them here; then, *you know*, one goes and *sets up* in London, where we put 'em together, *you know*, and sell 'em." If an Englishman had heard our colloquy he would have been greatly horrified, and quite sure nothing but a Yankee ever talked that way; yet this murderer of the king's English had never before looked upon an American. We have the

honor always to be taken for an English lady ourselves, and though we are particular to give our residence as America, not being at all ashamed of the land of our birth, yet they will often set it down as England. But it is a little gratifying that the *twang* does not betray us ! We were amused, sure enough, to hear it in all its force from a German, who spent six years in England, where they profess never to admit their noses into partnership with their tongues when talking. This is done only in Connecticut and Vermont !

What curious objects are these great porcelain stoves, some white, some cream color, and some blue ! When we first saw them in hotels, by the way, we thought they were movable closets for china and other table furniture. In the room where they stand there is no sign of fire or door for wood or coal, but they are adjusted to the wall, and open into the hall, so that the same chimney serves for the necessary masonry of any number of stories. We have seen them in palaces twelve feet high, prettily ornamented, and furnished with shelves and niches for statues and knickknacks. This one before which we sit is six or eight feet high, and raised a foot from the floor to allow space beneath for an aviary, which contains some twenty or thirty canary birds, who have a warm and equal temperature, and hop about as merry as if in their own sunny clime. There are also two or three cages in different parts of the room, with smaller families of the same genus, all being raised for the market. If we enter any twenty houses at random we shall see the same.*

The stoves are made in different pieces, and baked like other articles of potter's clay, and then cemented together. When whole they are *veneered* with a fine compound, and painted.

* In all Southern Germany the raising of canary birds to sell is a great business.

We saw them in their embryo state, in company with all manner of pots and pans, in the *raw material*, placed over a slow fire that will require a week to harden them. The expense of the cheapest is about twenty dollars, and of the finest, forty, fifty, and sixty. Cooking stoves are sometimes made of them, and give a very neat appearance to the kitchen. When once thoroughly warmed, they remain so half a day, and do not require such constant attention as those of iron, and give a more agreeable atmosphere.

On the floor by the stove, a little child is playing, and we ask a pretty looking young woman if it is hers. She says "Yes," and looks as gladsome as any young mother with her first-born. A little while afterward our young companion asks for her husband. "Oh," she said, "I have none."

"But I understood this was your child?"

"Yes, it is, but I have no husband."

There was nothing more to be said, of course, but the little one seemed to be the pet of all, and grandfather and grandmother fondled and kissed it as affectionately as if a golden ring glistened upon the finger of their daughter. When the young girl who was with us had become familiar with them, they told her that a few years ago, when a maiden thus became a mother, she was obliged to have a paper pinned to her back, and to stand on the church doorsteps whilst all the people passed in, then to take her seat apart from the congregation, whilst the priest reproved her. The fashion of wearing the hair, as in Scotland, is different among the married and unmarried. Virgins have it in long braids down behind, but the married woman fastens it beneath a coquettish little cap, which is made of embroidered silk, or cloth of gold and silver, and worn upon the back of the head with pendant ribbons a yard

long. A mother must assume the cap, whether she be wife or not, and to deepen her shame, the priest sometimes obliges her for many weeks to wear straw braided in her hair. Some punishment that all could see was inflicted upon many other kinds of offenders, it being the decree of the Church. But these customs are becoming obsolete. It was never evident that such punishments deterred from sin.

We heard here for the first time the "*Wohl bekomm's—I wish thee well,*" which the author of "Home Life" mentions as having greeted his ears on the shores of the Baltic, when he happened to sneezé, and afterwards were often favored with the same salutation when experiencing the same affliction. Instead of good morning and good evening, they say, "God greet you," and the shaking of hands is the same everywhere. We often see husbands and wives bid each other good night in the same fashion when leaving the company, and when we all meet in the morning the greeting is the same. If we ask for a pin, when it is handed us we must smile, or some evil will follow. We were one day sitting quietly at our work when the servant ran in, saying, "Madam, did you call?" "No." "Oh, what will become of me!" she cried; "I have heard the death call—I have heard the death call!" and with her hair streaming down her face and neck, she ran wildly about, proclaiming that she should die—she had heard the death call. We afterwards learned that it was a common superstition, that if one heard or imagined he heard a voice, he was sure it was the angel of death summoning him to judgment. But this we have heard on the coast of Cape Cod, and many others of a similar kind.

It is rye straw of which hats and bonnets are made, and it is bleached by being exposed to the dews of night for a fortnight; but it must be carefully watched, as rain will ruin it.

When ready for use it is carried to a great room, where it is sorted, and cut for braiding. Only a few are employed in the factory, as those who braid and sew take home the straw, and receive so much a yard when they return it. One girl can braid twenty yards a day, and earns eight cents. When they are sewed they are thrown into a great cauldron and boiled; and if to be colored, are boiled in the dye—afterwards dried and ironed, which is done by men. In the room where they hang to dry, I could not have breathed ten minutes, for the steam and heat, and felt a severe pressure on the lungs for a day or two, though I remained not more than a minute; yet here those who attend them stay, from seven till twelve, and from two till six. In the great store-rooms they are piled by the hundreds of dozens, according to their degrees of fineness, and there are also boxes of the most beautiful straw flowers of all colors and varieties, delicate wreaths and bouquets, wrought by these same peasant girls. The *leghorn* hats are braided in Italy, and sent here to be sewed and shaped. But the form in which they are transported to the milliners' shops of every country, is exactly that of the *sugar-shovel* of the Quakers, from which they are fashioned *à la mode*. Some of the finest Florence braids worth thirty and forty dollars in the manufactory. What will they be when they get across the Atlantic, and who will be willing to pay such a price? As with flax, the straw in order to be of the right consistency, must be cut before it is ripe, as then it would be too dry, and break. The crop is therefore good for nothing but for the straw-dealers, and must monopolize a great surface of the earth.

Clocks are cheap and plenty in Germany. Here, where they are made, a good time-keeper may be bought for two dollars.

But there are also many nice ones with Parisian bronze, gilt, and marble stands, and glass covers, that are expensive. Each person makes a separate part, and all the mechanism is finished in four or five days. From this one factory two hundred and fifty are sent every month, and they have more orders than they can supply in three years.

We everywhere hear the people of the Black Forest spoken of as "good," by which is meant that they are kind-hearted, well-meaning, and honest people, which was verified by all the observations we made among them. The owners of the straw and clock factories, reside in the village as a kind of gentry, and live like the mercantile class, in their families. There is a reading-room in the inn, with a goodly number of German *Zeitungs*, and scientific publications. Two or three persons speak English, and many speak French. The priest and some of the men of higher intelligence meet every evening to practise in these languages, and talk of what is going on in the world. We have never seen any indication that the Catholic clergy of Germany discourage intellectual cultivation, although the governments are in no wise anxious to have their people become enlightened.

The villages included in the Black Forest, belong to the Duke of Baden, and he supports the clergy, instead of their receiving, as formerly, a certain sum by direct taxation of the people. The tax-gatherer arrived whilst we were there, and sitting at a table in the inn, with a great book, in which were written all their names, open before him, the people came and paid the money, saw it credited to their account and departed. He looked as if he had collected taxes all his life, and probably had. His eyes were as cold, and his face as hard as the *Gulden* he looked on with so much indifference. Not a muscle

of his face moved from the time he came with empty coffers, until he trudged away with some ten thousand dollars under his arm. Every one was ready with his money, and during the hours of business, they came and went, looking sometimes sorrowfully, but without hesitation, till the last dollar was deposited, and not a word did we hear during all the three days, except when each one spoke the name to which he was to credit the amount. We thought, "kings are men of wondrous power as well as wondrous riches."

It is so seldom that a lady of any nation alights in such a place, that whoever finds herself the exception to this rule, is looked upon as an object of wonder, if not admiration, in all the country round. At the principal inn, we found much difficulty in obtaining bed and board. They could not understand how a lady could be traveling for any good purpose, though on all the thoroughfares in Germany, or anywhere else in Europe, a lady with only her servant may be seen every day, and it is quite as conventional as to have a *baggage-master*. But we insisted that we must stay, and they must accommodate us. So, after a solemn conclave had been held, and long deliberations, they concluded to allow us; and in no other place, in a hotel, city, or country, had we so good rooms, so good food, so kind attentions at so reasonable a rate. The "lady of the house" was a peasant-bred woman; but dignified and lady-like, and her husband a refined and gentlemanly man. Neither they nor their children could be guilty of anything coarse or rude, or unfriendly, any more than knight or princess. We dined every day at the public table, and before we left had visible proof of the influence of a lady's presence among gentlemen, or uncultivated men. Their toilettes and deportment were essentially modified, and could all the inns of Germany be modified,

or rather modernized, and provided with ladies' salons, where smoking was not allowed, and conversation made both common and proper, gentlemen would soon lose their boorish renown, and learn to look upon women as companions and helpmeets in something besides eating and drinking.

At no place said we farewell with more regret, or heard a more cordial "God bless you," when we departed.

The whole system of inns in Germany is disagreeable for the traveler. Everything is done by the piece, and thus it is impossible to know beforehand what a week or a month will cost, for, in a strange land you cannot be acquainted with market-prices, and will be as likely to order the dearest as the cheapest food. This also varies greatly in different places. But everywhere in the country, comfortable rooms and board are much dearer than in the country in America—much dearer, too, in the cities than in the cities of the same size at home. People who study economy can live as cheap in one place as another, and we know families who live more comfortably in New York, even, on eight hundred or a thousand dollars, than any family can live in Germany for the same money. The people who come to Europe to live, in order to economize, are strangers and do not care for appearances. They rent apartments in a street and building, such as they would not enter for any purpose at home, and live upon coarse food. Service is, indeed, cheaper; but this and everything else has doubled in the last five years. But in all the smaller cities of America, families live prettily and more comfortably on the same money, than families of the same rank do here. We have paid from seven to eight American dollars a week in a small country inn, where our room was small and insufferably dirty, our food literally boiled beef and cabbage. In a place of similar pre-

tension in America, one may have for two or three dollars at most, a beautiful room and the fat of the land.

It is not the custom of hotel or boardinghouse-keepers to pay their servants at all. All who come must pay for the service they receive, and find it charged in the bill ; but besides this, one must give *Trinkgeld*—drink-money, as a fee. They say the money thus charged is all put together and then divided among the servants ; but if this is done, they receive enormous wages, out of proportion to everything else in Germany. No person believes any such division takes place. For a week's very trifling services we have paid a dollar and a half or two dollars *Trinkgeld*. Where we boarded a month or three months, we have it in our bill, with candles and coffee, though we had no extra service. If you engage board for so much, it means only food and rooms ; what the servant does in preparing your portion of the dinner, and making your bed is as separate as if she came in from another house to perform so much labor. Candles are extra, and never in hotel or family is there a bit of soap. This you must carry with you, wherever you go, and if you have any little commission performed it is also extra. We have been often charged for depositing a letter in the office twelve cents, when the servant had only to go across the street. All these things are, of course, included in every bill in every country ; but if you are told the whole amount in the beginning, you know whether they are within your means. We have found in some cities the custom that when a family of wealth and distinction give a party, all who accept are expected to give a *Trinkgeld* to the servants on leaving, and have known many stay at home because they could not afford this demand upon their purses—at least the

amount that it would be in the course of six months or a year.

But while we have found such meanness and fraud, and exaction, we have also experienced much generous kindness. With one lady we took up our abode, with the express stipulation that we should pay only when there, and when absent in our wanderings, as we must often be, our things were to remain and no charge be made. We remained on these terms several months, and in the most friendly relationship with our hostess, who belonged to an "old family," and considered herself a high-bred lady. Once we gave up our room to accommodate her, and lodged a long time with bugs and spiders, that she might be able to add to her income and pleasure, and when we left, found in our bill a charge for the time we had been absent as well as present, and purposely handed to us at so late an hour that there was no time for proof or parley. We must pay or lose an advantageous journey. We had not slept one night under her roof without being conscious that fleas were also our companions, as this is one of the penalties of living with old families, that the fleas and bugs are as old as they, and as tenacious of their privileges.

The next time we preferred those not so high-born, but truly high-bred, and experienced a generosity and kindness as unexpected, and a friendliness we do not often meet among our own countrywomen, and do not suppose that unkindness or exaction, on the whole, is more frequent in one country than in another. Yet it is true that "to bear one another's burdens" is not so common in Europe as in America; for, alas! they are not so often called upon to aid the exile and stranger, and practise self-denial for the good of others. They are taxed

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to support the poor, but their sympathies are not called out so continually. This we saw alluded to and lamented in a German paper, while it said that people were too prone to suspicion, and cared not to aid a person till it could be proved that he had come to misfortune by no evil deeds, and was not in need of assistance, because he had been extravagant. In the same article they bore testimony to the manner in which all were received on American shores, and a friendly hand extended to all, without inquiring of their worthiness till it could have time to prove itself. Societies for all benevolent objects among ladies are the exception in Germany, and not the rule, it being considered more womanly to stay at home and embroider, than to thread dark alleys to discover and alleviate suffering.

Miss Sieveking is the Mrs. Fry of Germany, but there are few out of Hamburg, the immediate scene of her labors, that take any interest in her appeals, and many among the educated ladies of other cities that never heard her name. The terrible fear of becoming still more indifferent in the eyes of men, who now look upon them as only fit to minister to their wants, deters the women from going out of this sphere which their lords have prescribed for them, and only by showing how well they can cook and mend, can they hope to get husbands, and without husbands, alas ! what a deplorable condition !

Ladies who have the best means of knowing, and no motive for misrepresenting their country, say family happiness is very rare in Germany. Marriages are so often mere arrangements of convenience, and where women can do *nothing* else, they enter upon family duties with so little idea of their require-

ments, thinking *only* to get a home and support, that it is impossible the result should be otherwise. A German lady who had been in America, said she wished all the men could go there to learn to be husbands ; but the women must also learn to be somewhat different, before any special exhortations or examples will change the men.

CHAPTER XX.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS—COSTUMES—GARDEN FESTIVALS.

WE were in Freiberg at the time of the semi-annual fair, but saw only a repetition of what we have described elsewhere, except that the costumes were those of the south more than the north, and many we had not seen before. At the first glance one seems to be among a *horned* race, so peculiarly is the coiffure of the women arranged. The hair is combed smoothly behind the ears, and brought to the top of the back of the head in a twist, which is surmounted by a bow of black ribbon four and five inches wide, each bow standing straight out from the side eight or ten inches, with ends fringed with gold or silver reaching a little beyond. It was a great mystery to us how they could be kept in their places without *lopping*, till with quite unlady-like scrutiny we had peered among them, and ascertained that some were starched, and some were lined with stiff paper or canvas, that kept them in no danger of wrinkles or tumbles.

The dress is a bodice of silk, or some fine stuff, cut square in the bosom, and the front crossed with different colors. The petticoat of green or red flannel, very full, and plaited with very fine plaits. All through the villages of the Black Forest we saw this petticoat, but with different bodices and other *coiffures*. The *Vieslander*, near Hamburg, has a petticoat some-

thing similar, but with larger plaits, and, like this, reaching little below the knee, but with a blue stocking instead of white. Some of the men have also a white stocking, the trousers coming only to the knee, with velvet vest, and long coat of the same. In some districts at the north the costume has gradually disappeared, because too expensive; and in these cases, very evidently, was once that of the ladies of the court. Upon the Elbe and Eyder, among the Freisians, a servant girl is not considered respectably dressed unless she has a frontlet or thin clasp of gold across the forehead. In Bückeburg, the petticoat is of the finest scarlet broadcloth, striped with ribbons, and the boddice of black velvet. Around the waist, the chemise is brought out in a puff, and the sleeve is also visible to the shoulder. Around the neck is a broad velvet band, worn tight, and ornamented with buttons of gold and silver, or anything pretty within the means of the wearer. It is one of the prettiest of all the different costumes, and also one of the most expensive. They deny themselves everything else in order to acquire all that pertains to a full dress. Yet many cannot afford it, and *gowns* of modern date are taking their place. The men wear long linen coats and straw hats, which measure a yard in diameter across the brim.

But the *Altonbergers*, near Leipsig, are the most comical looking, their skirt being of many colors, and fitting from the waist to the knee almost as closely as drawers, and is yet but one piece.

An agricultural fair in Germany is in many respects a more showy exhibition than can be produced in America. One which took place near Carlsruhe, which is the residence of the Grand Duke of Baden, will give an idea of all, where a similar attempt is made at a grand exposition. Upon a large platz in

the depths of the *Hartzwald*, or forest of the Hartz Mountains, were the preparations for the fête, where the most conspicuous object, upon approaching, was a graceful pavilion constructed for the occasion, the covering being of white linen—for it was to shelter royalty—and the pillars, knotted trunks of oak and fir, wreathed with vines and flowers of every hue. Around the lawn was a wide promenade; and when a salute of three guns announced the arrival of the royal cortége, the throngs of peasantry that had come through the forest in every direction from all the different provinces of the duchy, formed themselves into a procession behind the long file of carriages that composed the court; and when they had marched three times around with music and flying colors, the royal carriage stopped in front of the pavilion, before which the Grand Duke and his suite alighted, and the multitude arranged themselves in groups around the long tables which covered the square, loaded with the productions of each province.

But not only the dominions of the Duke of Baden were represented, but troops from the Odenwald, the Verstewald, the Valley of the Rhine, and the Palatinate, could be recognized by their several costumes, and in the procession the women, maidens, and little girls, were the first after the royal party and members of the scientific congress, not only gay with the many colors of their national dress, but crowned with wreaths and bearing flowers. There were the broad petticoats and variegated bodices of the Brisgau; a long row of yellow-painted straw-hats, with the dazzling hue a little relieved by sprigs of green, from another district of the Black Forest; and in striking contrast, a troop of young girls from the Swiss Cantons, with a straw hat of a more coquettish form, the little red petticoat more jauntily worn, and set off by a snowy-white

apron. More lightly, too, they trip on their way, and we therefore fancy have lighter hearts.

After the maidens came the young men, not as fanciful, but not less distinct in the characteristics of the land where they dwell. First, the peasantry of the valley of Kinzig, with thick heavy boots and stout grey roundabouts. Then those whose toil allows a lighter costume and gayer mien, and which we have before seen among the extensive hop-fields of the Palatinate. They are followed by the shepherds of the Black Forest, walking side by side with the miners of swarthy tint. Each group exhibits in its march, that for which his district is most famous. One is leading a spirited horse, with gay bridle; another a yoke of fat oxen. Some are holding aloft sheaves of wheat, others clusters of grapes, and still others, strings of vegetables. There are flocks of sheep and herds of swine, goats from the hills, and herds from the valleys, and representatives from all the feathered tenants of the farmyards. One might have thought Noah had opened not only the windows but the doors of the ark, and let all that were within go forth.

Before the pavilion was erected a "triumphal column," constructed by a fanciful scaffolding, covered with branches of fir and cypress, and hung from top to bottom with every species of grain and fruit and vegetable which the duchy produces. What melons, what peaches, what pears—what a temptation, those ripe and purple clusters, and with what exquisite taste has all been arranged, so that the sombre and green come in pleasing contrast with bright and mellow hues.

How much more honorable and more gratifying must be a sight like this to any king or potentate, than so many men armed with spikes and bayonets, cultivating and exercising the basest instead of the noblest passions of the soul. Yet we could

not help thinking it would be well for the Grand Duke of Baden, or Wurtemberg or Hesse Darmstadt, to see these gay and merry troops under less favorable circumstances of toil and privation, exhibited in their homes. It is difficult to imagine groups like these can ever be cold or hungry, or suffering for food ; but though the land is filled with plenty, it is only the tables of the kings that have always enough. In every province there are occasionally scenes like those described by another, as having taken place in Upper Silesia, in 1848. "In the autumn of 1847, their potatoe crop failed. This was almost their entire dependence for food during the winter, and the other harvests were this year not so good as usual. They were obliged before winter, to resort to roots, and mingle chalk with their meal. When winter came it was with unexampled severity, and the year 1848 opened on a scene of suffering and destitution in Upper Silesia, such as the world has seldom witnessed. Men wandered starving and haggard in the streets, grasping food where they could find it. Corpses lay unburied by the way side. Houses were filled with the dead, and no one knew it, and the officers of the government, who forced open the doors, not unfrequently found the famishing wife in the arms of the husband, who had perhaps been dead for days. All that is disgusting, heart-sickening in human misery, was experienced by thousands and tens of thousands, in this Prussian province. The Catholic clergy labored incessantly among the sufferers, and the 'sisters of charity,' were known not seldom to have slept in the snow while going about to help the starving. But all aid was of no avail. As the spring came on, to the horrors of famine were added the raging of a fearful pestilence, caused by the unburied dead, and the foul nourishment on which the inhabitants had lived. The priest was swept away with the

sick whom he would relieve, and even the immense establishments for feeding the people, erected by the Catholic clergy, were of little use. The whole population were so weakened and hopeless, that the highest wages could not induce them to labor, and they could hardly make the necessary exertion to receive the food which was offered them. The government for a long time paid no attention to the complaints which were made, and it was not till in some districts one-fifth, and in others nearly half the population had perished, that it deigned to contribute its aid."

By one who assured us it was true, we were told that once the king set out to visit this province, that he might see for himself if the reports were correct. But first he sent a messenger to apprise the people of his coming, and commanding that they should appear in their holiday dresses to greet him as he passed in the streets. Those who had strength obeyed, as no command of the king is to be resisted, without danger of worse punishment than famine. They were also commanded to sing and cheer him. When he saw them in gay attire, and heard their voices in loud chorus ring through the air, he exclaimed, "What a happy people! I had not thought to see such comfort and happiness in all my dominions." So he returned to his palace to revel in luxury upon the flesh and blood of his subjects. The burdens of taxation are so great, and their poverty so wretched at all times, that only a little additional misfortune reduces them to starvation.

We were reminded of this visit of the king of Prussia to his starving people, as we looked upon this ducal cortège in the midst of the gay peasantry and agricultural plenty. Here is enough, and to spare; but it is not those who toil who enjoy the fruit of their labors, and the failure of a crop in Baden or the valley

of the Rhine, produces consequences for which they cannot provide, and from which they cannot recover in many successive years.

Still we must not depreciate the labors of the men of science, who have done much to insure good husbandry, and certain results which cannot fail to be of some advantage to the peasant, though the largest profits fill the coffers of princes. In many cities there are voluntary associations for distributing prizes to those who produce the best flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and the exhibitions of these are very attractive and beautiful. The flower festival is held in April, when all the gardeners from the surrounding country bring from their greenhouses and conservatories what they have been able to grow to rare perfection, and ladies and gentlemen contribute from their private stores what will serve to adorn the festival. We saw one of these in a northern city. The hall was very large, and all around against the walls, half the height, upon a sloping mossy bank were arranged the flower-pots, in a manner to place their contents in the most favorable light, and give the cheeks of the pale and rose-tinted beauties the best relief. A richer display of gold, green, and scarlet we never beheld, the children of every country and clime. The floor of the centre of the hall was covered with moss, and here and there, in groups, a bed of roses, of hyacinths, of tulips, of cactus, in every phase of bud and blossom—little knots of shrubbery—vines woven in most graceful tracery, tall trees shading the delicate garden chair, which the maker has placed here also to exhibit in its most favorable light, and upon little tables are vases and little moss beds arranged in dishes teeming with the same luxurious beauty. Around this bed a bank of earth, covered with turf, is raised, upon which flower-pots are set so thickly that one

can only see a continuous line of variegated leaves and petals. In one corner are early radishes, cucumbers, turnips, and cabbages, not less ambitious of attention and reward. In every flower-pot is perched upon a little stick the name of the flower, its price, where it was raised, and by whom owned, and when any one is sold this is added to the items of intelligence. The gardeners stand by their several groups to give information and make sales, but nothing is removed till the exhibition closes. The medals are arranged in a glass case with the names of those to whom they are awarded. In the summer there is a similar exhibition of fruits, and in the autumn of vegetables, when flowers only appear to vary the scene, and there is no occasion out of the common course in Germany, where flowers do not grace the board, not a spot of earth upon which the tiniest violet can bloom, that is not made to produce one.

This society was commenced by a few gentlemen uniting to form a little capital, which increases by others joining as they become interested, and by what is taken in entrance fees at the door, twelve cents each being the price of admission. There are now several hundred different societies for the promotion of agriculture in the states denominated the *Zollverein*, or states united by a *Tariffverein*, and to these belong several thousand members, all in correspondence with each other, and meeting often at different places for discussion upon all subjects relating to agricultural interests. All that science can do is brought to their aid to analyze soils and discover the chemical nature of grains and fruits, with reference to their adaptation to each other, and those of all ranks unite heartily in the work. Some are private associations and some are supported by the government.

In Darmstadt an experiment was commenced many years since of forming a class of thirty or forty peasant youths a year, to be taught by the "Grand Counsellor of the Forests," belonging to the royal domains, at the expense of government. He delivered a course of lectures upon the nature of soils, and the best methods of agriculture, and gave them lessons in drawing. Each class enjoyed the benefit of his instructions three months, and the first year his success was so great that he was astonished, and before the members of a scientific congress said: "Do not think that to be born a peasant is to be born without capacity; I have proved the contrary. Out of forty pupils only one has failed to answer to what was expected of him. All the others have exceeded our hopes even." In the course of time, as these young men are scattered about the country, there must follow very beneficial results, though the knowledge they acquire in so short a time is, of course, very limited. When they have experienced the benefit in an improved condition they will make exertions for self-improvement, and a new generation will be still more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of enterprise and progress.

But the efforts of one of the members of the royal family of Austria seem to be attended with still greater blessings among the Tyrolese and the inhabitants of the Styrian mountains. The Archduke John, one of the youngest of nine brothers and sisters, and therefore very far removed from all hopes of wearing a crown, turned his ambition into a different channel, and devoted himself to the humbler sphere of agriculture and manufactures. Very early he selected a rural retreat in the country, far from Vienna, and by associating with the people, and taking an interest in their affairs, gained their love and inspired them with a desire to emulate a higher life. He

spent a year in England, and traveled over all his own country, in order to improve himself, but his movements were never approved by his family. "Yes," said his brother the emperor, "John is a very brave man, a very brave man, but he has one great fault: 'what he should not do he does, and what he should do he does not.'" In all the French war he is conspicuous as the leader of armies, and especially as one of the beloved leaders of the brave Tyrolese, who would not yield even at the command of their king, but choosing a general from among themselves, defended their country to the last moment. The rifle of Hoffer, not less skillful, nor less brave than a nobleman, is preserved among the curiosities in the house of the Archduke John. When the war was over, he returned to his rural life, and married a wife from among the people, with whom he has lived happily during a long life, and who has been his helpmeet in his labors for their good. He has founded many agricultural societies, which have introduced a better husbandry among the Styrian peasantry, and any calamity which befalls them, from fire or drought, fails not to move his heart to pity and his hand to help. Very beautiful is the devotion of these people to their benefactor, and this instance of daily association of the high-born with the lowly, proves that respect for the one does not diminish while the heart of the other is softened and filled with sympathy by a knowledge of the character and wants of his dependents. Often he assumes the peasant costume, rambling freely among the mountains, talking with them by the way, and supping with them at the village inns. To his royal relatives he exhibits a vulgar mind by these habits, but no other member of the family has, for a century, shown a capacity for anything but brutal tyranny, while to him the intricacies of science and art are familiar, and

the prosperity of the empire has been more promoted by his devotion to the study of men and mechanics than all the others have accomplished together. At Gratz he established, in 1812, an institution for the encouragement of everything relating to science, arts, and manufactures, and where are collected specimens of the mineral and agricultural products of the whole country. It is called the *Johanneum*, from its founder.

Near Brandhof, the residence of the Archduke, are the iron works, which also originated with him, as iron is the staple article of Styria, and all the improvements made in other countries are introduced immediately into his manufactory, where the royal cannon are moulded, and the principal steam-engines for ships and railroads are produced. Very gladly would the people of Styria and the Tyrol throw off the iron yoke of Austria and constitute themselves into an independent government, and many fears have been entertained that the prince, so popular among the people, might attempt to put himself at the head of such a movement, but it does not appear that he has any ambition for that kind of power. In the revolution of 1848, he was in favor of annihilating Austria, Prussia, and all the separate governments, and astonished the courts as well as people, by being the first to cry out, "No Austria, no Prussia, but one united fatherland." The liberal party looked to him as their hope, and when they did not succeed he was obliged to bear some of the blame; but his home is in the hearts of the people, who have lost none of their affection for him. Now he is like a patriarch among them, being "old and well stricken in years," and they look to him as a father, of whose kindness and parental care they are sure in prosperity and adversity. His has been a life full of good deeds, while his kindred who have worn the crown and waved the sceptre,

have done little else than stain their hands with the blood of the innocent. What magic can there be in power, that so many should prefer it with its load of crime and guilt, to a life of peace and love?

CHAPTER XXI.

AMUSEMENTS CONTINUED—A PASTOR'S WELCOME—A VILLAGE RAISING—MARRIAGE CONTRACTS—WEDDINGS—GOLD AND SILVER WEDDINGS—BIRTH-DAYS—NAME-DAYS—GAMES.

THERE is probably not a week in the year in which some festival does not occur. Every unusual event is converted into a *fête*, which in other countries is passed by as of no consequence. An ordination in America is an occasion of assembling together, and the people verily rejoice ; but in Germany there is a great expression of this joy besides. It was our good fortune to accompany a village pastor and his family, in the north of Hanover, when they went to take up their abode in a new place, and be ordained over a new people. We did not expect any demonstrations of welcome on our arrival ; but had scarcely entered the village, when a troop of boys and girls issued from a side street and screamed at the top of their voices: " They are coming, they are coming!" and then they arranged themselves on each side of our carriage, and taking off their hats, bowed and cheered us all the way to the place of our destination. On reaching this, we were escorted through a high arch, erected for the occasion, of evergreens, and flaunting with flowers and ribbons. Before this we alighted, and walked beneath the gay-canopy to the door, over which, upon the outside, and over every window, was a wreath suspended by a

gay ribbon, to crown a semi-circle of white paper bound with scarlet, upon which were texts of scripture, or words of poesy, that spoke of welcome and joy.

Within were corresponding words and devices ; the floor was strewn with a carpet of green, decked with roses, and all around were trellised vines and bouquets of flowers. As we had come somewhat earlier than they expected, the supper was not ready; but great loaves of bread lay upon the table, joints of meat, chickens, vegetables, butter, cheese, and all that could be needed for a hearty meal. The elders and their wives were there to greet us, and all at our service, upon whom we might call for any attention. It was indeed a welcome to gladden a pastor's heart, for all had been done by the villagers in the most cordial sincerity and love.

On the Sunday succeeding, was the ordination, when the church was also decorated. The ceremonies were similar to those in America, except that the clergymen were in robes. A sermon was preached; the solemn laying on of hands, the right hand of fellowship, and the final blessing were the same that we have often seen. But the pastor is expected to give a dinner afterwards, and have at his table the assisting clergymen, the elders, and any other strangers he may choose. Ample stores are provided, however, by the people, and ample service given by the village youth and maidens, who afterwards serve themselves to what is left.

A village *raising* is another festive scene. When a house is finished, all except the roof, and that is ready to place upon the walls, all the principal families are invited to witness the ceremony, and partake of a feast, to which each guest must contribute. When the rafters are joined, a man ascends to the highest point with a large wreath, with which he crowns

the united spars, and then making a speech, takes a bottle of wine and hurls it to the earth. If it breaks, well and good ; but if not, no luck will come to the house or its owners. The man who bears the wreath is followed by a long procession, who wait till he has fulfilled his commission, and receive him with shouts as he descends, when all proceed to the table, where they eat, drink, and are merry for many hours, and then a dance closes the scene. The empty barrels tell in what condition they must reach their homes.

When a baby is born among the poor, the village matrons are expected to call and fill the mother's cupboard with good things, to last till she is able to attend to it herself, and when she first appears at church, thanks are offered for her recovery.

During the winter, spinning circles are held two or three times a week, first in one house and then in another, till all have been visited, when they begin again. Each maiden's wheel is carried by her lover, who accompanies her, and sits by her side during the evening, with his elbows upon his knees, a little pipe in his mouth, and knitting-work in his hand, with which he keeps as busy as she with her distaff, unless he stops to give her a kiss now and then, which she does not take at all amiss. The pastors' wives sometimes try to interfere with these spinning circles, which do not always end as decorously as they begin ; but they find it, on the whole, better to permit them to meet openly, as otherwise they will meet secretly, and in less proper and more dangerous ways. It is some restraint upon them, that when they come to be married they are not allowed to wear a bridal wreath unless they preserve their purity, and we saw the pastor on one occasion, when it was evident the wreath was unworthily worn, take a handkerchief and spread over the head of the bride, thus

publishing what perhaps few besides would have observed. In some provinces, when the father goes to register the birth of his child, being asked the date of his marriage, as he always is, and finding the birth too soon, he is compelled to pay a sum to government. Yet all this seems on the whole to be of little use; as a lady tells us, who has lived many years in a northern village, that she seldom knew a wedding where the wreath could in all honor appear.

Among the wealthy peasantry, a marriage is sometimes agreed upon by the parents, when the children are infants or very young, in order to unite lands or other possessions, after the manner of princes, and in these cases of betrothals without their consent, the children obey, and cases of infidelity are very rare among married peasants. Before and during a betrothal, they suffer no discredit for any degree of immorality; but after marriage, are disgraced, if not strictly upright. It often happens that several children are born before the parties are old enough or in a condition to marry; but when they are, it takes place with the same ceremony as if the wedding had preceded the children.

A wedding at the north, in the primitive style, is a grand affair. In every village is a man whose special office it is to carry wedding invitations, which he does on horseback with a long staff buckled to his side, hung with ribbons of every color of the rainbow, a large knot of the same in front, his hat gay with long streamers, and his horse's head and tail in corresponding array. This is the uniform of the person who has the office, and is kept sacredly through many generations. He sets out in gay spirits, stopping before every door, calling aloud to those within to come forth, when, in rustic rhyme, he tells his errand, endeavoring to be as humorous as he can, and they

offer him a glass of brandy, to keep up his spirits and sharpen his wits. Before he has delivered a hundred messages, however, he is apt to get somewhat dull. Every family is requested to bring their own knives and forks, and spoons, and where servants are kept, they also are expected to come. If the wedding is among the poor, a present must be offered, and in this way many obtain their means of going to housekeeping. The bride is escorted to the house of her lover by a *cortège*, consisting of the bridesmaids, who sit with her in the carriage, where also are her bed and spinning-wheel, with the distaff adorned with gay ribbons. Four horses draw the carriage with ribbons fluttering from their heads, and in front ride the bridesgrooms on horseback, with flowers and bows in their buttonholes and hat-bands. The bride enters her new home with great ceremony, where she is greeted by the company already assembled by drinking her health, when they all proceed to church, where the pastor awaits them. The form of marriage is the same everywhere, and like that of the Episcopal church. If they are not able to furnish themselves with rings, they exchange a piece of coin instead, and thus their troth is sealed and they are pronounced husband and wife. The schools are not in session on a wedding day, as the schoolmaster must be invited, and the children are all allowed to be spectators, and the young men shoot with guns, both going and returning from church, making a great noise.

When the procession returns the dinner is ready, and has been the same at every wedding-feast for a century. The pastor and family, and any others who are not peasants, have a separate table, with plates and knives for each person. But all at the wedding-table are not furnished with these luxuries, but help themselves with their fingers or each other's forks and spoons

directly from the dishes, which consist invariably of soup, boiled ham, boiled rice with sauce, and roast veal. On the pastor's table is also roast duck, made particularly excellent in the eyes of the people by being strewed with sugar and cinnamon !

The festivities continue three days, but the pastor and schoolmaster only attend the first, and on the third all are so weary that they retire early, and are not very many.

The dance commences soon after the dinner, during which every man must dance with the bride, and the groom with every maiden, and at the end of every figure or waltz each must pay a few cents. The most interesting ceremony is that of stealing the garter off the bride, which must be done by one of the young men ; but, knowing this beforehand, she places it very low, and when it is removed, the husband must redeem it with money. Then her shoe is passed around to receive any voluntary contributions. They dance all night, and in the morning sleep upon benches, or chairs, or tables, for a little while, and then dance all day and all another night.

In the Black Forest we attended a wedding, where the parties were Catholics. They came from a distance to the hotel, and walked in procession to the church, the men on one side of the street and the women on the other, preceded by six little girls of seven years of age, dressed in white, with wreaths upon their heads, and long sashes. High mass was performed, and burning candles placed before the bride. When they were ready, the father of the bride led her to the altar, and the young man was led by his father. When they met, they knelt upon a cushion, side by side, and the priest read the service. When he attempted to put the ring upon the finger of the bride, he dropped it, which excited a great commotion among the people, as it is considered an evil omen.

They formed a procession, similar to the first, to return to the inn, where the bride was greeted with kisses and congratulations for half an hour, when they drank coffee, and departed to their new home, where the feast and dancing were the same as we have before described.

The anniversary of a wedding is observed in some way by all ranks, but a lady told us that when the marriage was not happy, it was not a very pleasant custom, and that she never once mentioned her wedding-day in the twenty years she lived with her husband. But we knew a silver wedding observed under very curious circumstances. The parties had lived together pleasantly enough for many years, and had several children, when the husband, who was a very sentimental man, fell in love with a very sentimental woman, and left his wife and children a long time, to live with her in platonic friendship, but as the prince to whom they were subject would not consent to a divorce, at length they removed to a distant city, and were married. When the twenty-fifth anniversary arrived, the husband and father returned to his first wife and children, to celebrate the silver wedding, which was attended with all the ceremonies usual on such occasions, and seemed to pass as joyously as if they had not been separated. A silver wreath is worn by the wife, and a silver buckle by the husband, friends are invited, gifts presented and congratulations offered. When they had passed a week together they separated again, as amicably as they had met, perhaps not to meet again till the golden wedding, which occurs on the fiftieth anniversary, when they wear a golden crown and golden buckle, and children and grandchildren become part of the festive circle.

In Saxony, the wife may divorce her husband for infidelity, as in other countries the husband may divorce the wife. Big-

any is a cause of divorce, and desertion on either side, or any attempt on the life of the other by either party, or any disgraceful crime that is punished by imprisonment. There is a case now pending in Hanover, where it is under discussion, if the husband may open letters directed to his wife, if he suspects her fidelity. It was decided in one court that he might, and the accused wife appealed. The decisions of the higher court are not made known. When the wife divorces the husband for infidelity, he can have none of her property, and she retains the children, while young, but he may have them when older to educate, if proved that he is better able, but both parties are allowed to see them, unless likely to be a moral injury to them.

It is curious that in Prussia the laws were made more stringent concerning divorce lately, in order to promote morality, and in Saxony relaxed to promote the same end.

Birthdays are also among the honored ones, and we said to an elderly unmarried lady: "You cannot be so sensitive in Germany about telling your age as they are in other countries. If any anniversary is kept, all must know your age."

"And why not," she said, "why should I be ashamed of my age? I am fifty-two, what matter is it who knows?" But we were told by others that they often attended birthday festivals, year after year, without knowing the age of the person whom they congratulated. It was a question never asked, and a subject never alluded to. It was not necessary to know exactly how many years one had lived, in order to wish them still many more of happiness and love. Presents are a part of the ceremony on all occasions. We came down one bright spring morning to the breakfast-room, without knowing that it was the birth-day of any one in the house. The

walls and windows were festooned with green, the table was arrayed in flowers, and loaded with toys, and around were hanging various articles that told distinctly enough in whose honor was all this. A door, the upper part of which was glass, separated this room from the nursery, and soon we saw a little head with silver curls appear, crowned with a wreath of shining leaves and rosy buds. What a shouting of merry voices! Then came the nurse with her little charge dressed in white, with another wreath about her waist. How she clapped her little hands as she was seated in a high arm-chair, converted into a Naiad's bower, by an arch of green, and wreaths of moss and ivy, and placed at the table. She was only two years old, and did not at all appreciate the new hat and cloak, or dress, but was immediately absorbed in trying to feed a pair of sugar twins, that were perfect representations of a living German baby in swaddling clothes. They are rolled up like a mummy, and we never laughed so heartily as when we first saw one in such a plight, with its little woman's cap tied close under its chin. We had never quite appreciated a birth-day festival till we saw this.

Among Catholics name-days are also observed, that is, the day on which they are christened, but we were present only once where this occurred, and it was then the mother of a family who was honored. Wine was sent her from her aged parents, far distant, to drink on the occasion, and had been sent every name and birth-day since her marriage. We had a sumptuous dinner with a few friends who brought gifts. In the evening, games were played, and the children danced.

Cards, games and puzzles, may be seen upon every German table, and we were never anywhere that they were not the amusement of the children, on Sunday and other holiday even-

ings. This is a strange sight to an American, and many a discussion we have had with the parents concerning it. They say always, it is better to afford them innocent amusement at home, than to have them sighing from weariness, and longing for forbidden pleasures. The children look upon cards as upon toys of any other kind, and use them in the same way. In answer to whether it does not lead them to a taste for gambling, they do not think there is so much danger as when they are concealed and prohibited at home, for they are sure to learn by stealth when they go into the world, and become more excited in this way than when practising it always as an innocent amusement. But in all these things we cannot judge.

The pleasant and oft recurring festivals we like. They fill the home with joy, and scatter over all life's pathway those happy memories which give to the darkest some brightness, and to the bitterest cup some sweetness, and no pilgrimage through this world is in danger of not being sufficiently weary.

CHAPTER XXII.

COSTUMES—WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELD—LODGINGS AT AN INN
—KITCHEN WORK—RECIPE FOR PRESERVING FRESH FRUIT—
CIDER MAKING—TILES—CARTS—WOODEN UTENSILS—APPLE-BEE
—SAUSAGES—FOOD—CHIMNEY-SWEEPS—TITLES—ETIQUETTE OF
CALLING—BETROTHALS.

It is curious that in some peasant districts the women adhere as tenaciously to the hat as the Indian women, though in no other respect do they don men's attire. But not at all times are they so becoming as at the fair, where they serve to give variety, and in gala dress did not seem out of place. We have seen those happy-looking wives and merry-hearted maidens, bearing the burden and heat of the day in the midst of their toils, and learned that those we saw before were not only holiday costumes but holiday smiles.

In the Black Forest, where a new road was being cut through a mountain, and for miles the hill must be dug out, we saw droves of women, with those same painted straw hats, breaking stones with an iron mallet upon the highway, and other droves filling the wheelbarrows with dirt, and filing off in a long row to empty them into the valley. Besides the hat, their costume was a coarse petticoat like the *frocking* of the New England farmer, and a sort of jacket of the same ; often no stockings or shoes, or if they have, so coarse and hard that they seem to be more painful to the feet than the stones.

In the region of Bremen, or Hamburg, we have seen whole

troops of people with the sabots, or wooden shoes, which are great clumsy things carved from one piece of wood, and go clattering at every step. In the south we noticed none but leather ; but they are too costly to be worn every day, and so these poor women tramp from morning till night, barefooted upon these sharp stones, doing the labor that, in America, is only performed by the lowest class of Irishmen. Their dress and appearance reminded us of the negro women upon southern plantations. What must the homes be which are arranged and sanctified by such women, and what the children, nursed and cared for by such mothers ?

In some places a kind of a higher class is formed by those who do not allow the women to work in the fields and on the roads ; it was in such a family that we spent a little time during the apple-gathering and cider-making period, in the autumn. They kept the village inn ; but on a road that did not bring them a throng of customers from foreign parts.

The father was, in appearance and manners, like the better class of farmers in New England, and the wife and daughters also very similar to those we should find in the same position at home. And, alas, we must say the comparison goes farther. In both cases when they arrive at a kind of independence, it is the man alone who arrives at ease. Being no longer obliged to work in the field, he only exercises a kind of supervision over his affairs, working a little every day if he chooses, and the remainder of the time smoking and chatting with his customers.

As usual in German inns, there is no place where a woman can sit down and be decent or comfortable, except in her room, and here we took all our meals. The rooms for guests were furnished with the usual quota of long wooden benches, placed against the walls, and the long wooden tables in front—

and never made more cheerful by cloth or napkin. There might be seen at every hour of the day also, the usual quota of wine-bibbers and beer-drinkers, munching black bread, and smoking and gossiping, as if these were the great objects of life.

We asked for a room with one bed, but were obliged to take one with two, and when we came to pay our bill, found we were obliged to pay for two also, though only one was occupied. It was made up with special care for our comfort, and consisted first of a thick straw bed, as foundation ; upon this, at the head, a large solid straw pillow, made upon the principle of an inclined plane. Then came another hard bed, but a little softer than the straw. Now, the snowy linen sheets, and two feather pillows, upon which it would be impossible to sleep except in an upright position. Upon these were placed two feather beds, each half a yard in depth, so that from the top to the bottom, the whole measured two yards. In many peasant houses that we have seen, the guest-chamber is furnished with a ladder upon which to climb to the top of the bed, and we should certainly have needed one here if we had thought of finding repose upon such a mountain ; but instead of this we spent half an hour removing the several layers, until the proper height was reached for our convenience. We did not have to make our bed but it was considerable labor to remake it ; but we could not think of asking any change in the arrangements, as this would destroy the beauty of the bed, which is everywhere made up as high and round as possible, in order to look well in their eyes. How it is possible for people to preserve health, sweated and sweltered every night by such a process, we do not understand, and they wondered not less how we could sleep in any other way. The only other furniture of the room was a deal table ; upon which every even-

ing was set a bowl of fresh water for our morning ablutions, and a tumbler filled with the same for our mouth; with each day a clean towel, and three times a week all the linen of the bed renewed, which was a luxury we never found elsewhere, and in no city oftener than once a month.

We had furnished ourselves with chocolate, knowing it could not be purchased so far in the country, and had, every morning, sweet milk, and the usual good bread, with two eggs, for our breakfast. For dinner, boiled beef and black bread, after a soup which was only the water in which the beef had been boiled, sometimes a pickle, and perhaps for dessert, a piece of fried pork, or liver, with potatoes. For supper, chocolate and bread, but others had a hearty meat-supper, at nine o'clock, in the common room. The mother and daughters worked all the day in the kitchen and dining-room, and when we have looked out very early, we have seen the wife washing floors and sweeping the street in front of the house, looking weary ere it was dawn, while her *gude man* slept. The daughters were very pretty, and dressed like New England girls of the same rank, having wholly discarded the peasant dress. They allowed us freely to enter the kitchen, and initiated us into all the operations of dairy and pantry, and this we found all German housewives willing to do.

It was, as we said, the busy time of the year, and those who went to the fields, came home with carts laden with apples, pears, and nuts, which were deposited in bins for the several purposes to which they were destined. What we call in America English walnuts grow here in great abundance, and taste, when green, very much like butternuts. The bark is peeled off and dried for fuel, and the nuts put away in heaps, for the children to crack around the winter fire; but among

the poorer families, they are carried to market, and exchanged for articles more necessary to life.

The cider-press stands in the great barn floor, instead of having a house by itself, as in New England, and occupies only some feet of space, being turned by a man instead of a horse. A half *tun* stands to receive the expressed juice, in the taste of which we perceive no difference from that we were accustomed to sip upon the philosophic principle of suction, through a straw, and which we see children doing in exactly the same way here. In the kitchen there is a scene, too, corresponding exactly to the one exhibited in a New England kitchen, whilst the cider is making in the barn. A great kettle hangs in the fire-place, behind the stove, filled with *halves* and *quarters* of apples boiling in the liquid, which their brothers have furnished, and when it is done it will be *cider apple-sauce*, such as American housewives *put up* for the winter, and which keeps good here, as there, till spring. On the stove is another kettle with *pear-sauce*, prepared in the same way, but sweeter and richer ; and around are various small earthen pots with stews and sauces of a different kind. We have seen in the summer, a way of *putting up* fruit and berries, which we never saw before, and hope shall not be considered descending to insignificant particulars in transcribing a few recipes from a German cook-book, as it was not in the cook-book alone that we learned them.

Many times in the winter we were regaled with fresh strawberries and fresh gooseberries, and when summer came, learned how they were thus preserved :

Take unripe gooseberries, clip the stems and blossoms, be careful not to cut the skin of the berry, and put them in a clean dry wine-flask. Take a large kettle and cover the bottom with hay,

then place the flasks so they will not touch each other in the hay, and so supported that they will not fall; corked, but not tight. Then filling the kettle with cold water, set it over a hot fire, and boil till the water has entirely evaporated, when the kettle must be taken off, but the flasks allowed to remain in the hay till morning. Then seal them tight with rosin, and place them in the cellar, in a *lying posture*. After eight days, turn them and cover them with sand, and when they are taken out for use they are good as when bottled.

Gooseberries are also prepared by clipping them in the same way, wiping them with a cloth, and putting them in a dry flask, sealed tight; thus, no sugar is used till they are put upon the table. All plums, berries, and fruits are prepared in this way, and need no attention afterwards, being in no danger of fermenting, much labor and expense are saved, and as a relish, they are better than when preserved in sugar. Sometimes tin boxes are used instead of glass, and then they are *soldered* by the tinman, but afterwards placed in hot water, to be sure to develop any *air-holes* that have escaped notice. We have seen a hundred of them in one store closet.

Not only apple sauce, and pear sauce, and plum sauce are stewing upon the stove, but a dozen pots of sour milk, which is taken, after the cream is removed, and put in a warm place till it becomes of the right consistency to mould into the little *Dutch cheeses* we have mentioned. They cannot afford sweet milk for cheese. To a housewife's work there is no end in one country or another, but in a house where the women do all these things, and work also in the field and on the highway, what a life of slavery they must lead!

On the steps which lead out into the barn we hear the churn-dash splashing, and as we go to see, the noise of the

flails in the granary strikes our ear, so we go there to see also. The bundles of rye are strewn upon the floor in no different fashion from that to which we have been accustomed, but there are three men threshing instead of two, and they keep time not less exactly, but the motion of each is slower, and the music of the strokes a little different on this account. The flails are square instead of round, and heavier than those which the machines have everywhere superseded in America. The threshing machine we have not seen in Germany. We have also visited the brick yard, where the process of moulding and burning the clay is very similar to that in America, but either the material is not so fine, or they do not work it so long to make it soft and smooth. The bricks, when finished, are coarse and rude ; but though houses are built of them in city and country, they are always covered with *stucco*, a kind of plaster, which may be made of any color, and admits of various species of ornament. With time it becomes dingy, and in all old towns, gives a peculiarly antiquated appearance to the walls. In America the climate would not admit of this species of finish, and we do not know why it is adhered to here instead of using paint, unless that paint would not cover the rude bricks, and the bricks can be made in no other way.

In the country, the first peculiarity that strikes one in the houses, is the roof covered with tiles instead of shingles. The process of moulding and baking these is similar to that of making the porcelain stoves. They are made of coarse potter's clay, which is either red or black, according to the coloring matter they use. It is in the marshy districts that they find the right kind of earth and stone for the mixture. The tiles are in the form of shingles, only a little wider, and placed upon the roof in the same way, one above the other. In the olden time the

peasants' houses were everywhere thatched with straw, and this is used still among the poorer classes, being much the cheapest material. But farmers and those who wish to procure the benefit of insurance, must pay so much more where the danger from fire is so great, that it becomes cheaper in the end to use the tiles, and they last much longer than shingles. They have been so long used that they have given an individuality to the German landscape, of which the artist avails himself to give effect to his sketches. When they are new they look neat and pretty, but become quite black with time and weather. So also does the straw, which we still see upon some old farmhouses, with high peaked roof, and the *eaves* coming down almost to the earth. After a few years they are black as mud, and look not so well as black shingles or black tiles.

We do not see anywhere the pretty wagons which in America are deemed necessary for going to church and pleasure rides. On holidays the women and children are piled into the hay carts, with scarcely less ceremony than the corn and potatoes, and acting upon the principle of conforming in all things to all men, and when with Romans or peasants, doing as they do, we have enjoyed whole days of sight-seeing from village to village in a cart that furnished us with no better seat than a rude board placed across from side to side, upon which it required all our moral and physical strength to preserve our uprightness. But the cart is by no means so graceful an affair as the one used in America. The sides are a rude ladder, and the bottom rough, heavy boards. Underneath hangs a basket with hay and other *provender*, "swinging as we go," and when we stop, is tied under the horse's nose to strengthen him for further efforts. To get in we climb over the wheels, and to get out, jump near half a rod; but not in coach or carriage had

we ever such genuine enjoyment, with sometimes only a peasant youth, and sometimes a peasant youth and maiden for our companions, now stopping to chat with a *Frau* at her spinning-wheel, a damsel at the brook, or a boy raking hay. Here and there upon the doorsteps are men and women weaving baskets of rushes.

“For green grow the rushes O,”

by every stream; and wherever there is a *water-power*, it is made to serve some purpose, either to the blacksmith or the cooper. We have been quite enchanted with the variety, convenience, and neatness, of the wooden articles in every comfortable dairy and kitchen. An American housewife would scarcely know the use of many of them; but would feel very rich were she once supplied. They are made, like almost everything else, by the peasantry in their leisure hours, who receive the different articles from a factory in an unfinished state, or make a beginning which the machinery must perfect. Thus are produced the wooden spoons, forks, knives, ladles, skimmers, boxes for flour, salt, spice, and fruits, that enable one to have everything very *handy*, and yet secure from dust, and give such a nice *housewifery* look to cupboard and storehouse.

The *huskings*, so characteristic of American harvesting, we do not see in Germany, as the little Indian corn that is raised makes no such gatherings necessary. As we have elsewhere said, it is only the pigs and geese who luxuriate upon this article; but the *apple-bee*, for cutting and drying the winter's store, exhibits the same features, and the long *pairing* that can be turned over the head three times without breaking, when it falls gives the maiden the initial of her lover's name as correctly in one land as the other, and never yet did we see a woman who had not consulted this oracle !

When it is time to *kill pigs* and salt meat, which must be done before Christmas, all the paraphernalia for butchering, trying fat, and making sausages, is not less imposing, nor less disagreeable, and for children is not less a grand gala season, among one people than another. But in Germany sausages are made every month in the year, and we have counted thirteen different kinds, with as much difference in the taste, as between meat when fried, baked, and boiled. Several kinds have in them a mixture of meal, wheat, or rye, or oats; and some are smoked after being stuffed, like dried beef, and so thoroughly cured in this way, that they need no cooking in order to be palatable; some are mixed up with warm blood right from the animal, and considered thus greatly enriched; some are a mixture of liver and fat, with salt, pepper, and other condiments; others are made of smoked meats, with white bread, and butter, and spices, and it has lately been ascertained that horse-flesh is to a great extent used in their composition. During the festal week of Pfingsten (Whitsuntide) 1857, several thousand pounds were served out to the people of one city in the form of sausages and salt beef. We only marvel how they can afford to slaughter horses for this ignoble purpose, as they seem altogether too precious and beautiful to be food for man! If we were sure the sausages had nothing worse in them, we should eat them with a better relish than we sometimes do. There are many of them especially designed to be eaten with *Butterbrod*, in the form of *sandwiches*, and to be found everywhere at restaurants and merry-makings, upon steamboats, and at railroad depots.

In Southern Germany we seldom have bread and butter placed upon the table separately, but already spread, and with slices of smoked meat or sausage between. Ham is eaten in

the same way as dried beef, or cut into little bits half an inch square, and placed upon bread. To us it seemed like eating raw meat, and we could by no effort succeed in swallowing it, to the great surprise of those who esteem it a luxury. The head and feet of pigs are converted into the compound everywhere known as *souse*, or head-cheese, and not at all different from what we have always seen it. But a kind of sausage is also made of the same materials.

We have never seen what in New England is called a *boiled dish*, consisting of boiled beef, pork, tongue, and all garden vegetables. The boiled beef is eaten alone or with bread; afterwards come the vegetables, and never more than two kinds, with perhaps rice. They have a way of making turnips very savory, cutting them up after they are boiled, and stewing them in a rich gravy. We have seen boiled, but never baked beans, which would certainly be an acquisition to their *bill of fare*, if they could be convinced of it.

Coffee is the common beverage among the poorest peasantry; but with the West Indian Mocha they mix burnt barley, oats, and a great deal of chickory. At breakfast, when they merely eat bread with it, they use no sugar, even when they are able, and having seen how little sugar is used any way, we must know that most of the coffee is drank without it, and sometimes without milk.

Hot bread of any kind is out of the question where it is all purchased at the bakers, and they do not know the use of soda or saleratus in city or country. We once asked a lady for a grain of soda, and she had not the least idea what it was, or what could be its use, and had as little idea of custards. Nowhere, in town or country, have we seen this delicious mixture of butter, milk, and eggs.

Fishing or angling is not so common a sport in Germany as in other countries, but in the rivers, fish are very plenty and good. Many years ago salmon were so abundant in the Weser, that the authorities of Bremen were obliged, or rather felt obliged, to make a law forbidding families to give it to their servants more than twice a week, not considering it healthy to eat it oftener, which they were in great danger of doing when it was so cheap. The last few years it has been so scarce, that the richest families could not afford it, and enough for a course at dinner cost several dollars. Within a few weeks twenty thousand have been put in the river, which may soon oblige them to make another law for the health of servants! So precious is every spire of grass, that farmers do not like the angler upon the borders of their streams to despoil it, and in the large rivers nets ensnare the victims by thousands, as they do on the shores of the Potomac.

Chimney-sweeps are not the least curious of German institutions, and are, like all others, government appointments. When we first met them we thought they were negroes, they are so thoroughly black from top to toe; but soon learned they were not so from nature's coloring. They cover themselves closely, leaving only the eyes and ears free, and carry with them the machinery of their office. Two and two they are usually to be met, and seem as entirely a race apart as colored people are in America. We never saw them speaking or spoken to, but with slow and measured tread, entirely absorbed in their meditations, they march around, entering each house at the time appointed by the police, and sweeping the chimneys at their own discretion, the occupants never being consulted in the matter. They give notice in time for the stoves and fire-places to be cooled, and but very little

time is required in the operation. The brooms and scrapers have very long handles, and the chimneys are so constructed that they reach through a narrow aperture and bring down the soot without filling the room, though they look pretty thoroughly covered with it themselves. In large and small towns it is the same—the chimney-sweeps are a part of the governmental *corps*.

Sleighing and sledging are not among the amusements of the peasantry, though favorite sports of the higher classes. They have wood to cut and draw, and chop, but so many other materials are used for fire, and wood is so dear, that this is not so important a part of the winter's labor as among the farmers in America. The heath must be dug in the summer, and every patch of wood is owned by king, or duke, or noble, who has a forester to guard his possessions, and treasure the princely revenues which accrue from the sale of timber, wood and brush, on his domains. We are here reminded of the curious custom of giving to the wife of a man who bears a title, the same with a feminine termination. The wife of a forester is the Frau Foresterinn, the wife of a general the Frau Generalinn, and of a consul the Frau Consulinn, the last syllable answering to *ess* in English. However humble the office, the title must be used with not less ceremony, from *Madam Privy Councilleress*, to *Madam Day-book Keeperess*. The German language abounds in compound words, formed by adding to the beginning and the end of the original. This becomes very amusing in addressing titled ladies, converting a simple woman into Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorinn. Mrs. Directress of the upper Consistory Court! and must all be repeated every time she is addressed, or you commit an unpardonable offence. A merchant's wife, on registering her name at a watering place, was asked if she had

no title. "No," she said : "I am simply Frau G——." "But you must have a title, it will bring you so much more consideration." Still she declined assuming honors not bestowed, but still the man persisted, and finally set her down as Frau *Ober-appellationsrathinn*, by which she was afterwards called. One would think titled people would become of little importance among such an army, but it is only those who have some sort of government office who can sport a title, and there remains a still larger class without this distinction.. In the free cities, merchants, and those of their callings, may be elevated to the highest offices, but when there they remain for life. Senators, representatives, and judges are never removed, unless for crime, and being human they are very apt to prefer their own interest to that of the people, and forget those with whom they were once on a level. In Frankfort-on-the-Maine, there are three men who officiate as Burgomasters in rotation, and which shall serve is decided by shaking three balls, black, white, and red, in a sack, and drawing them by chance. The one who happens to get the white ball is Burgomaster for three years, and the next three, and so on, as long as he happens to get the right ball. There is no new election from among the people till one dies, or is deposed for some special offence.

The customs and peculiarities of the higher classes do not come within our special province, yet may now and then illustrate the condition of the lower, from whom they are separated by so broad a gulf. But the broad gulf of ceremony separates all Germans from those of other nations who may come among them. The etiquette of England and America, which requires that a stranger be sought by the inhabitants in whose midst he comes, is exactly reversed in Germany. If one has a letter of recommendation he must go and present it, which

seems very much like saying : “ Here I am, and now of course you cannot avoid receiving me,” and is so disagreeable a ceremony that many stay a year without presenting a letter, and thus of course stay a year without making a single acquaintance. A young lady residing in a family can never receive a call or an invitation unless the family choose first to *take her round* to the houses of their friends. In that case she would probably find them very cordial, and very glad to see her, and afterwards experience their hospitality and kindness. But if she happened to be in a family where deep mourning made it unconventional for the family to pay visits, or for any worse or better reason they chose not to do it, and though the friends and acquaintances of the family call often and know she is there quite alone, and in a way to make it impossible for her to see anything of society or amusements, they take no notice of her, and never imagine they seem unfriendly, or that she must feel strangely desolate thus left to herself. In the same instance in England or America there would be greater effort to pay her attention ; all within the circle of the friends of the family would call and be sure that she did not feel neglect from the peculiar circumstances in which she happened to be placed. We knew a young lady thus situated, and for five months no human being manifested the least interest in her, and during all that time she entered but one house in the city. In another city the family took her to all their friends, and she was afterwards treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. We sometimes asked if there was no such thing as inducing people to abandon so barbarous a custom, and they always replied, “ no such thing as inducing a German to abandon any custom.” The fashionable hour for calling is between twelve and one, and it would be quite dangerous to presume upon the forgiveness of any

genteel family if they should be surprised by a friendly call at any other hour. Then the ladies are *sitting up for calls* and at no other time may be *in fix*, and of course it may happen that few are at home, but this we could never consider any great calamity, as a card answers all the purposes of such a call where there is only time to see how people are dressed, and ask "how they find themselves." If it is summer, you do not find yourself in a very agreeable temperament, unless you are among those who "keep a carriage" to ride on such hot summer days. But the finding of the people before you can ask them how they find themselves, is still more disagreeable. Nay, seldom is the name upon the door, and upon every floor there will be a family. You knock upon the first one you see, and some one calls out "*herein*"—come in. You open the door and see two or three people, who look up in great astonishment, wondering who you are. You ask if such a family lives here, they tell you "*nein, oben*," no, above. You ascend another staircase and repeat the same experience, and after three or four, you find those you seek. Often the staircases are dark and dirty, as it is the duty of each family only to attend to one. In the suburbs of the cities, the modern houses of the wealthy have highly furnished and elegant entrance halls and staircases to correspond with the interior, and we have seen the ivy creeping upon the bannisters and over the walls. Where there is only one family in the house, the outer door has a bell attached to it, which rings when the door is opened. The parlor is usually on the second floor. Whoever calls, finds his way to the room he seeks, though on the way he will perhaps see two or three heads peeped out at different doors to learn who has entered. From some of them he learns where to go, and when he reaches the salon, knocks, and hears "*herein*," which he obeys by walking

in, and whoever is there rises to receive him. We never knew any one to open the door, though there might be half a dozen children with "nothing else to do."

They are under the impression in Germany, that there is no politeness or ceremony of any kind in America ; but most well-bred Americans would be amazed at the little there is in Germany. A lady told us how disturbed her husband was at the ill-manners of the people in hotels at table. She had the idea that all Americans ate very much like pigs. When we came to sit at the same gentleman's table, we wondered how it could disturb him if they did, as there was not the slightest order or ceremony observed towards guests, or towards eatables, by those around him. Each one put his own knife in the butter, and the children reached this way and that, and arose out of their chairs to help themselves, in a manner we had never seen in barbarous America. Children with unwashed hands, day after day, and week after week, handled the bread and cheese without mercy, and now and then dipped their fingers in the molasses and drew them over the table-cloth to their mouths, and this at the table of a gentleman, who held the highest position a gentleman can hold in the land. Yet the same children would be punished, if they failed to say "good morning" and "good night," on rising and retiring.

Not the least amusing characteristic of German etiquette is the custom for men to kiss each other. We have often seen, in the public street, and in depots and upon boats, two aged, bearded men, express their love for each other in this way, bestowing a kiss upon each cheek, and sometimes an additional one upon the lips. We thought it very ridiculous, and quite disgusting at first, but when we came to reason with ourselves upon the matter, and ask why not ? why should not men kiss

each other as well as women? we had no answer, and do not intend to waste any logic in proving to them or any one else that it is not a fit and comely way of manifesting their affection; but when each has to remove a pipe from his mouth for the purpose, and stroke away the long moustache, we could not help thinking sweetness no part of the ingredient of such kisses.

Among the upper classes, the announcing of a betrothal is a formal ceremony attended with manifestations that strike one as having no lack of the honey of life. At a dinner party given in honor of one soon to be a bride, there were present a young gentleman and lady, who, during all the time, had comported themselves with the most becoming dignity, without any appearance of special interest in each other. When the dinner was nearly finished, the father of the young lady arose and said he was happy to announce to the assembled guests to whom he had the honor of speaking, that his daughter was betrothed. The young man then arose and greeted her, her health was drunk by all, and then the two seated themselves together, and commenced a series of the most ravishing caresses, which are never seen in other countries but in the most private circle. Those who are betrothed are expected at all times to practice the same, and on all public occasions to devote themselves entirely to each other, with arms entwined, and "kisses long and sweet." We see no objections to the custom, but were curious to know if the same publicity of endearments continued after marriage. "Oh, no," said the lady we asked, "they are not continued either publicly or privately. We always know a married pair in company by the distance they keep from each other, and those who are betrothed by the proximity."

In Saxony and some other provinces of southern Germany, the bridal dress is presented by the bridegroom, and arrives in a little basket adorned with ribbons and flowers, which the fair one uncovers, to find dress, veil, wreath, shoes and stockings, all in the most *recherché* style and arrangement, but there is nothing to indicate that *crinoline* is considered necessary !

CHAPTER XXIII.

AMUSEMENTS—PALMERS—SHRINES—MARIAZELLE—MARIA TAFEL—
BLACK LADY OF ALTÖTTING—ST. WENCESLAUS—EASTER MONDAY
IN VIENNA—WHITSUNTIDE IN FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE—
CONFIRMATION—CHRISTMAS.

THE festival days are so many in Germany that we are not sure that we shall be able to number them or call them all by name. In the Catholic portion of the country, where we mostly sojourned, they come much oftener, and are kept much more scrupulously than among the Protestants at the north, where peculiarities, especially in the cities, are fast disappearing, and English manners and customs taking their place. To some we have already alluded, as the Feast of Consecration, which occurs in every Catholic village once a year, and in each one on a different Sunday, and belongs especially to the Catholic church. One sees very often in traveling a little chapel far away on a hill, so secluded that it is difficult to imagine whence the worshippers come, if it be its purpose to accommodate those who meet for prayer and praise. But we soon learn that they do not mind distance. There is a winding path that leads to the top of the hill, and on any festal day a long procession may be seen wending their way, in the performance of a kind of pilgrimage, to a spot they believe to have some peculiar recommendation as a place of worship. We may also sometimes see two or four weary-looking wanderers, with a bundle

hanging upon a stick across their shoulders, on their way to some far distant city or church, or consecrated spot, in accordance with the spirit of the old Crusaders, or rather of the ancient *Palmers*, who enlisted not in the wars, but with staff and often with naked feet, traversed thousands of miles to offer up their devotions, or ask some favor which they hoped to procure, because of the penance they had performed. The land is full of legends of these *Palmers*, who were often princes in disguise, or knights hoping for a glimpse of their lady-loves as they knocked at some door and begged an alms or night's lodging, which no family, high or low, was at liberty to refuse. Young maidens, also, performed a pious service by washing their feet, sore and travel-stained ; but we do not know whether they followed the example so far as to wipe them with the hair of their heads. Yet it was then and is still the custom to gather sweet-scented herbs, to soak in the water which is to bathe the feet of guest or stranger, and fair damsels hastened with nimble feet to pluck the most fragrant leaves and roots, to soothe the pain of those who were termed *holy wanderers*, and whilst they prepared and applied them there was ample time for words of recognition, for vows of unchanging fidelity, and sometimes for more tender protestations of endearment.

Every Catholic country has its shrine, which is resorted to by kings and nobles even at the present day, and in all the provinces are many of less importance, which are repaired to by the people on all occasions, when they need special aid or forgiveness. The one most distinguished in Austria is called the *Mariazelle*, and is situated in the midst of the Styrian mountains ; and to it the inhabitants from every part of the kingdom come in throngs, from May till September, and even amidst the snows of winter, it is not quite deserted. In Vienna, at the time appointed for the pilgrimage, a notice is affixed to

all the church doors, and those who would join the procession exhorted to be ready, when, amidst the ringing of bells and the fluttering of banners, a pious, and at the same time joyous group is seen in every street, which, as they proceed, becomes a grand procession, and few sounds are more impressive than the chant of a band of pilgrims on their march, as it comes upon the ear amidst the lonely solitudes of the high Alps, among cliffs and precipices. The simple peasants of Austria and Bavaria are no mean choristers; and the deep melody of their voices, the solemnness of the scene, and the earnestness of the manner of those who thus raise the hymn in the grandest temple of the God of nature, serve to increase the effect which it produces on the mind. It is not difficult to believe those sincere who engage in these exercises of piety.

But some of the after scenes are similar to those which attend the camp meetings in the woods of America. The inns in the neighborhood are quite insufficient for the accommodation of the multitudes, who are obliged to resort to the primitive bed of our first parents, and be covered like the "poor lost children of the wood," on whom the robins took pity, and buried in leaves. Those who are able to find a lodging and to pay for it, must still be content to share a bed with another, and perhaps with half a dozen, and thus, indoors and out, the high and low, the rich and poor, men and women, are mingled together in most uncereemonious and most unaristocratic association, and their songs and revelries in the end are very different from the hymns and ejaculations which are heard as they set out.

A certain number of villages unite for one procession, that which each shall join being designated by the church, so that eighty are formed during the summer, and the number of pilgrims during a season often reaches 100,000. Many of them

have some malady, of which they wish to be cured, and believe the intercession of the Virgin will avail with Him who heals all diseases. *Mariazelle* is translated, "*Mary in the cell*," the image of the Virgin occupying a small chapel, which was originally a rude cell built by a priest who came among the people in the eleventh century, to preach and to teach. Afterwards a margrave of Moravia, in the twelfth century, being troubled with the gout, and warned in a dream, that if he would make a pilgrimage to "*Mary in the cell*" he would be cured, repaired thither with his wife and was healed. In gratitude he built over the image a stone chapel, which still remains. The image itself is said to be seven hundred years old, and is of the rudest description, being of lime-tree wood, and painted black, and only eighteen inches high. She is seated in a chair, holding the infant Saviour in her arms, clothed in the costliest stuffs, and glittering with jewels and gems. The pilgrims walk about on their knees, and always in the direction of the sun. The gifts of those who make offerings and sacrifices are hung around, and are gleaming with gold, and silver, and diamonds, from empress, prince, and peasant, who purchase with them indulgence and forgiveness for the past or permission for the future.

In another village, in a different direction, is a shrine, denominated *Maria Tafel*, or *Mary of the Little Table*, concerning which the tradition is, that upon an oak tree stood an image of the Virgin, and beneath the spreading boughs the peasantry of the surrounding country were accustomed to assemble once a year to pray for an abundant harvest, and enjoy a feast at a stone table. But though surmounted by an image of holiness and power, the oak did at last fall to decay, and a peasant passing by, thought it an unsightly thing, which

it would be doing good service to destroy. But when he lifted his axe for the purpose, instead of hitting the tree, as he intended, it fell upon his foot. On looking up he saw, for the first time, the image, and now knew he had committed an act of sacrilege. But his penitence procured him the pardon of the Virgin, and her prayers the healing of his wound. A church was afterwards built upon the spot, and is now the resort of thousands of pilgrims annually, who have faith in "the intercession of the saints."

In France the most noted shrine is that of Notre Dame, in Marseilles, to which all who are disposed to make pilgrimages in that country wend their way; and thousands who cannot visit her there, carry her image with them, that they may bow before it to say their prayers. In the ships of the Mediterranean, it may often be seen in the cabin of the captain, with a lamp and burning incense before it, as a protection against the fury of the winds and waves. We have often seen in America the celebration of St. Patrick's day by the Irish, as this is the Patron Saint of Erin, and in their own land the pilgrimages are made to his shrine. In Spain they throng to St. James of Compostella, and in Switzerland to "Our Lady of Einsiedeln!"

In Bavaria may be seen the *Black Lady of Altötting*, and the Shrine of Nepomuc in Prague, the latter being more expensively decorated than any other in the world. There are said to be thirty-seven hundredweight of silver upon the shrine alone. The body of the saint is inclosed in one of crystal, and this is inclosed in one of silver, borne aloft by angels nearly as large as life, of the same solid material, and four others, suspended in the air, weigh nine hundred and ten marks of silver. Here may also be seen the chapel of *St. Wenceslaus*,

the patron saint of cattle, not only in Bohemia, but all southern Germany. His image is almost as common as that of the Virgin, in little nooks by the wayside, upon the balconies of the stables, and in the churchyards, and, like them, also hideous to behold. But the chapel dedicated to his saintship is inlaid with topaz, amethysts, and other precious stones. Alas, how much money is devoted in Germany to honoring the dead, that should be expended upon the living !

But *Our Black Lady of Altötting* seems to have been the longest an object of devotion, as her spiritual empire upon earth dates back to 696, and the gold, gifts, and frankincense, that have been poured out at her feet, bear the names of kings and potentates, from Charlemagne and Otto to Pope Pius VI. Here, as at *Mariazelle*, the Virgin and child are both black, without its derogating at all from the homage that is paid them. They are covered with gold, silver, and brocade, diamonds, and other costly gems, testifying to the sacrifices with which the rich and powerful have been willing to purchase her favor, and still thousands come from the most distant parts of the kingdom to keel at her feet.

One can easily imagine what gala scenes these festive throngs must make, and give to the countries in which they take place the appearance of a perpetual holiday, which we cannot help believing, also, might be spent in a more profitable way.

Another annual festival is that of Easter Monday, but this is also observed among Protestants, and especially in England. It has been more than we could do to learn the fast days and feast days of all the year, and their times and seasons; but Easter begins in April, and on Easter Sunday begin the holidays. Those who do not go to church at any other time, may be seen there at this and on Easter Monday; the gardens,

salons, and promenades, are thronged with pleasure-seekers. But more especially is this festival observed in Vienna, when the *Prater*, the largest park belonging to the city, exhibits a scene of gaiety and finery not elsewhere to be seen. From the highest to the lowest all come forth; the emperor in his robes, and the peasant in his rags. Every variety of regimentals, of every nation under heaven, gleaming swords and waving plumes, are mingled in one grand cavalcade.

The *Prater* consists of little islands formed in the Danube, which break its course and divide it into many small streams, which wind round and round, finding their way as they can for nearly four miles, before they unite again in the broad flowing river. There are avenues and promenades and drives innumerable, with sunny nooks and coquettish shadows, little forests for shelter, and broad gardens for pleasure, coffee-houses, restaurants, and everything man can devise for amusement. But the peasantry are not to be seen as a part of the promiscuous crowd. They form a separate assembly, upon a different part of the same grounds, but where they are not less free to enjoy themselves in their own way. Theirs is called the *Würste Prater*, because the staple article of sale and consumption, as we have seen to be in many other places, is *sausages*—*Würste*. One might think it a regular sausage fair, and it is nearly the same upon every Sunday and other holiday with them. There are a hundred booths hung with all possible forms and varieties, and one continuous stream of smoke from the pans of frying sausages. Every peasant you meet will have in his hand a piece of black bread and sausage, and these will be the contents of every plate, with a pot of beer by its side; all around upon the grass are groups in families or in cliques, and beneath temporary tents, dancing in one, a juggler and his wondering

congregation in another, a circus in the distance, and laughing, singing, and chatting, everywhere.

Those of high degree may be seen wandering through these merry crowds, and often partaking of the humble fare; and deer from the neighboring park come fearlessly up to be fed from the hand, and in the evening the hunter's merry horn summons them to their evening meal, when a whole herd, not less graceful nor beautiful than the fair ladies of the garden, may be seen playing and ambulating upon the greensward. In the evening, fireworks make the whole one brilliantly illuminated scene, and not till far into the night have the princes returned to their palaces, the villagers to their humble homes, and the moon is left to reign supreme over the stillness which it seems almost sacrilege to break, when she sits in her queenly beauty in the blue vault of heaven.

Still more general and more merry is the festival of *Whitsuntide*, which occurs six weeks after *Easter*, and continues two days. It is the only occasion during the summer when every description of labor ceases, and every laborer is free; and this is the same in England and all the Protestant countries of the north, as well as the Catholic countries of the south. It is the universal holiday, and is observed very much like the Fourth of July in America. Whole cities empty themselves into the country, and the thoroughfares in every direction are thronged with crowds in carriages and on foot. The rail-cars are filled, and the fields and forests are alive with the gay multitude. It was in Frankfort-on-the-Maine that we first looked upon the scene. Two miles from the city is a large open Platz in a forest, filled with seats and tables, and made beautiful by all the inventions of art. Restaurants and coffee-houses are near, and

every day, from May to October, may be seen a goodly number of city idlers, and upon all Sundays a crowd leisurely sipping their coffee, walking and chatting in the open air. But on Whitsuntide there is an immense concourse, and some of the features of the festival reminded us of a *grand muster*, as they were wont to be held in America. Hogsheads and barrels of beer are standing here and there under the trees, and the faucet turned for all who would refresh themselves at such a fountain. Tables are loaded with all manner of good cheer, yet so dense is the mass of living people that it is almost impossible to move. The pleasure of making one in such a crowd we could not well understand, as it was hot and dusty, and no provision possible for the comfort of such a multitude. Yet it is one of the festivals of the Church, and must be kept; and among the peasantry of the surrounding country, not to go to the *Forest* on Whitsuntide, would be a great neglect of venerable and sacred institutions. A lady remarked that they would sell their beds and go without food for a week, rather than fail of the means to come from far and near on this occasion. Frankfort professes to be a free city, and is governed by a burgomaster, instead of a prince or duke, but not less stately and lumbering is his equipage as it rolls along the great *Strasse*. There, too, is the carriage of the Rothschilds, black as jet, the horses also black, and liveried servants in black with gold bands, appropriate insignia of such a master. But there are not here, as there are certain to be at an American muster, drunkenness and coarse revelry, noise, and angry confusion. Wine and beer do not have the same effect in this climate as in that, and the police are more numerous, more watchful, and much more feared. Whatever of pleasure they find is enjoyed

quietly, and at eventide they begin to disperse, leaving the old woods grand and still, as if no mirth had ever echoed among their solitudes.

In the country, and among the peasantry everywhere, they dance around the *May pole* at Whitsuntide, as in England on the first of May, and maidens awake in the morning to find their windows and doors hung with wreaths of evergreen and flowers, signs of their lovers' truth. Not one, but many poles may be seen in every village, dressed from top to bottom, and also little arbors in front of every door, called lovers' bowers, in which they sit and sing, or dance and play. They seek everywhere, for this occasion, birchen boughs, and if the festival comes and the leaves of the birch are not yet green, there is great lamentation, and if there is only the slightest appearance of green upon the twigs, they are preferred to all other trees of the forest to hang over the windows and adorn their rooms. Connected with it is also the sport of making wreaths of nettles, which are sometimes placed in beds, or slyly thrown upon those who slumber too late in the morning. At Easter the children make themselves merry by hiding eggs in the grass, when there is a great hunt for them, and great glee when they are found.

Though not among the feasts, yet as an important occasion, and celebrated with special ceremonies, that of Confirmation cannot be excluded. It is the law of the state in every empire, kingdom, principality, and dukedom, that all persons must be members of the Church, and, somewhere between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, every child must be *confirmed*, and thus received into full communion. Three years previous to this period, the pastor of the congregation where their parents attend worship, commences a course of religious instruction,

which is only continued on Sunday afternoons during the first year, but in the two succeeding years, two or three times a week. The catechism is the first book of study, and afterwards the Bible, with which they become very familiar, being obliged to commit a great portion to memory, to compare texts, and repeat those of the same import in different parts of the Old and New Testaments, and tell quickly the chapter and verse where every one is to be found. This catechizing is the same in Catholic as in Protestant provinces, but Catholic children are expected to come to the confessional at the age of eleven.

The knowledge of Scripture is quite wonderful among intelligent children, but before they can be confirmed they must all repair to the *Superintendent* among Protestants, and to the Bishop among Catholics, to be examined as to their fitness; and if he thinks them still too young, or without sufficient appreciation of what is required of them, they must wait another year. In cities, and among the higher classes, the dress for the occasion must be either white or black, and is usually black. When we were present there were thirty or forty girls, all in white muslin, without bonnets. The church was dressed with green and wreaths of flowers, and especially adorned about the altar. The clergyman stood within a railing, and called the names of each, first the girls and then the boys, placing his hand upon the head of each, and repeating the words of consecration. The parents are required to be present, and usually the friends and acquaintances make great effort to be present also. If they receive the communion the same day, they must dress in black, as no one can partake of the emblems in any other color. But in the country, where the peasantry have a peculiar costume, they are allowed to re-

tain this, but whatever dress is worn at this time, and always at the communion, must be kept for this only, and not desecrated by common use.

No one is permitted in the whole country to practise any profession, or work at any trade, or enter upon any business whatever, even making cigars or selling pins, who cannot show the testimony of his pastor to his having been confirmed ; so that it is to him like his passport or certificate of citizenship, and gone through as he pays his taxes, or serves the required period in the army. Often they never afterwards commune or enter a church, and in Prussia have the utmost hatred to the government that requires of them such hypocrisy.

Among the girls it is the passport to young ladyhood and its privileges. Before they are confirmed they are little girls in short dresses, but immediately afterwards assume the long skirts of woman, go to balls, and commence dancing and "chatting with the beaux." It is therefore the much-desired and longed-for period, and looked upon merely as what introduces them to gaiety and happiness. Of balls and dances we have spoken sufficiently elsewhere. They are the one grand and never-failing amusement in all Germany, merely because they are the only common ground of meeting for boys and girls, men and women, to become acquainted and make matches.

Yet above all stands Christmas as the grand national *fête*, and though it is celebrated in England, and now, to some extent, in America, it is only in Germany that it is universal, and the love of its festal joys woven into the hearts of all the people. This is the home and heart *fête*, to the pleasures of which the old never become indifferent, and which the young welcome with a delight which has no equal. Yet the churches are not

trimmed in Germany on Christmas day, as in England and America. There is public service, but it is not made more especially attractive on that day than any other. The peculiar attraction is at home.

In cities a Christmas tree is erected in every dwelling, however humble, and we cannot understand how so universal a devastation of the forests every year does not become a serious evil. They are of all sizes, from three feet to twenty in height, and as the forests are not common property in Germany, every one must be paid for, and costs from twenty-five cents to three dollars, according to size, and also according to the price asked for them by government. But sometimes families who live far from woods, and cannot afford to buy a tree every year, plant one in a large box, which in the summer is allowed to stand out doors, and in the winter is removed to the cellar, being brought forth only upon Christmas week. The manner of trimming it and making all the arrangements is similar everywhere, in some respects, and yet varies in every family according to the means and taste of the individuals. In the south, too, there are some essential differences from anything which is done in the north. It is not always observed on the same evening, but any evening during Christmas week, and in families, first in one house and then in another. We happened to pass from the extreme south to the extreme north during Christmas week, and so observed the peculiarities among many people.

In the southern cities little booths make their appearance again upon the Platz, as in the time of the fairs, and are filled with all things beautiful and fair to look upon, with things curious, and things monstrous, and things meant to be divine. Everywhere are to be seen little stacks of what appear to be

stick-brooms of dark brown, or black color, tied in the middle, and making a stiff brush at both ends. What special mission have these at a Christmas festival? They are for the *Pelz-nickels* to punish disobedient children.

A long time before Christmas, usually the first week in December, there enters a messenger into every dwelling, who is the especial terror of all the children, not only because his whole aspect is terrific, but also because he seems to be acquainted with all their lives, and to know whether they have been good and obedient, and therefore deserving of a merry Christmas, or whether they must be punished by having no gifts, and be condemned to solitude during the time others are happy together. At the north he is called the *Knecht Ruprecht*, and is considered to be the messenger of Christ, sent by him to make these inquiries and promises. To those too young to understand that it is all a farce, he is looked upon as a genuine prophet, and what he says either fills them with the greatest joy or causes them the greatest sorrow. Among many families the custom is given up, as the children are so frightened, that serious consequences sometimes follow, and it is seldom that a child for any fault is deprived of his Christmas pleasure.

On Christmas eve a good prophet comes in the form of a blooming maiden, dressed in white, who sometimes pronounces forgiveness to those whom *Pelz-nickels* has condemned, and in obedience to her command the door opens and exhibits to them the little world of treasures that have been prepared. The Christmas tree that we saw was fourteen feet in height, and eight in circumference. The last thing before the door opens is to light the candles, which are only three or four inches in length, and of all colors, suspended by slight threads to the

twigs. Besides these, are little silver balls and spangles, with every variety of toy and knick-knack, all of bright colors. Under the tree was a miniature landscape, formed by moss and trees of liliputian dimensions—mountains in the back ground, a valley and meadow, a silver brook, and little hills. The principal feature was a stable, and in the manger the Christ child with the mother, and Joseph watching by. Far off are the shepherds on their way to fall down and worship him, and the star gleams above that guides them to the spot. In the garden leaps and sparkles a little fountain, and horses, cows and sheep, are browsing in the fields. Our words may help the imagination to picture the scene, but a description can give but a faint impression of the reality.

Through the centre of the room is a long table covered with presents for the little folks, and standing by the walls are smaller ones, with something special for each. When the three hundred lights, and two thousand spangles shed their radiance over all, it is a fairy land, and we can scarcely believe we are in the ordinary world. But the clapping and dancing and singing of the children are still the most beautiful of all. One little boy runs all around, kissing everybody, not at all knowing what he is about, only that he is thus relieved of his excess of exhilaration. "Oh, what a beautiful Christmas, what a beautiful Christmas!" he exclaims, even after he is asleep, when weariness and slumber cannot restrain him from clapping his hands for joy.

Nuremberg is the great toy mart, as we have said, and nearly all that is especially fine and beautiful has come from there. Upon the table may be seen a Swiss village comprehending in the area of a square yard all that one sees in a veritable *Dorf*. The houses are perfect in their construc-

tion, and in the stable and cow yard the hay and straw are strewn about as if veritable animals were there, the loft is filled, horses are in the stalls, the curry-comb hangs over head, the bucket to give them drink, and the stick broom to sweep the floor.

In another direction is a forest and a hunting scene, with stags and hounds in full gallop through the woods. In the distance a fortress just scaled by the enemy, and on an open field a battle, the men being made to shoot and to run by curious machinery, just as the flash of arms fills the air with smoke. One little boy finds himself in a suit of armor, another in regimentals, and for all, are added also, articles of dress, dolls and baby-houses for the girls, and more costly tokens of love or charity for their elders.

Is it the same every year, we ask ? The same, with sufficient variation for surprise ; but the peculiar joy is always the same, for it comes to the parents freighted with remembrances of their own happy childhood, and in many houses may be seen a glass-case with shelves, upon which are arranged the gifts of years, or enough to mark each season, and call up the past with its hours of love and pleasure. In one we saw the first toy the mother received in her infancy, and now she had by its side the first over which several children had crowed with delight.

For weeks before all are busy with their secret preparations, and each one receives something that is wrought by the hands of the giver. But not the least pleasant characteristic of Christmas time is, that the poor are universally remembered. Every family of good position has one or two for whose joys it cares on this occasion, and whose homes are brightened with

gifts from generous and loving hands. Some who are rich give in Christmas presents, of all kinds, thousands of dollars, and we knew a person who bestowed fifteen thousand in charity in one year. In Hamburg, which is one of the richest cities of Germany, half a million of dollars are sometimes spent in this way, which we must think is carrying it to excess.

Among the peasantry, a Christmas tree is never used, and they do not give presents. They have a dinner which is the best of the year, and at which they have for variety white bread, though not always, the same in other respects as it is in England, and always a dance in the evening. In some provinces there is service in the church very early in the morning. In a small village in the kingdom of Hanover, we arose at the summons of the bell, at five in the morning, and were rewarded by one of the most curious exhibitions we have seen. Every person entered carrying a lighted tallow candle, and the clergyman's family, and some others of a higher class than peasantry, bore one in each hand, or had them carried by their servants. In this way the church was lighted, and when all had assembled, we saw every woman and young girl in uniform, which was a dress of dark stuff and a fine lace cape or a sort of under kerchief, coming down to a point in front with a double ruffle round the neck, a little lace cap of the same, and a white apron. How perfectly neat and pretty they looked ; but we marveled to see so fine lace upon people whose surroundings in every other respect indicated the greatest poverty. Then we learned that this little town was famous for the manufacture of this article, and had supplied many a dress and kerchief for the queen and royal ladies of England. It takes the little leisure time of many years to make

what they wear themselves, and they provide it especially for their confirmation, and only wear it on this occasion, at communion and Christmas. The same articles are often handed down through many generations.

When the church service was finished, each one blew out his candle and retired.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMUSEMENTS CONTINUED—OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY—CHANGE OF MANNERS IN THE NEW WORLD—PEASANT MANNERS IN THURINGIA—FEAST OF THE GRASKONIG OR GRASSKING—WEDDING FESTIVITIES—COSTUME—UNIVERSAL FONDNESS FOR SPORT—INQUISITIVENESS—PENURIOUSNESS.

Nothing amazes the people in Germany more than that we are able to live without all these amusements. "You have no holiday but Sunday," exclaims a lady, and when we tell her this is a ho-ly, and not a hol-y-day, she is still more amazed.

"Why, what can you do all the afternoon and evening," asks a young man, "if you do not ride, or walk, or dance?" Alas! we should hardly dare to tell them how Sunday is spent with us, any more than we should dare to tell Americans exactly how Sunday is spent here. "And you have no festal days?" asks an old lady. "Only Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July." "But that is a national celebration, and not a feast for God." We could hardly prevent a smile as we answered, there seemed to be little thought of God in the way they kept Sunday, or other festal days. "Oh, yes," she said, "we go to church in the morning." Yes, and the more we see of them, and talk with them, we are sure they are really pious and devout. Their faith is not less orthodox than that of Americans, and as great a proportion, perhaps, are sincere and heart-renewed Christians. That they differ about the manner of

spending Sunday evening, and in many other things, is not proof that their religion is not sound. They will tell you on good authority that Luther danced on Sunday, and joined heartily in all the sports of which they are so fond.

Having heard the origin of these feasts, and seen how they are inwoven with the life of the people, and associated with all the events of their history, we also see them in a different light than when we merely looked on, knowing and thinking no farther than the present moment, and wondering, as every one must, that a whole people, old and young, should enter so heartily into sports that the children of other countries consider almost too trivial for their amusement. The parents and grandparents relate around the fireside the stories which have come down to them for centuries, and thus the links are kept unbroken of a long chain of family and national history, as precious and glorious to them as the deeds of our fathers at Bunker Hill and Saratoga.

It is not less remarkable that when they go to America they give them all up. The chain is broken. They cannot worship in the same church, cannot dance on the same green. They have now a new world and life before them,—a new future to make for their children. They have also enough to employ their minds and energies, in learning about the new government in which they are so proud to feel they may take a share, and in teaching their children the responsibilities of their new position. They remember the fatherland with the deepest reverence and affection; but it would only be a farce for a village here and there, or a few families to try to keep up the customs of the old world upon the prairie and in the wilderness. We often hear it spoken of by their friends, how strange it is they become so soon Americans in every thought and feeling, and so attached to their new homes. But being now quite thoroughly acquainted

with both worlds, we do not wonder at all at the love they bear "to the land to which they go;" and no less do we wonder at the love of all her children for the fatherland, which they leave. The tone with which every German speaks this one word has in it a depth and meaning which no other lips can convey, which, perhaps, no other heart can exactly feel. It has more than once brought tears to our eyes. How long they have been a people—how long they have lived upon the same soil—how much they have suffered for themselves and others, all tending to root their hearts to every hill and valley, rock and fern. Our fatherland! we do not wonder it is so dear.

Yet it is true that many of the old festal days are no longer observed even here, that a new life is springing up among the people on their own soil. Each revolution disturbs the old order of things and awakes them from their dreams. Especially did the turmoil of 1848 demolish forever many a festal board and many a long-cherished monument of other days. Railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs also have an influence, though they operate much slower here than elsewhere, because they are all government machines, which the people cannot wield for themselves. By various causes they have been reduced in half a century from three hundred to thirty-five different states, and never themselves give up the hope of one united fatherland. Yet the districts where quite distinct customs obtain are still as many as two hundred, and there are still to be observed as many, perhaps more varieties in dress, that give to those who wear them something peculiar and characteristic. In the observation of feasts there is a general resemblance, and yet in each little *Gau* or county there will be something entirely its own, which is with reluctance given up, and which others do not seem disposed to adopt.

The same is true of the dwellings. While there are four

principal forms—north, south, east, and west, there are also slight variations, though these are by no means so numerous as those of dress and merry-makings. In the east, among the Slavonic population, the houses are square, and have out-houses separate, small, for each separate purpose. In the Black Forest we have seen the great overhanging roof, shutting out all the light as well as air, and the cattle, sheep, and pigs, a part of the family. In the Thuringian forest they stand mostly apart from each other, with a little garden, a May tree around which to dance, a well with an old “oaken bucket,” if upon the plain, and an aqueduct and *Brunnen*, if upon the hill. Within is the family room, the kitchen, the stable, one or two sleeping rooms, and the open place under the roof. The great porcelain stove is the soul of the house, around which, summer and winter, day and night, gather all joy and all life. It warms the cattle, who nestle at its back ; the dog and the cat, who creep beneath ; and the family, who form a circle around. Cages for birds are hanging before the windows and upon the wall, and in the spring a wire *coop* is made beneath the stove, divided into compartments for the chickens, goslings, and little pigs, who come too early to be warmed by the sun, having the gift of foresight, we presume, that tells them it matters little among their hospitable masters whether they make their appearance at one time of the year or another. Notwithstanding this incongruous multitude there are a neatness and order which are not to be found among some other clans. The wooden tables are scoured to snowy whiteness, and the copper kettles and pewter spoons dazzle upon the walls, where they hang from little wooden shelves with holes just large enough to admit each handle. Under the little looking-glass hangs by a string the family comb and the almanac, and the days of the month and

week are kept with chalk over the door. As we have said elsewhere, these are the manufactories for the toys that supply all Christendom ; and here each member of the family is busy all winter upon whatever is suited to his capacity. Close by the stove hangs the bellows, and against the wall stand long wooden benches, which serve instead of chairs. The Thuringian is said to unite all the best qualities of north and south, being remarkably true-hearted and hospitable, reflecting and diligent, yet entering with zest into all scenes of merriment; as one of their authors expresses it, "there is ever a deep thought in their heads and ever a light song upon their lips." They are the richest in sagas and superstitions, and, besides the usual great festivals, have many peculiar to themselves.

On Christmas eve they wend their way in solemn procession to a pyramid of stones which has been erected upon the top of a hill, each with a torch in his hand, and singing Christmas songs. After a few times marching around the pyramid, they all cast upon it their torches, and return singing from a book by the light of candles and lanterns, musicians accompanying them with their instruments. At twelve o'clock at night all the bells of the city or village ring in concert, then all the people sing, alternating in this way three times, when a dance closes the solemnity.

In Pfingsten week is celebrated the feast of the Graskonig—Grass-king—in one of the oldest market towns, in consequence of a legend which relates that Boniface built here the first chapel, and to work a miracle in favor of the truth thrust his cane into the earth, which immediately became a wonderful and beautiful green tree. The festival commences by dressing a youth in green poplar twigs, with a wreath of flowers upon his head. He is then placed upon a horse, preceded by two

riders with white staves, in Sunday dress, and near him two youths to guide his horse. In this way, followed by musicians also upon horses, they go through the principal streets in the midst of a crowd of spectators. First they stop before the hall of justice, then at the doors of the nobility and wealthy burghers, and receive gifts. Afterwards they proceed to a neighboring mountain, where the Grass-king is lifted from his horse and stripped of his green robes, when every one hastens to obtain a twig, believing that if it is planted upon a flax field there will be an abundant crop.

The wedding festivities are something different from those we have before seen, though from these, too, there are few variations. Among all the peasantry of the north will be found the grand cavalcade we described, with some slight provincial additions. In the Thuringian forest and middle Germany, *eine grosse Hochzeit*—a grand wedding—is after this fashion: The betrothal must take place a half year before, in order that the necessary preparations may be made. One ox, many pigs, and a whole flock of poultry, must be fattened for the occasion. Eight days previous, the kitchen and pantries exhibit a scene something like those in New England the week before Thanksgiving. The beef must be slaughtered, the chickens must be picked, barrels of beer brewed and brandy distilled, and all manner of cakes and pastry made, though we never see anything exactly like a pie in Germany. In these preparations the parents of both bride and bridegroom participate, and all the near family relations.

The first time the bans are published in church, the bride appears in her wedding dress and wreath. The school-teacher of the village invites the guests, except the god-parents, who must be invited by the bride. On entering each dwelling he

must exhibit a pocket handkerchief, with a bunch of rosemary, which the bride has given him, as the badge of his office.

If the invitations are given on Tuesday, it is understood the wedding festivities will last from five to six days ; if on Thursday, only from three to four days. The first is the true wedding day, as on that the marriage ceremony is performed. Early in the morning appear before the door of the bride four musicians, to play what is called their morning blessing—a sacred song, repeated on all such occasions—and then follows a dance. Afterwards the guests assemble at breakfast, which being finished, all go together at eleven to church, amidst the solemn ringing of bells and the performance of music. The bride with her wreath and bridal shawl, and the bridegroom in his whole new suit from top to toe, a great *bouquet* upon one arm, and on each side the bridesmaids. Then come the parents and god-parents, with their remaining guests, each with a new handkerchief and bunch of rosemary, which they receive from the bride. The procession is closed by an old woman, carrying a sack of little cakes, very dry and hard, that she rattles out among the crowd. Service is first performed, and immediately follows the marriage ceremony. The bride accompanies the bridegroom to the altar, keeping as close to him as possible, with her eyes almost shut, in order that the people need not say she is looking about for another husband. On leaving the church, the bridegroom gives to the surrounding guests each a piece of silver or copper, and amid the same band of music they return to the house, to partake of the wedding dinner. Several tables are laid, at the first of which sit the bridal pair, and at the last the musicians, who are expected to play and not eat. At the beginning of the meal the school-teacher says grace, and after it is finished, all join in the song, “ To God all

thanks be given," which seems to be in Germany a sort of national hymn, heard on almost every festal occasion. The dinner is, first, rice soup, then beef with horse-radish, a ragout of beef and pork, a sort of soup of macaroni, the universal cake with *Zwetschen*, which is washed down with copious draughts of brandy, then *Ricebrei*, which is a sort of pudding of boiled rice and stewed apples, mashed fine together, and lastly, salad with hard-boiled eggs. A slice of each roast, of each sausage, and a piece of a certain kind of cake and four fritters, are placed before each person as a *wedding package*, to be carried home, which is taken in a basket immediately after the singing of the song. Once a plate is passed for a *collection* for the Church, the musicians, the cook, the maid who washes the dishes, and the waiters. After dinner begins the dance, during which the beer glass circulates freely. At midnight coffee is served, and not till daybreak do they cease.

The second is called the *gift day*, because the principal ceremony is the *giving of gifts*. At eleven in the forenoon a soup is eaten, after which the bride and bridegroom seat themselves at the table, with a clerk, who records each gift and the giver's name. First is the *Kissen*, or pillow of the god-parents, so called because originally they gave only a feather pillow with the coverings. Now they put a dollar in the plate standing upon the table, and some gold into the hand of the bride, in the midst of many *Glück wünschen*—prayers for long life and happiness—after which both stand up, and with tears in their eyes, express their thanks, and in a full glass the health of the god-parents drink. The same ceremony is repeated by each guest, and of course must require many hours. The dinner is then finished, each one taking a portion away, as the day before, only not so much, and dance and sport finish the evening,

when many return home to permit others to come, that all may share in the *Hochzeit* feast.

The third is called the *fools' day*, as it is entirely given to games and sport—riddles and jokes—one of which is, to draw each other on a wheelbarrow, over stocks and stones, and fill the whole country with shouts and laughter. The fourth is only a little different from the preceding, and the fifth is the trotting day, upon which they all *trot* homewards, to spend the next day in sleep and idleness.

One cannot help marveling how they can afford so much time for merriment ; but as no people work so hard, or accomplish so much, it must be presumed the time is not mis-spent.

The costume among the Thuringians is almost as various as the shadows upon their hills and in their valleys. They are still subject to masters, instead of owning the little bit of land they till, and where this is the case changes are not so frequent. In rainy weather the women may be seen with a great mantle of brown linen, which covers them from top to toe, and which in sunshine they roll up and carry under the arm, seldom going out without it, as their climate is as fickle as other skies in April, and they are liable at any time to be surprised by a shower. In the eastern parts, the old men wear small-clothes of leather, long dark cloth coats, with bright buttons ; shoes with buckles, and three-cornered hats. But the youth have one uniform dress throughout Thuringia—high boots, cloth small-clothes, green or blue jacket, and a light cloth cap. At their work, the men are often seen with a white or blue shirt over their jackets. The women, as elsewhere, retain more tenaciously the peculiarities of the olden time, and the cap is the article they put off, or change last. The foundation or crown-

piece is often of silk and velvet, with genuine gold and silver ornaments, with ribbons in great bows and knots, and streamers falling down behind. Real Brussels lace, too, forms the border. Sometimes the whole is surmounted by a plume, with great knots of ribbon upon the top. On ordinary occasions, a turban is wreathed about the head, with the grace of an Indian princess, the ends falling at the side. The dress is the full, many-plaited skirt of cloth, bordered with a different color, and the bodice in front variegated.

In the fields the women wear a curious little cap-shaped hat, with green ribbons and rosettes. Very coquettishly is this donned by young girls.

The burgher class retained a peculiar dress longer than almost anywhere else, and were always to be seen in church, with gold or silver caps, bordered with rich lace, and gold or white ribbons; white neckerchief and white stockings; black apron and black shoes; a large silk cape, pointed before and behind, and trimmed with lace; and over all a heavy blue cloth mantle. Brides of all classes must wear this mantle during the marriage ceremony, and one often descends through many generations.

It is a favorite diversion of young ladies in cities, at weddings or parties, to procure the costume of past ages, and assuming, as far as possible, manners to correspond, appear as princess or duchess, or other titled lady, for an hour, to the infinite amusement of the company. They look so curious and outlandish that it seems impossible they could ever have been worn. Yet, some only half a century old are as unlike the modern mode as those of the year twelve hundred. There is no class of people in Germany whose religion prompts them to frown upon sport, and the aged never lose their relish for

fun. We lived some weeks in a quiet house, with two old ladies, of whom one had been married and lost her husband in early youth, and the other was betrothed and lost her lover about the same time. They had a large house, and took boarders for a week, or a month, or a year, and always endeavored to have a few young people, in order to keep themselves fresh and bright. They were intelligent, refined and dignified ladies, but the young men and young girls felt not the least restraint in their presence; if there was an excursion, a sail on the river, a wedding or a dance, they were expected to go, and in everything that could make an hour pass gaily after the work was done, their hands were not less ready than the maiden of sixteen. To "*help*" they had always one or two, who were betrothed, and wished to spend the six months previous to marriage in learning to cook. They were sometimes girls of noble families. All the forenoon they were in morning-gown, long apron, and little white cap, cooking and serving, as merry as larks, but diligent and attentive to their work. Their hands and arms were as large and red as those of any cook, though their faces were beautiful, and their manners entirely lady-like. As the tea, like the breakfast, is little more than a roll and butter, they had not much to do after dinner, as there were also a man and maid-servant for the drudgery. In the evening they were therefore free, and when a walk or party did not engage them, they were always planning something for sport at home, like dressing an image and placing it in some young man's room, knowing he would come home about dark, and entering, would think a lady sat by his window. Or, dressing themselves in antique fashion and getting up theatricals, all laughing and enjoying themselves, as a similar American family would not think it proper to do more than once a year. We do not see that it

derogates at all from the respect the young pay to the old, but on the contrary, preserves it. The "old ladies" are never considered in the way, never the least damp upon their youthful exuberance. "When they work hard they must play," the old lady said, "and as long as they keep within the bounds of what is right we do not wish to restrain them." In other respects their characteristics are very similar to those of New England women. Living within a very narrow sphere—neither by enlarged reading nor traveling, seeing much of the world, they become narrow-minded, suspicious and censorious. Everybody must follow exactly their rudder in all things in order to be right, and observing only from their own chimney corner, their judgments are very apt to be clouded by the smoke and dust around them. Our young companion, who had just come from England, was often in a fret, because she said they were so *neugierig*, so curious and inquisitive, and we have since been annoyed by the same, and heard it quite as thoroughly ridiculed and condemned among themselves. What a string of questions they will ask concerning one's grandfather, great-grandfather and all the preceding grandfathers. Why we go here, and why we don't go there. What we are doing, and what we intend to do, with plenty of advice about what we should do. Yet all this we have heard from the same class of women at home, and have found women in Germany above such pettiness—liberal, enlightened, and polite. Frederika Bremer thought it was very *green* for Americans to ask her continually "how she liked America;" but in this very old world, we have scarcely met a person who did not ask us the same question with regard to Germany, and quite as sensitive they are about the reply—quite sure they are in all things perfect, and an author who does not say so may hope for as little favor in their eyes.

But it is our experience in all lands, that *dreadfully good people* are not always the best. Those who make the greatest parade of their piety, wisdom, or virtue, are not always sure to exhibit true godliness, in its simplicity and truth, in their lives. Those who think the highest and almost the only Christian duty is, to exercise watchfulness over others, might, with good grace and much profit, turn their eyes within, and analyze the motives which prompt their charitable criticisms and reproaches. There are multitudes of people in America who think it wicked to dance, and indulge in various diversions, to whom it has never occurred that it is wicked to fret, or mope, or be guilty of all uncharitableness. A little amusement would divert their minds and so lighten their hearts that they would be infinitely better fitted for devotion, be much happier themselves, and make those around them far less miserable.

We have found in Germany, as elsewhere, that women thrown upon their own resources, and obliged to *calculate* for themselves, calculate much more closely than men, are more exacting and less generous. No position more surely develops all that is disagreeable in a woman's nature, and makes her what the world calls *masculine*, than one which obliges her to fill, in a household, the station of both man and woman. For this she deserves our pity, not our censure. Many in this position profess an infinite contempt for a lady who is obliged to write for a living, because it brings her into the public arena usually occupied by men. But a woman engaged in literary pursuits will not become so masculine in a lifetime, as one who occupies a man's position in a household will become in a single year. The peculiar characteristics of the latter, however, moving in her small circle, will scarcely be known outside of it,

except to those who deal with her in transactions that the world considers in all respects womanly; and so, if she be dishonest, mean and exacting, her faults will be ascribed to her nature, and not to her position; while they may, in truth, be owing to both.

CHAPTER XXV.

MINERS AND LACE WEAVERS OF SAXONY—FARMERS OF SCHLESWIG
HOLSTEIN, OF WESTPHALIA, AND OLDENBURG, AND OF NORTH-
ERN PRUSSIA—SUPERSTITIONS—AMBER FISHERIES—COSTUMES—
DUTCH SETTLERS ON THE VISTULA—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY AT
BERLIN—PFINGSTEN.

WE have once or twice alluded to the wretched condition of the poor lace weavers and mine diggers of Saxony. Not within the limits of Germany proper are there any other dwellings so miserable, any other people so destitute of all the comforts of life. Among the Erz mountains, travelers go to view the wildest, most grand, and picturesque scenery, and in their region are some of the most frequented mineral baths. Erz is the German for ore or mines, and in the heart of these mountains lies one of the greatest sources of Prussia's wealth. The habitations of those who descend into the earth to bring it forth, are of mud, lined with moss or turf, and covered with boards. Something like isinglass is used for windows, but they are all patched with paper or stuffed with moss. If they have preserved a bedstead through many generations, there will be one still in the cottage, but otherwise we shall find only straw without covering, upon which they throw themselves with scarcely more ceremony than pigs. A wooden chest and a few stools complete the furniture. Yet this is more thickly populated than any other district. Three or four families live under one such roof, the dividing lines being chalk, instead of a stick of wood, as with the Laplander. Here dwell the weavers of linen, those

who make lace, and here are also made great quantities of wooden ware. There is no end to their industry, no relief to their labor. Like those we have seen in the vine districts, they carry earth and manure for miles to cover the naked rocks, in order to make them fruitful, often to see the whole result of their labor swept away by the first tempest. Oats, flax, and potatoes are all they try to raise, and these must be harvested where the chamois scarcely ventures to climb. In the winter they are almost buried in snow, which falls in such masses that during a single night every window and door is stopped, and they must make a hole through the roof to go forth. Drifts are heaped in every direction, twenty to thirty feet deep, through which they do not attempt to make a path, but like the Indian and the Laplander, glide over the tops upon snow-shoes. Among these mountaineers sledging is a favorite amusement, and *sliding down hill*, not only what the children like, but what they are obliged to do, if they will go at all !

Like all who dwell among mountains, too, they love their rocks and dells, and whilst always wandering in other lands, are forever longing to return. With their packs they are seen in every clime—men, women, and children—and from oldest to youngest are busy in some species of handiwork. Little boys make lace and embroider muslin, till their hands become too hard and stiff, and they cannot afford even a woman or child to rock the cradle. The Indian mother and the Laplander consign their little ones to the winds to lull them, but here the waters perform this motherly office. By a simple machinery, little wheels or paddles connect with the cradle, which are turned by the dashing stream, and as well by the music as the motion the little ones are hushed to slumber. Where a waterfall is foaming upon every cliff and in every crevice, it is not

difficult to get all the cradles rocked, even in this strange fashion, and even when children are more plenty than chickens and pigs ; but it is a funny sight to see a cataract rocking and singing a baby to sleep.

Scarcely a mouthful of anything but potatoes passes their lips during all the year, and this without butter, or any condiment but salt. The women, therefore, spend very little time in cooking. The shuttle and the bobbin keep their hands in unceasing motion, while the hammer and the pickaxe keep time in the depths below. Yet the festal days do not pass unheeded. For Christmas they manage to get a sausage and a salad, an oil lamp, and a few knicknacks, and the echoes tell of happy hearts, if it is true that only those who are glad can sing. The long winter evenings are spent by the young men in wooing, and the old men in telling of the days that are past, and so wanes the lamp of life ; and who shall say there is really less happiness in the hut than in the palace ?

Yet a pleasing contrast to these are the great farmhouses at the north, and in spite of our philosophy, we cannot help associating happiness with physical comfort.

As we have elsewhere said, upon what are called the marshes of Schleswig Holstein, there is neither prince nor noble, though one of their historians has said that the earth—composed of noble dust—is made of the corpses of those that have been slain in the struggles for freedom. Now they are a peasant aristocracy, but with no gradations of rank among themselves. The labor which they hire is performed by the poor Jutlander, who comes in summer and returns to his hut in winter. They are farmers, and though they work hard, it is upon their own free soil. The youngest son is the heir to the parental estate, and the others must be provided for through marriage, like the

sons of nobles. The house is usually but one story, very long, with red tiled roof, and imbedded in shrubbery and flowers. Tall trees and forests are not natives of the soil, but wide extending plains of wheat, rye, oats, and barley, and in some districts hundreds of acres devoted to herds, from which are driven forty or fifty thousand in one autumn to Hamburg market, and sent from there over the whole earth, in the form of smoked and salt beef!

The gala dress of the people is the richest and costliest, and in their great comfortable rooms are found the luxurious furniture of the cities. On the eastern side of the peninsula, which includes the little spot called Angeln, there is the true English culture, the farmers being surrounded by the blooming hedges, and producing the best butter and cheese in all *Deutschland*. Here the eldest instead of the youngest sons inherit the original estate, which must be preserved whole through all generations; but if parcels have been since purchased and added, these may be shared among other members of the family. Here the stables and outhouses are separate from the dwelling, and the milk-room is often a great cellar by itself, with enough room above ground to admit of windows and air-holes, that there may be free circulation. Here, upon shelves, in great flat, wooden pans, each with a red stripe around the top, the milk is set for the cream to rise, and from which the thick yellow mass is daily removed and churned, a horse being made to turn the dash.

In Westphalia and Oldenburg, the stately oaks and elms, the long avenues of lindens, with the thick groves of beech and birch, give the *Hof* a more princely appearance, as we have elsewhere described. Here the magpies chatter among the trees, and the kingly stork builds its nest upon the roof.

How solemnly he flaps his great wings as he descends from his high estate to seek his food upon the earth. What does he eat? Frogs; and how stately his steps and keen his glance, as he wends his way to the marshy pond, to seize his prey. The graceful swan is sailing on the surface, and ducks and ducklings of every hue are paddling their way to shore.

In the great family room the fire is never permitted to go out, except when the head of the household dies, and then it must be kindled by the new heir. "Take a place by my fire," is the phrase of hospitality to all who come, as one very similar was with the Indian. In some places the bridegroom must take the bride in his arms and carry her three times round the great kettle-hook, as in this way will be inspired a love for her new home.

Among some of the peasants of the northern part of Prussia, are burial customs resembling those among the Indians. As soon as a person dies, the window is opened that the spirit may have free egress, and yet a piece of money is placed in the mouth to supply its wants, either by the way or in the other world. In the coffin the Indian puts a bow and arrow, and some maize, and the German peasant, a bowl and spoon, the comb which belonged to the deceased, and the hair last combed from his head. Among others, they sing half the night before the burial takes place, and from seven in the morning till two in the afternoon, then eat pea-mush and drink brandy, after which they accompany the corpse to the grave, singing by the way, and believing the more they sing the happier the spirit will be in heaven. In this case each relative deposits something in the coffin, a piece of his coat, or shirt, or neckerchief, and a lock of hair, with a flask of brandy.

When a child is born, it must not be wrapped in any per-

sonal apparel, lest its morals be injured. Before it is washed, if a boy, it must be set upon a horse, which is brought into the room on purpose, and if a girl, the little hand must be made to clasp a churn-dash, the propensities of each being influenced for life thereby. Whilst it is being washed, a piece of money is repeatedly whirled about in the tub, which will insure to it future wealth. One would think they would speedily be cured of this superstition in their miserable poverty. The first swaddling-band must be the bridal ribbon of the mother, and the first dress must be of something old, else the child will wear out its clothes fast all its life. That it may not be carried off by pigmies before it is baptized, a leaf from the Bible is laid under its pillow. When the mother carries it to be christened, she reads by the way in the Bible, and prays whilst watching it, then it will early learn to read, and to further the same object, the father places some written or printed sentences among its clothes. A boy and a girl cannot be baptized with the same water, as the girl will thereby have a beard, and the boy be morally injured. When they return from church, the father takes it in his arms and runs with all possible speed over the threshold, as this will make it nimble.

To enumerate the superstitions of Germany, would be to write volumes. There are blue spirits and grey, black spirits and white, naiads in the woods, and mermaids in the streams ; pigmies in the earth, invisible messengers in the air, and fairies under every green leaf.

It is within our remembrance, in New England, to have seen cows bewitched, and we have seen them bewitched in the same way here, and the same charm used to restore them to health. Children are frightened by white ladies in the churchyard and black ladies in the forest, and no event of life is so trifling that

it is not influenced by supernatural interposition. The beautiful story of the Amber Witch would have no improbability among these people, and, indeed might be true of itself. Had we not read that simple story, we might not have thought of the *Bernstein*, or amber fisheries, on the coast of the North and East Sea, where men, women, and children stand amid the foaming waves till their clothes are frozen to their bodies to catch every particle of the bright shining mineral which the tide or storm floats to the shore, though learned men think they have discovered it to be, not a mineral, but the heart of a tree which belonged to the antediluvian world, or a time almost as ancient. Thousands of pounds are caught in a year, of which the most beautiful specimens may be seen in the museums of Berlin. As the reward of their labor depends entirely upon chance, if one is more lucky than the rest, he will, very likely, be accused of being a favorite of the witches, as was the poor little girl who, against her will, found her apron filled, she scarcely knew how, every time she went upon the beach. It is a more perilous and laborious life than the fishing for fishes, and in these latter days is not so well rewarded. But not more attached are the Swiss to their mountains than the fishermen to their bleak coast and the music of the winds and waves upon the far-off sea. The villages where they live, and their cots, have a pretty and neat appearance, that is not found among those of similar means further inland. The streets are not paved, and the houses have but one story, but the roof is of tile, and chimneys convey the smoke away, which is not the case only a little farther south among the peasantry. The walls are of brick, sometimes painted, and sometimes having only the balcony ornamented with stripes, to correspond with similar ornaments upon the doors and windows. The panes of

glass are large, and either clear or stained in bright colors and the frame of iron work, clean and glistening like that upon a ship of war. A pretty fence surrounds the house, inclosing also a flower-bed, a vegetable garden, and a few fruit trees. All is so prim and neat, one cannot help thinking they are now and then washed by the waves ; and within, it is certain, busy hands have scrubbed and scoured. The floor is white, and in the walls are the berths, like a ship's cabin, and all the fashioning of the ceiling and carved work is after the same model, and with great taste and elegance, being wrought in winter during the leisure hours of the sea-faring man. The mantel ornaments, instead of being porcelain, are shells, curious bones, and dried fishes, as the instruments with which they gather them are the line and net, instead of the spade and plough. Their trade is also with fish. With it they buy their bread, their butter, and clothes. The women take care of the garden, and sometimes cultivate a bit of land. But the fisherman lives upon the sea.

Their dress is only peculiar in form, the color is brown and grey—a broad jacket with buttons of cocoa-nut shell, or black horn ; home-made drilling or ticking small-clothes, two pairs over one another, and over these, white linen fishing pantaloons, reaching halfway to the ankle, so wide that they look like an apron ; black stockings, and shoes bound with leather, and a round hat with broad brim.

The women wear first, a white linen cap, and over this a black cone-shaped cap, stuffed with wool, and coming low upon the forehead, which, upon the married women, is trimmed with ribbons, and left plain upon those of young girls. Over this is yet a straw hat. The chemise has no sleeves, but over it is worn a jacket of finer linen with long sleeves. The bodice is

of home-made cloth, embroidered and ornamented with gold or silver threads.

This is also the dress of the peasants of Pomerania, Rügen, and other adjacent islands, and the customs of all are nearly the same. Over every door is a sign called the *Wahrzeichen*—true sign—which indicates the condition and occupation of the owner—a fish or an anchor, a spade or a cross, triangle or ring, each knowing the sign of the other as well as if it were a written name.

Here if a maiden or widow has property in her own right, she has the privilege of choosing a husband, and making the first proposition, which, being conventional, by law and custom, is of course proper. Both the parents of the bride and bridegroom contribute to the expenses of the wedding, and the bridal train proceeds to church in the manner we saw in the Black Forest, forming two lines, till they reach the church door, where they unite and greet the bride. After the ceremony the men return to the wedding-house, but the bride, bridesmaids, and women go to another, where they are greeted by a speech from one of the women, over a mug of warm beer. Towards evening a pistol is fired before the door, when one of the officials of the day enters, bringing a can of beer, which is passed around in the midst of another speech, when they all return together to the house of the bride, where the dinner awaits them, during which the bridegroom sits at a table among the women, and the bride at another among the men.

In some places the door of the house is fastened when the bridal train returns from church, and must not for a long time be opened. After a while some one comes with a loaf of bread and a jug of beer, from which the bride, then the bridegroom and each guest must drink, before entering, and bite also a bit

from the loaf of bread, which is not eaten at the time, but preserved as a charm. In other places the bride must stand upon the hearth before the fire and taste of everything in pot and kettle before it is served. The token of betrothal is a hymn-book instead of a ring, which is carried about on all possible occasions, and certainly is not so convenient a testimony to her honor as something that may be worn upon the finger. Among another tribe or clan, after the marriage ceremony, the young men give the bridegroom a few strokes with a whip, that he may know *how good it is*, and spare his wife a similar pain ; then he brings her beer and bread, as a sign that he will henceforth provide for her. She must not visit her parents after the wedding, till she has been to church on the following Sunday, else she will not prosper in her married life.

Among all the German and Dutch colonies in other parts of Europe, they preserve their own peculiar customs and way of life, instead of adopting new as they do in America, and incorporating themselves with the people. Those who went from Holland were in many cases burghers and knights, and as their means permit, they keep up a kind of ceremonious stateliness, after the *manner* of their ancestors, and in accordance with the *feeling* of the Dutch burghers of New York. With them a *wooing* is still after this fashion. When a young man and young woman have ascertained in that silent way "more eloquent than language," that they have the special preference for each other necessary to the holy state of matrimony, the young man makes the first formal demonstration by mounting a steed duly saddled and bridled by the coachman, and himself duly equipped by a valet, to ride to the house of the bride.* He must also go on

* In Germany, this appellation is given before marriage, instead of afterwards, as in England and America.

Tuesday or Thursday, as these are the lucky days. When he arrives no one meets him at the door. He must tie his own horse, and enter alone, experiencing the most distant and formal reception, which he does not seem to consider a bad sign. When he leaves no one accompanies him to the door. Eight days later he goes again in the same manner, also on Tuesday or Thursday. But this time he is greeted at the door, his horse is taken to the stable and fed, and he remains till evening, entertained with the best the house affords. This is taken that he is considered one of the family. A few days later the betrothal takes place, which is a ceremony almost as grand as the weddings among the peasantry, the bridegroom being transported to the house of the bride, in a carriage with four horses, with new harness, and polished in the finest manner, a new suit of clothes, and servants in livery. In this manner they pay the betrothal visits, in Germany, among the higher classes. When persons are betrothed and are ready to have it known among their friends, they take a carriage and pay visits, often in these days only leaving a card, with their names in betrothal proximity engraved thereon, and in little different form from a wedding card.

The bans are published the first Sunday after the betrothal, and three weeks later, on Tuesday or Thursday, is the wedding, in the greatest possible state. On one occasion it is said the cake was brought from Dantzic in a wagon which not less than four horses could draw, and six hundred flasks of wine were drunk !

These settlers live upon the banks of the Vistula, where, like their ancestors in Holland, they converted a marsh into the most productive meadow, elevating the land where it was necessary, building dikes, and opening drains, till they made for

themselves the most beautiful, as well as the most fruitful valley in all the country. The houses are wood, with thatched roofs, and balconies supported by pillars, with large gardens inclosed by fences. The barn, stable, and family rooms, are under the same roof, and near by, the baking room, granary, and room for the carriages, harness, and other apparatus pertaining thereto. The floors of the house are polished with wax ; mahogany furniture, and often a piano, are reflected in the tall mirrors upon the walls. The doors are of carved oak, and upon the *dressers* gleam silver coffee-pots, gold and silver goblets. In the kitchen the tin and copper are in the greatest abundance, and polished to brilliancy.

The cows are washed every day, and their tails *done up in papers*, or what amounts to the same, coiled up and bound to little polished rollers, which is indeed a funny sight. But they look so clean one would be quite willing to invite them to dine, or share with them a lodge. The floor is strewn with coal instead of straw, and so supplied with grooves, and little rills of running water, that the delicacy of the most fastidious is not so troubled as in some of the palaces occupied by human beings.

Everywhere the harvest feast is celebrated by leaving a little bunch of wheat or oats standing upon the field, around which they dance, the maidens being crowned with wreaths, till one of the reapers cuts the last stem, when the whole is carried to other sheaves, and the feast closed in the house, with dance, and song, and wine.

In Hamburg, the children from the orphan asylum make a happy gala-day, by being crowned with wreaths, and marching through the city, stopping at each house to demand alms, collecting much more than they would if they went in rags, or

than if the same were demanded by old ladies or policemen. In several kingdoms and duchies, the annual almanac is published by the government, and the proceeds of the sale devoted to the support of the orphans, no private person being allowed to prepare an almanac.

To enumerate and describe all the festivals, as we have said, would be impossible, and there is a sameness about them that makes it unnecessary. The scene which the Prater near Vienna exhibits at Easter, may be seen in the neighborhood of almost every large city, on some day during the year. In Berlin, it is on St. Bartholomew's day (Aug. 24), when the whole city pours forth, prince and peasant, old and young, rich and poor, merely because it is an old festal day, and they will rejoice. The celebration has no connection however with the events which took place in France on that day. It seems to be by accident that the *Stralauer Fischzug* occurs exactly at this time, and it was a long time before the people knew themselves in what it originated, but at length learned that the fishermen of the place were accustomed on that day to devote the proceeds of their labors to the pastors of the villages, and a prince one morning amused himself with their labors. Ever after it became a festal day. Many have an origin as simple. Until 1848 the carnival was celebrated at Cologne with scarcely less pomp and pleasure than in Rome. For a time during the political troubles, it was prohibited, and has never since attained to its former magnificence.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, *Pfingsten*, is the one universal holiday, and at Munich, the great October feast, instituted in honor of the marriage of one of their princes. On this occasion the people come from every part of the kingdom, and there is the appearance of a great fair. Stalls are filled with fine cat-

tle, all the products of agriculture, fruits, flowers—what they have spun, and what they have woven, being brought for exhibition and sale ; and racing, betting, shooting and wrestling are to be seen everywhere. In every city, town and village, are singing and musical societies, which have been gradually established in the last three centuries, and these are continually holding anniversaries, and still more general are the shooting companies.

In America the whole country would be one scene of drunkenness and revel with so many occasions for excitement, drinking and dancing ; but either because they are so accustomed to them, that they do not get excited, or because they are not so excitable, or from some cause we cannot divine, the people drink, and sing, and dance, the year in and the year out, without so much noise and hurrah as is to be seen on one Fourth of July.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY—INVENTION—ARTISTS—THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES—EMIGRATION—PICTURE OF A GERMAN FAMILY PREPARING TO GO TO AMERICA.

IN a voluminous work upon Germany, published the last year at Gotha, the author congratulates himself and his countrymen that no other country in the world is so advanced in every species of culture—no land where all classes, from the highest to the lowest, are so well educated—no land where so much pains is taken to elevate the people ! On an average, there is only one in every hundred who cannot read and write, in some states only one in ten hundred, and in some none. In the whole country there are four hundred gymnasiums, and twenty-four universities, and in the universities eighteen thousand students. In Prussia alone, are three hundred and eighty-two institutions for orphan and neglected children ; all of whom are taught to read, and write, and cipher. In 150 cities are public libraries, and in no other land has the book-trade attained to so much importance ! there being 2,650 establishments ; of which Leipsic has 150, Berlin 180, and the whole of Austria 190 ; and the number of works from German authors, which appear annually, is from 8,000 to 10,000. Another author says these are nearly all works of imagination, as it is the imagination of Germany, which is the most fruitful, and works of this kind in which the people most revel. A great proportion are

children's books, and this species of literature is superior to that of any other country. Yet, among the masses of the people, it is impossible to buy books, and as far as reading is concerned, they might almost as well have never been taught. There is only one in a hundred who cannot read, yet not one in a hundred ever thinks of reading, or has an opportunity. The author had not been in every land, and had no idea of a truly intelligent, reading people. The newspaper is a far more efficient educator than the spelling-book, and of this they know nothing.

He says, also, in no land have been so many inventions and discoveries, and no one will think of denying to them, great thinkers, great philosophers and inventors. To the capabilities of the people, we deny nothing. What a glorious people they would soon be, could they once get rid of the yoke. But this one thing it seems impossible for them to do.

Gutenberg, Herschel, and Kepler, all the world knows, were Germans ; but it is not so well known that a Holstein school-master discovered vaccination, and that among the Hartz Mountains, a kind of railroad was first used. Wooden bellows first blew the flames in Thuringia, and the spinning-wheel was first turned in Brunswick. Porcelain was first made by a German, the clarinet invented, and the coloring of the beautiful Prussian blue. The first correct theory concerning the rainbow was by a German ; the motion of the comets, and the discovery of the spots upon the sun. The air-pump and the barometer owe their origin to the same class of earnest thinkers. Here was drawn the first map of the moon, and finished the first telescope; the burning-glass and microscope; the ear-trumpet. and the organ ; wood and copper engraving ; lithography and stenography ; the tangent, in trigonometry, and the hanging

compass ; besides many which are too well known to need enumerating.

The drying and compressing of vegetables was a German discovery, and is a great business, not less useful to others than profitable to them. They are so prepared as to occupy the least possible space, and keep any length of time, making it possible for ships to have good vegetables in any climate, and upon the longest voyage, and all people to have comfortable food during all the year. In two or three instances, these discoveries were made by what are called noblemen ; but most of them by men in humble life, as is true of many of their first artists and musicians. It is related of Mozart, that he offered himself to a lady of rank, and she scornfully replied : “ *You* aspire so high.” He answered : “ You shall one day look up to me.” Which she lived to do. Dannecker was the son of the Duke of Wurtemberg’s groom, and his first labor, cleaning stables. Next door to them lived a stone-cutter, who was continually troubled by finding his blocks of marble all scribbled over with designs and pictures. When the Karl’s school was founded in Stuttgard, the poor stable-boy went to the Duke and asked permission to go. After inquiry concerning him, he received permission, with the assurance of aid and protection if he proved worthy. His progress was, every day, a marvel to his teachers, and at fifteen he bore away the honors of the school. While there he became acquainted with Schiller, whose head he afterwards chiseled, to the immortal honor of himself and friend. The *Ariadne upon the tiger*, from Homer, seems to us the most graceful and beautiful of anything we ever saw in marble. Hans Sachs, the poet, was a shoemaker. Rauch, the sculptor, who has recently died at Berlin, was originally a brick-mason, and afterwards valet to a

count. When he became a greater man than the court noble, he was one day invited by him to ride. During the drive he remarked : " I rode with you once before ; but perhaps you do not remember it ?" " No, indeed, said the count ; when could it be ?" " When I was a boy ; but then I rode behind the carriage instead of at your side." He is said to have resembled Washington, in personal appearance, so much that he might easily have been taken for him.

We might fill a volume with such anecdotes, but we have already passed the line within which we limited ourselves, and must find a place to stop, for in these days of speed, people tolerate long books scarcely better than stupid ones ; or if one is long, are sure to think it stupid.

Having for a year and a half very diligently studied the German people, we are ready to say " good speed to every ship-load that sails across the water." They will not be all worthy people, as so many from any country cannot, but the greatest proportion will become so, and even those that government and friends pay for going, to get them out of the way, have some inducement to reform, and are quite as likely to become good as to remain bad.

It is infinitely amusing to see the importance given to them at home the moment they get "*on the other side*" (this is the phrase most common among the peasantry in speaking of America). " The German element," says the author above quoted, " takes rank next to the original Yankee, and in some states exceeds it. It was even to the German Bauer democracy that America owed her independence ! They were the first to shoulder the gun—they were the bravest and most enduring of Washington's soldiers !" How strange, how true, and yet how lamentable that those who do so much

for other countries can do nothing for their own. Here the *Bauer* caste are spoken of exactly as northern people are in the habit of speaking of negroes ; but when they get to America they are the greatest credit to their own land, and the bone, sinew, and glory of ours.

The Hessians whom the English king bought of their prince, and who were obliged to go against their will, gave, at that time, to the whole fatherland a bad name, but even they tried to redeem it afterwards by deserting in troops to the American side, or offering themselves as servants among the German settlers. The whole number who emigrated between 1815 and 1854, was 1,800,000 ! In Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in 1682, was founded the first company for sending colonists to America, the "*Auswanderer Gesellschaft*, called the "Frankfort Land Company." Those who first went under its auspices settled Germantown, in Pennsylvania.

During a famine in Germany, in 1709, Queen Anne gave free passage to all who would go, and thirty-five thousand availed themselves of the opportunity, and from this time, driven by war, oppression and famine, there has been a continuous stream. A few now and then return, says our author, but it is with the loss of their national feeling. The fatherland is not to them what it was. No, and we advise the kings and princes to see to these few who return to live, and also to those who only come back for a few weeks or months. For though they cannot speak loud, for fear of imprisonment or death, their whispers are mighty instruments of evil to palaces and thrones. They speak to some purpose, because they have seen the practical working of things. They deal not in dreams and hypotheses like the philosophers and students who have only speculated upon freedom in their closets. Every father, mother,

brother and sister, believes what is related to them at the fire-side by him who has been long absent, who has prospered himself, and sent them money to make them comfortable, and now comes with stories marvelous as fairy tales, of the strange land in which he has been. We have often thought, too, as we have read the letters of those *Auswanderers*, that they were like so many trains of powder, running in every direction through the land. Far more dangerous are they than anything a poor colporteur may have in his pack, and there is no nook or corner of Germany now into which they do not go.

The picture of a family breaking up and going to America, will perhaps not be an unpleasant one with which to take leave of our readers. We have seen many, though all were not exactly like the one we give. Many, when they have sold all they have, possess scarcely enough to get there ; and in these days the great family wagon only takes the little party to the nearest railroad, instead of all the way to the sea coast, and they must dine in a much less poetic and picturesque manner than when they tied their horses in the shade of a clump of oaks, made a fire, and boiled the soup, while the children danced on the green. But now, as then, they manage to spend very little for food by the way, and often even *find themselves* upon the ship. Of luxury and ceremony they know nothing. Those who only see them whilst emigrants think them miserable, filthy, and degraded, when perhaps they were almost beautiful in some snug little cot, and will be again, when they build another on the prairie.

We translate the following from one of their own popular authors : *

“ It was on a beautiful spring morning in the month of May,

* Franz Hoffman.

that Father Emanuel Wackerman, sunk in deep meditation, walked up and down beneath the shadow of his own vine and fig tree, in the little garden behind the cottage. The head, white with the silvery locks, fell low upon the breast, the hands were crossed behind, and the deep blue eye, which, in spite of age, had lost none of its brilliancy, rested upon the earth.

"On the table, which stood in the little arbor, lay a paper, with a great seal, and near it the morning journal.

"A long while stood the old man by the table, looking first at the letter and then at the paper, and then continued his walk.

"It was such a morning as one sees only now and then, even in the beautiful spring. The trees were in their richest green ; a thousand flowers bloomed upon the cleanly weeded garden beds, and opened their chalices to the morning sun. The birds hopped in the branches overhead, and filled the air with their melody, and the painted butterfly sipped the honey from the dew-laden rose, resting a moment upon one, and then winging her way to another far distant on the bright parterre. All rejoiced in this golden light and balmy air except Father Emanuel, who had no eye for what was life and glory to every other living thing.

"What had so oppressed his usually glad and joyous spirit ? It was his custom to leave the house early to walk in the garden, but it was to refresh himself with the beauty and rejoice with the glad children of spring, and lift his heart in gratitude to the Giver of all this good. Now he seemed not to hear a bird or see a flower, and the motion of his lips betrayed a burden instead of a happy spirit, while he still acknowledged his many blessings.

"And these blessings were indeed many. Father Emanuel had house and farm, garden and meadow, field and fern. He was the richest man in the village. Two fine horses stood in his stable, a flock of sheep of finest wool grazed in his pasture, and in his coffer was ever a mite to bestow upon the poor who knocked at his door.

"But these were not his best riches. These were his family—his brave son William, Anna, his true and loving wife, and their children, Ernest and Frederic, two beautiful boys, and the little Maria, who was within a few days of her tenth birthday. Upon these hung his soul, to them his heart clung as the richest of all earthly treasures. The grandmother, the wife of his youth, had gone to the Father in Heaven, but in undisturbed love and peace lived he with the family who were pious, industrious, and honored.

"When the sun had risen a little higher in the heavens, the garden door opened and presented to him the happy faces of Ernest, Frederic, and Maria, come to say the accustomed 'good morning' to grandfather. Usually this arrival was very welcome to Father Emanuel, and filled him with joy, but to-day he greeted them with a sad smile, that cast a shadow over their fresh open countenances. He pressed a kiss upon their rosy lips, said a few friendly words, and then, instead of showing them the flowers, and talking with them, silently stepped aside to be alone. The eldest ran after him and said, 'What is the matter, grandfather? you do not speak to us; have we displeased you?'

"'No, oh no, my children,' said the grandfather, while he tenderly patted the cheek of the beautiful boy; 'you are brave and good, and I am quite satisfied with you, but I have something to say to your father; go and call him, and be quiet

away whilst we speak. Run, dear children, and my blessing and love be with you.'

"The children, quieted by these words, ran to the house, but when they had gone the grandfather murmured: 'Poor, dear children, how will they bear being transplanted to a strange soil; and yet what can happen to save us from this fate? Is it not better to forsake all earthly goods than to sacrifice the health of the soul?'

"Again sorrowfully shook the grey head, and the old man walked with quicker step up and down, till his son appeared.

"A fine stately man was William. Energy and manliness sat enthroned upon his brow, over which fell the hair in light brown locks. His form betokened remarkable strength, and his well-burnt hands showed that he used this strength well. For a few minutes he remained quiet, before the father observed him; then he said: 'Here I am, father: you wish to speak with me, but perhaps I have come too soon.'

"'No,' said the old man, 'I must indeed speak with you, and it cannot longer be put off. See, upon the table lies a paper, read it and tell me what you think.'

"William seated himself upon a garden chair and began to read. From time to time his brow grew darker, and his lips compressed, and when he lifted his eyes again to the paper he exclaimed:

"'This is, indeed, most unrighteous and hard to bear. What shall we do, father?'

"'Tell me first your opinion, my son. Speak openly, concealing no thought for fear of my judgment. In so important a matter we must think only of what is right.'

"'True, father, this is also my opinion. The government

wishes that we change our faith or leave our country. Is not this the substance of this unhallowed message ?

“ ‘ Yes, my son ! ’ answered the grandfather, ‘ and which will you choose ? Consider well before you decide. ’

“ ‘ Father, ’ answered William, ‘ there is nothing to consider. The Bible says : “ He who will not take up his cross and follow me is not worthy of me ; ” and also, “ I am the light of the world, he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life. ” Father, I am ready to leave all as God has commanded. ’

“ ‘ But do you not forget, my son, what you will have to leave ? Home, friends, house, farm, garden, field, and meadows, which you have made fruitful by hard work, and watered with the sweat of your brow. ’

“ ‘ I forget it not, ’ answered William, with quiet earnestness, ‘ but I remember that the Saviour said : “ He who forsakes father and mother in my name, will be rewarded a hundred-fold. ” If we leave our possessions here God will still remain to us. ’

“ ‘ But your wife, your children, ’ said the grandfather, ‘ have you thought how hard it will be for them to separate from all they love and hold dear ? ’

“ ‘ Not from all, father. God will remain, and you and I. I know my Anna, she will think with me and not wish me to do otherwise. ’

“ ‘ Well, then, well, my noble son, ’ exclaimed the grandfather, and pressed him to his bosom, ‘ your faith is mine, and I doubt not that in the struggle with right and duty, it is good to think not of earthly possessions. So, then, we will be steadfast and strong in the faith. God is over all, and especially will he be with us when we place our dependence upon him with love and hope. ’

“ ‘And which way shall we go?’ said William.

“ ‘Where else than to the land of freedom—to the United States of America—where all are free to worship God as their hearts wish. Shrinkest thou from the long way over the sea? Forget not, my son, what is written: “Not a hair of your head falls without my notice.” God can protect us on sea as on land.’

“ ‘And yet, father, you have not encouraged the emigrant in seeking a strange land.’

“ ‘No, my son, when from selfishness and the thirst of gold, one turns his back upon his fatherland. But this is not what tempts us. If we stay here it must be with burdened consciences. If we go, God is with us to be our guide and shield.’

“ ‘But perhaps we can find a refuge nearer; it is, indeed, sad to go so far across the great deep.’

“ ‘Yes, but what security have we more in one place than in another? To-day we are driven from here, and next year from there. Why subject ourselves to such harassing circumstances? What matter, here or across the sea?—God is everywhere. We must sacrifice much in selling our land, and if we buy again in this country must give a great price. No! to America—there are forests and fruitful fields within our means, and with industry we leave a goodly inheritance to our children and children’s children. Their affections are not so deeply rooted here. They are young and a new world will soon be their home, and strangers their friends.’

“ ‘Enough, father, enough. I will not think of myself when my children are concerned. Guide us and we will follow. May God give to them all he has destined to me. To work, and strive, and suffer, to open to them a future, is for me enough. To me the labor, to them the reward. I will sow

that they may reap ; and my true wife will say the same. Her love for the children is not less than mine, and what is for their good will she be ready to do. No distance will be too far, and no path too rough and stony. Guide us and we will follow.'

" 'Yes, with full trust,' exclaimed the clear, glad voice of Anna, who had heard the last words, and came smiling near. 'Yes, father, to thy hand and God-fearing heart we fearlessly trust our destiny.'

" 'Good and excellent woman,' said the grandfather, 'but you shall not follow me blindly. I rejoice in thy love and trust, and hearty good will ; but you must hear all and judge for yourself.' Here he related to her all which had passed, and what portended.

" A silent tear rolled over her cheek, but then she lifted the dark blue eye, and with firm voice and spirit said :

" 'Hard, indeed, it is to leave our home, but harder to be separated from God and our faith ; yes, this is impossible. You have not deceived yourself in me, William ; I follow you, and God will give me strength to be a true and faithful wife, and devoted mother to our children. We leave earthly goods, kind and sympathizing friends, all dear and valued treasures, but we will find others across the sea, and the most precious of all, we will keep our faith in God. If we forsake not him, he will forsake not us. Let us go, then, in peace and hope.'

" 'I knew this was what you would say,' said William, pressing her to his heart, and the grandfather placed his hand upon their heads saying : 'It is decided—we remain steadfast in the faith.—Amen.' And the old, peaceful smile curled the lip of the grandfather ; they pressed each other's hands and returned the house.

" Quickly spread the news through the village that Father

Emanuel, with all his family, would cross the seas, and it was a sad knell to many hearts. Those who had not the same faith had still for them the sincerest regard, for their honest industry, uprightness, and friendly interest in their toils. Many tried to persuade him from his purpose, and some resolved to accompany him when they found him firm.

“Soon was everything arranged. The house was sold, and ‘truly the Lord is with us,’ said father Emanuel, as he placed the shining gold thalers in the coffer. ‘The labor we have bestowed upon our land has brought its reward. Both house and land were purchased at their full worth, when it was evident they needed no improvements. If God continues by us we may look forward quietly to the future. But let us not linger, dreading what can’t be avoided. Partings are sad, but are not made less so by delay. I have engaged a wagon and two horses, that we may take with us to the new world a few things that have been dear to us in the old ; now choose which they shall be, but only the most necessary and most valued, that the wagon may not be overladen.’

“But, oh ! how many there are from which father and mother and children think they cannot separate, or at least, with heavy hearts, must leave in the old home—the old chair in the corner by the stove ; the great chest filled with the treasures of fine linen ; the big table by which the grandfather played when a little boy ; the old clock, blackened with the smoke and dust of half a century ; the little wheel on which the dear grandmother had spun many a yard of fine linen ; the *oak settle*, which had afforded rest after so many weary hours, and so many, many others to which were linked the sweetest remembrances. Alas ! how could she choose—the whole household would she have liked to pack into the wagon. But though the wagon was large, it

would not hold a fourth part, and not a tenth part could be permitted to go. The grandfather still shook his head, 'too much—too much, although to his heart they were not less dear, and when he took from the wagon many things and put them back into the house, a tear fell from the eye of mother or children in sorrowful resignation.

"But the children indeed, what would they not have taken with them? Friz brought all the playthings, though they had long ceased to be used. The great rocking-horse was tugged down from the garret, and Maria brought her dolls and cooking apparatus, and picture-books. The last the grandfather permitted to pass, but the others must be returned to the lumber-room, at which the children cried heartily.

"That which is useful first," said the grandfather, 'playthings will be found as plenty *on the other side over the sea*. We have all to sacrifice something, and must not allow the heart to be heavy. Ah, but what have you there? Books—I thought there were already enough upon the wagon, Maria?"

"But these are my school books, the singing-book and the Holy Bible," answered the little one, shily, fearing to be sent back again. But was pleasantly surprised to hear, 'The Singing Book and the Holy Bible: yes, hand them here, they are the most needful of all our possessions. Hand them here, they shall have the best place, if half the goods must be unladen to receive them. Give me the Bible, my child, it is our great treasure, and will be to us the richest consolation in our new home. Here it shall rest, that we may also have it handy by the way; and now enough; the wagon is full, not an inch more for anything. In the morning we can take our seats, and commence the long journey.' Many things still stand around which they would so gladly take, and the young wife lingers with the hope of

securing room for at least a few. But the grandfather still says 'no,' and they enter mournfully the half-empty house.

"'Now all is ready,' said Father Emanuel, 'we have only to put the horses to the wagon in the morning, and take our places. Courage, children, courage. Lift up the head, my daughter, and look to God for consolation. He will guide us through the dark valley, if we only put our trust in him. Take courage, there is yet a sadder leave-taking than any we have had yet, a more painful farewell to say than to house and farm. You understand, my daughter, and you, William, and the children. Ah, yes, you have thought of it as well as I.'

"Well did all understand what the grandfather meant—a visit to the peaceful churchyard, to look once more upon the green mound which inclosed the remains of her, whom they so loved in life, and who was not less dear in death.

"They went. The grandfather first, then William with Anna, then Frederic with Maria, hand in hand. Silent, thoughtful, they wended their way, not through the public street, for their feelings were too sacred to be exposed to the gaze of the indifferent; but along a side path where a green hedge concealed them from view.

"The sun was almost behind the hills as they reached the quiet churchyard, but the golden beams still played among the branches of the cypress and linden that shaded the grave. Across the blue vault of heaven swept the rose-tinted clouds, and a light evening breeze whispered among the branches. Silently gathered the little circle around the remains of the sleepers in this holy place—it is the grave of the grandmother—and by her side are her parents, the three hillocks blooming with the fresh flowers of spring. They knelt together, the grandfather uncovered his grey head, and clasped his hands in

prayer. Their tears fell like dew-drops upon the perfume-exhaling petals, and gleamed like diamonds in the setting sun.

“They remained long in this humble posture. The grandfather rose first, and lifted his moistened eyes to heaven, ‘Farewell ye glorified ones,’ said he, with a voice trembling with suppressed emotion, ‘farewell, never more can our feet tread this holy spot, where you rest in peace ; but we know that your blessing descends upon our heads as you look down upon us from above. We must leave your terrestrial remains, but our thoughts will still linger here, and your glorified spirits will accompany us to the strange land—the strange distant land to which we go. We separate from your honored dust, but not from your imperishable spirits, whose holy presence my soul ever feels. Farewell, and peace remain forever upon this holy dust.’

“With trembling hand, then the grandfather plucked a flower from each grave, and pressed them to his heart. Then turning, with one last lingering look to the sacred relics, all wended their way homeward. It was indeed a sad parting, but though deep grief troubled their spirits, a holy peace filled their hearts.

“Scarcely was the morning dawned, when the household of the grandfather was astir. The father and son busied themselves in the stable, fed and harnessed the horses, and made all things ready for the journey. The mother dressed the children and prepared the breakfast for the last time in the old home. During the meal no word was spoken, for the hearts were too full ; but when it was finished the grandfather said : ‘It is time. If we would leave the village before the neighbors are up, to spare our hearts the pangs of more farewell words, we must not linger. All is ready. Children come.’

““Only one last look through the house where we have so

long lived in prosperity and happiness,' begged the mother ; 'yet once more, that the picture of the old home may be deep printed in my soul.'

" 'Good, good !' said the grandfather, 'that is a longing of the heart which I also feel, and we will go together.'

"Thus they wander through every room and chamber from top to bottom ; visit the kitchen and the store-room, and lastly to the honeysuckle-bower in the garden, where they had spent so many glad evening hours. Secretly the mother plucked a root from the earth, a *charm*, and put it in a little flower-pot that she had concealed in her satchel. 'This,' thought she, 'will be a sweet remembrance upon the sea, and in the far off new home.' But she had not done it so carefully that William, her husband, did not observe her—'Right, dear Anna,' said he, 'this will indeed be a charm, and shall be nourished to become another bower, to bud and blossom in the wilderness, and remind us of our love in the old home.'

"Now all was ready. They took their seats in the wagon, and only the man-servant and maiden, who remained to serve their successors, were by to speak parting words.

" 'Farewell,' said Father Emanuel to them, 'many thanks for your love and good wishes. Remain upright and true, and the blessing of God will attend you.' Now clasping the reins, he said : 'Forget us not, as we will keep you in kind remembrance. Upon the door ; part we must, and no longer stay. Farewell, all, and God be with you.'

" 'Farewell, Father Emanuel ; farewell, young master ; farewell, dear mistress Anna ; farewell, dear, dear children,' cried they, and reached their hands for a last fond grasp. Then said the grandfather—'Go on,' and the wagon rolled through the great gate.

“Already, the day before, had the grandfather bid the neighbors good bye, and wished not the pain of saying the words again. All appeared to be slumbering quietly ; not one did they see by door or window as they passed, and he said, ‘It is well. God bless them all. Before they awake we shall be far away.’

“But the grandfather had not rightly appreciated the love of the good neighbors. They had well marked the preparations for an early departure, and had been long up to make ready for the last farewell. The last few houses of the village lay in a wood, through which the wagon must pass, and here had they all assembled ; young men and women ; old men and little children ; and as the emigrants approached, came rushing out, and so filling the street that the horses were compelled to stop.

“‘Oh, my good friends, and dear neighbors,’ said the grandfather, ‘this is too much—it is not well ; you make still more bitter the parting hour.’

“‘No, no ; that will we not,’ said a grey-haired peasant, coming near. ‘We will see you all once more, that we may wish you joy and peace on life’s pathway, and the blessing of the Lord, which you so richly deserve. We shall keep you in good remembrance, and think of you with love, for you were at all times a true, kind, and upright neighbor. It is with deep sorrow that we see you go, and long will your absence make a void in our village and in our hearts. But we know that necessity compels you to go forth, and blame ye not. God be with you, Father Emanuel ; God be with you and yours ! May he bless your departure, and your arrival with rich measure, so that you may find in a new land, all blessings and happiness from which here you must flee. Farewell all, and in our hearts and prayers we will remember you.’

“ ‘Thank you, dear friends and neighbors,’ said the grandfather, with deep emotion. ‘Thank you for all your kindness and love. Often shall our thoughts turn to you, and our prayers ask the blessing of God upon you all. Farewell, and God be with you ; gladly would I have spent with you the remainder of my days ; but we are called and must go. Farewell, all, farewell ; if we meet not again on earth, may we hope to meet above to part no more. Farewell, dear neighbors and friends—once more let us shake hands, and then we must go.’

“ All gathered round and stretched out the hand, which was silently pressed, and wet with tears, when the wagon moved forward, and the villagers returned to their homes.”

We need not tell of the arrival of the emigrant, to American readers, though the author makes the new home more attractive than the old, nor describe the homes of German settlers scattered all over the western prairies ; but we are sure none will read this picture without feeling for them a more kindly sympathy, and bidding them a more kindly welcome. The mixture of the German and the American element, makes the best compound for republican citizens, and when their children’s children shall come back to the *Fatherland*, with spirits born and nourished upon free soil and by free air, the dry bones of these crumbling dynasties will awake, and the tocsin of freedom ring the death-knell of tyranny once and forever.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX A.—(Page 55.)

BARON VON STEIN.

HENRY FREDERICK CHARLES *von* and *zum* STEIN (*of* and *at* Stein) was born in 1757 at Nassau on the Lahn. His father was one of the higher and older nobility, who held immediately of the empire, an independent lord in his own domain. The baron was intended by his father to enter the service of the imperial government, and was sent first to Göttingen to study public law and history, and then to Wetzlar, the seat of the imperial chamber. In 1780, he entered the Prussian service as director of the mines of Westphalia, at Wetter. In 1784, he was ambassador at Aschaffenburg.

He was then made President of the Westphalian Chamber, in which capacity he continued until 1804, when he was called to Berlin and made minister of finance, and of trade, and commerce, by Frederick William III. He held this office until 1807, and then resigned it soon after the battle of Jena, in consequence of some differences with the cabinet. But he was a man whose services in that emergency could not be spared to the state. He was called back by the king in the summer of the same year, and made prime minister.

After the battle of Jena, not Prussia only, but the whole of Germany, lay prostrate at the feet of Bonaparte. The nations were broken, crushed, bleeding, helpless. How to raise Prussia from its supineness, and infuse vitality into the lifeless mass of the people was the problem to be solved. Here was a task worthy of the best talents and best efforts of the foremost man of the times. Stein saw that the weakness of the nation lay in the slavery of the people, and he boldly applied the remedy. By a single decree, he converted a nation of serfs into a free people.

But Stein's sentiments were revealed to the French by an intercepted letter, and Napoleon, who watched and controlled every court of continental Europe, directed him to be removed, and give place to Hardenberg. Stein was banished to Prague, where he lived until 1812. He then went to St. Petersburg, having escaped the vigilance of the French spies and police.

Stein came with Alexander to Germany in 1813, and was present at the

battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. During that year, he held the office of Supreme Director of the Interior Central Board of Administrators of the conquered provinces of Germany, until they should be finally disposed of by a general congress. But with the congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance, he had nothing to do. He held diplomacy and compromise in sovereign contempt. He had done his part to awake the people from their slumbers, to organize and animate the league that accomplished the overthrow of Napoleon, and the emancipation of Germany.

In 1816, he retired to private life, and was no more heard of in connection with office and government. He died at Coppenberg, in Westphalia, a favorite residence, on the 29th June, 1831.

Stein's opinions, measures, and character, deserve to be better known. It has been the policy of the Prussian government, since 1816, to suppress all publications partaking of his spirit, illustrating his measures, and promoting the reforms and progressive improvements which he initiated. He was vexed and pained at the reaction which commenced at Berlin, under the influence of the bureaucrats and court minions, who, after others had fought and won the battle of freedom, again crowded into their old places, and possessed the ears of the king.

Frederick William was a good, kind-hearted, well-meaning monarch, facile in his promises, but without strength or resolution in performance. He falsified nearly all his pledges. He delayed and postponed the promised reforms. The constitution, so often just ready for promulgation, was never perfected. He could not give up his cherished absolutism. Since 1815, the ministers of the king have done everything to make the royal word a mockery and shame. Books have been prohibited, imaginary conspiracies have been suppressed, professors have been deposed. Luther has been banished, the free exercise of religion trammelled, and the expression of liberal opinions in politics sternly repressed.

Stein, although a high born nobleman himself, speaks of the native princes "as dastardly poltroons, who, intent only on their own preservation, and deaf to every feeling of honor and duty, seek safety in their heels; or titled slaves and bailiffs, who, with the substance and the life blood of their subjects, purchase a few years' lease of a beggarly existence." He adds that among them "every sort of extra vileness, weakness, and low sneaking selfishness prevails."

The reforms introduced by Baron Stein, and their results, are very briefly and clearly stated by Alison in Chapter 48 of his History of Europe :

"So clearly were his ideas formed, and so decided his conviction as to the only means which remained of reinstating the public affairs, that he commenced at once a vigorous, but yet cautious system of amelioration; and, only four days after his appointment as minister of the interior, a royal decree appeared, which introduced a salutary reform into the Constitution.

"By this ordinance, the peasants and burghers obtained the right, hitherto confined to the nobles, of acquiring and holding landed property, while they in their turn were permitted, without losing caste, to engage in the pursuits of commerce and industry. Landholders were allowed, under reservation of the rights of their creditors, to separate their estates into distinct parcels,

and alienate them to different persons. Every species of slavery, whether contracted by birth, marriage, or agreement, was prohibited subsequent to the 11th of November, 1810; and every servitude, *corvée*, or obligation of service or rent, other than those founded on the rights of property or express agreement, was forever abolished. By a second ordinance, published six weeks afterward, certain important franchises were conferred on municipalities. By this wise decree, which is in many respects the magna charta of the Prussian burghs, it was provided that the burghers should enjoy councillors of their own election, for regulating all local and municipal concerns; that a third of the number should go out by rotation, and be renewed by an election every year; that the council thus chosen should assemble twice a year to deliberate on the public affairs; that two burgomasters should be at the head of the magistracy, one of whom should be chosen by the king, from a list of three presented, and the other by the councillors; and that the police of the burgh should be administered by a syndic appointed for twelve years, and who should also have a seat in the municipal council. The administration of the *Haute Police*, or that connected with the state, was reserved to government. By a third ordinance, an equally important alteration was made in favor of the numerous class of debtors, whom the public calamities had disabled from performing their engagements, by prohibiting all demand for the capital sum till the 24th of June, 1810, providing, at the same time, for the punctual payment of the interest, under pain of losing the benefit of the ordinance. Thus, at the very moment that France, during the intoxication consequent on the triumphs of Jena and Friedland, was losing the last remnant of the free institutions which had been called into existence during the fervor and crimes of the Revolution, Prussia, amid the humiliation of unprecedented disasters, and when groaning under the weight of foreign chains, was silently relaxing the fetters of the feudal system, and laying the foundation, in a cautious and guiltless reformation of experienced grievances, for the future erection of those really free institutions which can never be established on any other basis than those of justice, order, and religion."

APPENDIX B.—(Page 57.)

FEUDAL SYSTEM—SERFDOM.

SOME knowledge of the feudal system is necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the present condition of Europe. It must not be supposed that the feudal system was a regular political organization, like a constitutional government of modern days, or that it was a system of laws like the Code Napoleon. Indeed, that state of society called the feudal system can hardly be entitled to the name of system. It was different in different ages and dif-

ferent countries. It was one thing in France, another in England, and still another in Germany. It was greatly modified in one country and another by conflicting and counteracting influences, such as ancient laws, manners, customs; and everywhere it had to encounter the open or secret hostility of the Papal church. In fact feudalism never existed as a harmonious system. It never had any fixed arrangement of parts, any established order, but everywhere presented strange incongruities and glaring inconsistencies.

It very nearly resembled the patriarchal society of the times of Abraham, or the tribal associations of Arabia, or the clanships of Ireland and Scotland.

All the members of a tribe or clan claimed descent from a common ancestry, and bore a common name, as Clan Campbell, or Clan Connel, and strangers adopted into the tribe were bound to intermarry with the clan, and to take its name.

The district of territory occupied by a clan was considered common property, and the shares were subject to distribution according to the discretion of the local chieftain. It is nearly certain that such was the form of government among all the aboriginal tribes of Europe. The accounts left us by Cæsar in his *Commentaries*, and Tacitus in his *Germania*, and by geographers and historians of the Roman Empire, justify this inference. The Germans and the Normans, in their invasions of western Europe, brought with them the remembrance of their clanships. In the distribution of the conquered countries, however, the principle of the family and property union was necessarily conformed to the altered circumstances of the victors.

The emigrating warriors were from different clans, and the lands to be divided and shared were of larger extent than their deserted homes. The family connection was sundered and could never be revived. In the place of it associations were formed by chance or design, or imposed by force.

Dominion imposed by force was the element of the feudal system. It did not spring at once into complete existence, but was of gradual growth. Wherever the system prevailed it was based solely on brute force.

The social influence of feudalism can be best understood by considering the position of the holder of a fief, and the state of society by which he was surrounded. The baronial castle is the prominent feature in the landscape. It is situated upon some rock or inaccessible precipice, fortified so as to resist the attacks of rival barons, insurgent vassals, or royal power. It is garrisoned by favorite dependents or hired soldiers, ready to attend their lord to war or to the chase. In the neighborhood of the castle is the feudal village, a rude collection of hovels, occupied by the serfs who cultivate the baron's estates. They are not bound to him by any moral or political bond. He treats them as vanquished aliens; he despises their occupation, and hates industry in every form. They know little of the domestic habits of the castle, and he nothing of theirs. His power over them is absolute—he gives them laws, fixes the amount of their rents and taxes, punishes them for real or fancied offences, permits or forbids the accumulation of property, and is often, from sheer ignorance, or unintentionally, a tyrant. Out of his contempt for industry and husbandry, and in order to enjoy the noble pastime of the chase, he establishes sanguinary laws for the preservation of game, without regard to the interest of the serfs, interfering with their means of subsistence,

and their ability to avert the exactions to which they were subject, for permission to till the ground. His utter disregard for the rights and sufferings of his vassals, his forest laws and game laws, by which their means of subsistence were sacrificed for mere sport, precluded any kindness of feeling between the baron and his vassals. The latter felt that they were the sport and victims of the capricious will of irresponsible tyrants. Hence the intense hatred with which the rural population throughout Europe regarded their feudal masters, and hence the fierce and fearful retaliations exercised by the insurgent peasantry during the middle ages.

The feudal baron had no friends except his wife and children, his domestics and military retainers, and these also constituted his sole society. He was generally at feud with his neighbor barons, and at variance with the royal power. He was an independent chieftain within his fief, which was a state in itself. He administered justice, levied taxes, and made laws. True, he acknowledged a superior lord or suzerain, to whom he was bound for homage, allegiance, and military service; but the performance of these duties depended upon the power of the suzerain to enforce the obligation.

Some authors have described feudalism as a system of mutual rights and duties, with graduated ranks from the monarch down to the meanest vassal. In some countries the organization was much more complete than in others; but it was nowhere perfect. The main principle of feudality was at war with unity and order. The lords of fiefs, who were at the same time sovereigns and owners of the land, never yielded more than a personal service to their suzerain. Each was to the other an ally or an enemy, and in all cases wholly independent. Homage was a characteristic of nobility. Peasants could not do homage. Every owner of a fief was a gentleman, and the equal in rank of every other, although it comprised but a few acres of land. The greatest lord was quite willing to hold a fief under another less wealthy and powerful than himself, and in return to do him homage and fealty. Even kings held lands and jurisdictions under their own subjects. Even the oriflamme, the national standard of the kings of France, was originally the banner of a small barony, for which the kings were vassals to the abbey of St. Denis. William the Conqueror held his Duchy of Normandy as a fief of the kings of France. Kings were only regarded as members of the feudal aristocracy, and royalty only as the fief on which the rest depended.

In Germany royalty was stubbornly resisted for ages. Austria was for centuries only a union of several distinct nationalities under the suzerainty of the Hapsburg family.

The several states stoutly maintained their independence, and refused to become amalgamated into one nation. Austria, Bohemia, Carinthia, and Hungary, are as distinct now in laws, manners, customs, and language, as five hundred years ago. Prussia is a modern kingdom, not yet two centuries old. It is now only fifty years since the peasants have been emancipated, and feudalism abolished. The old spirit yet exists in the descendants of the feudal families. In France, feudalism all but annihilated royalty. The great lords treated with the crown on terms of equality. It was not till the fourteenth century, that the crown obtained a decided preponderance.

William the Conqueror introduced feudalism into England. He parcelled

out the country among his followers, but he took care to reserve to himself such a share of the plunder as to give him an unquestioned supremacy. Besides, he violated the feudal rule, and required all the feudal lords to do him homage and fealty; in the form of homage from one lord to his vassal, he inserted a claim saving the homage and fealty due to the king. He retained in his own hands more than a thousand manors, the lordship of all the great towns, the right to nominate all the great officers of state, and for the administration of justice. He did not grant to his vassals whole counties as was the case in France, but gave them lands in different counties, so as to divide their possessions and diminish their power.

In France, the feudal aristocracy defied, and overrode the monarchy, and the king and the people coalesced for mutual protection. The result was an arbitrary monarchy, which crushed out the spirit of the nobility, and enslaved all alike. The revolution of 1792 was the uprising of a people, who could no longer bear oppression, and were not fit for freedom.

In England, the Norman aristocracy were compelled to unite with the Saxon people, to protect themselves against the power of the crown. The result was the annihilation of royal authority, and the early extinction of feudalism and serfdom. The first instance of such a union was under the usurper Stephen, the second under the tyrant John, from whom the barons exacted Magna Charta at Runnymede. The wars of the Roses, in which two rival branches of the royal family strove for the crown, came near extinguishing the Norman race in England. The people did not care which party won the bauble for which they were fighting, but were glad to see them worry and destroy each other. So far back as the year 1290, the parliament of England enacted a law, called the statute of *Quia Emptores*, which prevented the creation of any new, or subordinate fiefs and throttled feudalism almost as soon as it stepped its foot on English soil.

In Germany, however, the system obtained a strong foothold, and has existed with slight modifications down to the present day. The petty dukedoms, margravates, and principalities of Germany, have resisted the whole force of the monarchical tendencies of five centuries, and still exist in form as they did in the time of Otho the Great. The French revolution, and the avalanche of Napoleon's armies, awoke the German princes to a sense of their weakness, and the German people to a perception of their rights.

The aristocracy of Europe still cling to their titles, and worship the dead past. But the people, the long despised peasants, the laboring classes, are slowly gaining knowledge and power. Education, limited as it is, under censorship, and guided by government teachers and royal rules, is surely, though not rapidly, elevating the masses, and fitting them to assert their natural rights.

It will be interesting to inquire into the actual condition of the peasants, during the long ages in which they have been the servants of their feudal masters.

Let it not be imagined, however, that serfdom was peculiar to the feudal system. Slavery has existed in some form, since the earliest records of history. The Egyptians held slaves. The Patriarchs of the Bible held slaves, bondmen and bondwomen. The cultivators of the soil, and the house scr-

vants of the Assyrians and Persians were slaves. The free citizens among all the states of Greece were hardly a tenth part of the population. The same remark is true of the Romans. Prisoners of war were universally sold into slavery among all the nations of antiquity. The Gauls and the Germans in the days of Cæsar and Tacitus, owned slaves. Indeed slavery has been the condition of agricultural and mechanical laborers in all ages, and among all people, unless perhaps, China may be an exception.

In the days of Charlemagne, the feudal system was not yet known. We read, that he gave his friend Alcuin broad lands, upon which there were twenty thousand slaves. In his time, as always before, prisoners of war were made slaves. He himself, took captive, and transplanted whole nations from their native seats to distant countries, and made slaves of them. After Italy had been conquered by the emperor, and many rich fiefs bestowed upon the Roman Pontiff, a violent controversy arose between the popes and barons, the latter accusing the former of winking at, and making a profit out of the slave trade carried on between the Jews and the Saracens of Africa. The Jews were the money brokers of the middle ages, as well as the slave dealers. It is more than probable that they encouraged the invasion of Spain by the Moors, and of France by the Normans, in revenge for the persecutions to which they were subjected by the intolerant Christians.

Wherever Charles extended his conquests, he acquired more lands to bestow upon his courtiers and great men, who merely valued their vast estates for the number of slaves upon them, and the income that could be derived from them. His conquests reduced to slavery millions who had before been freemen, and every country that was reduced by his arms was enfeebled by coming under his sway. He ruled over a vast empire, in which he himself sowed the seeds of dissolution. It fell to pieces at his death, not so much through the imbecility of his successors, as the inherent weakness of the social fabric. His battles and slaughtering campaigns, his devastations of whole countries by fire and sword, his repeated invasions to quell ever-recurring rebellions, his confiscations, his charters to towns, churches, convents and monasteries, his gifts to bishops and barons, his edicts and laws, and his capitularies to regulate the government of the crown lands, all had not the slightest reference to the rights and interests of the people, but treated them as the merest chattels, and left them not only without liberty and property, but without hope.

The four centuries succeeding Charlemagne were, throughout Europe, marked with disorder, turbulence, violence and bloodshed. There was no law but that of the strongest. The feudal system grew out of this confusion. It was during this time that the numerous castles that bristle on every mountain height and defensible steep, were erected by the feudal lords for purposes of self-protection and general plunder.

William the Conqueror was the first prince whose power held in check the turbulent and independent spirit of the nobles. In his own youth he had witnessed the worst scenes of lawlessness and brutal ferocity. His tutor and favorite councillor was murdered in the room where William was asleep.

The murderer, in his turn, was slain in his bed without form of trial. His dukedom was rent and torn by quarrels, robberies, and assassinations. A

conspiracy was formed to dethrone and kill him. In his twentieth year he had to fight a battle against his rebellious vassals. To subdue them he made use of the sword, poison, and the assassin's dagger. He was merely the chief savage of the brutal clan.

A brief account of one family will exhibit the manners and character of the nobility for four centuries in all Europe.

William de Belesme, Count of Alençon, surnamed Talvas, for some unknown reason had revolted against Duke Robert, William's father: but being closely besieged in his castle, he was forced to surrender at discretion. The Duke would not grant him pardon until he presented himself before the army with naked feet and head, a saddle on his back, and a bridle in his mouth, as a beast for the duke to ride. This degradation broke his heart; he bequeathed the task of revenge to his knightly sons, and their deeds of ruffian violence filled all Normandy with confusion. The eldest was torn in pieces by the people, the second fell by the stroke of a lance in an insignificant skirmish, and the third was murdered in prison by some barons, whose sense of outrageous wrong was too keen to allow of their waiting for the slow process of legal redress. William Talvas, the youngest, the most turbulent and the most cruel of the family, still survived; the death of his brothers had put him into possession of large estates, and allowed him to gratify his evil propensities with impunity. His wife, Hildeburga, disapproved of his conduct; the warmth of her remonstrances displeased him, and he caused her to be strangled, while kneeling at prayers in the chapel of the castle. He sought another wife, and invited to the nuptials, William of Giroy, a noble knight, who was said to have been an unsuccessful candidate for the lady's hand. Giroy, though warned of the peril of treachery, accepted the invitation; he was received at the castle of Alençon with every appearance of courtesy and friendship; Talvas even invited the young knight to remain and keep company with the bride, while he went to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Scarcely, however, had Talvas quitted the castle, when his servants, according to his orders, seized on the unhappy Giroy, thrust out his eyes, cut off his ears and nose, and then drove him out of the castle to find his way home the best way he could. Many similar anecdotes of this count's ferocity are related in the contemporary chronicles. But he was at length punished by the revolt of his son Arnold, a son every way worthy of such a father. He raised the vassals of Talvas, expelled the count from his domains, refused to make the smallest allowance for his support, and left him to die in poverty and exile. Arnold himself, after a brief career of iniquity, was murdered in his bed. Such and similar atrocities were common throughout France and the whole of Europe.

When the nobles were thus cruel and treacherous to each other, what must have been their treatment of the unarmed and helpless serfs? Can we wonder at the unquenchable hatred of the peasants towards the aristocracy?

A volume would not suffice to give an account of the oppressions of the people through the long centuries from Charlemagne to the present time. Let those who desire to inform themselves refer to the chronicles of the middle ages, now rendered accessible to all, in the cheap publications of Bohn, in his antiquarian library. The story of the pasturers in Normandy, of the

Jaquerie in France, will show how well the peasants imitated their masters in the arts of rapine and cruelty. These outbreaks were followed, at intervals for two centuries, by risings in various parts of the kingdom; and ended only in that volcanic eruption, the Revolution, which for a time swept kings, nobles, and priests, and every form of aristocracy from the face of France.

The tales of Robin Hood, William of Cloudesly, and Adam Bell, and the old Saxon ballads exhibit the spirit with which the sturdy peasantry of England resisted the assaults of feudalism. The rebellions of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade have never yet been fully and fairly treated of by any historian. The conquest of England was in 1067, Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1380, and Jack Cade's in 1450. The wars of the Roses, which immediately followed the last insurrection, so crippled the nobles, and weakened their power, that the middle and laboring classes have ever since, when united, been more than a match for the titled aristocracy, and have obtained, through parliament and by legislation and judicial decisions, repeated recognitions of their rights, and complete emancipation.

In Italy, the power of the bishops of Rome, the growth of commerce, and the introduction of Grecian and Roman learning from Constantinople, had broken up the feudal system as early as the year 1300, but the merchant aristocracy of the cities, and the papal power have been more disastrous to the people—more paralyzing and oppressive than feudalism itself.

In Germany the feudal system remained in full vigor down to the year 1495, when the Emperor Maximilian the First published his famous edict for the establishment of the public peace of the empire. Before this time every German noble, holding his fief from the emperor, was a petty monarch in his own domain, owing no allegiance but to the emperor, and acknowledging no authority but the remote, and scarcely felt, supremacy of the empire. Among the rights secured to them by imperial edict, was that of waging private war called *Faustrecht* (club law), after a three days' notice by way of defiance, called a *Fehdbrief*. Each baron had a fortress, from which he issued to make predatory incursions upon his neighbors, or to plunder the merchants who dared to cross his territories. Several of them would form leagues for mutual defence, or to make attacks upon the more powerful princes, the free towns, or the ecclesiastical states.

While the great princes, the bishops, and free towns, approved the edict and combined to enforce it, the petty nobles resisted it. The struggle was fierce and bloody in many places, and while it was in progress, the peasants and bondsmen remained in the most abject state of ignorance and oppression. The nobles and princes were only fighting for the power to oppress, and whichever party might succeed, the peasants would have merely a change of masters. Peasant insurrections burst forth which resembled in extent, and in atrocity, the Jaquerie of France, and that of Wat Tyler in England. One of the most formidable of these peasant risings was in the time of Luther, and the great reformer, patronized and protected by princes, fulminated the most coarse and bitter denunciations against them. The insurgents were beaten, and the aristocracy kept them in slavish subjection, until the decree of 1807, by which they were set free throughout Prussia. Similar decrees have since, in other German states, and in the Austrian empire, emancipated

nearly all the serfs. But personal liberty has not been accompanied by political freedom. Old laws and customs, absurd municipal regulations, restrictive duties and imports, the laws regulating trade, labor, marriage, and the right of residence and removal from place to place, continually remind the people of old oppressions, and bitterly impress them with the fact that personal liberty is not the whole of freedom.

In all the feudal countries, the mass of the population, aside from the nobility, was divided into three classes—slaves, villani, and freemen. The first had no right, but, like cattle, were treated and sold as the chattels of their master. The second were attached to the soil, *adscripti glebe*, and were transferred with the fief; bought and sold as a part of the real estate. The freemen were at first numerous. But as the feudal system gained ground, the small proprietors gave up their estates, and consented to hold them by feudal tenure, as the tenants and liege men of some powerful lord who could give them protection from the robbery and rapine of the petty barons. In many parts of France and Germany, however, the small proprietors persistently asserted their freedom, and held on to their possessions. But the greater part of these independent proprietaries were situated remote from castles and cities, in districts far from the traveled paths of commerce, and distant from the beaten tracks of armies. To distinguish them from feudal lands, they were called *allodial*. The terms are the converse of each other. An allodial estate is one that is not subject to any rent, due, or exaction whatever, from the owner to any higher or superior authority. The allodial tenure is now established as the legal ownership of land in most civilized countries, in the United States, in France, England, in most of the German States, and is about to be introduced into Russia.

Perhaps a better understanding of what serfdom actually was in other countries, and a better appreciation of the present condition of Germany, may be gained from a glance at the existing serfdom of Russia.

This great empire has only a little while been numbered among either Christian or civilized nations. Only a little while have her higher classes been on anything like an equality with those of Germany and Scandinavia, only a little while has she been once thought of as a rival, though she is now the most gigantic and formidable power on the continent, and makes the highest pretensions in all that belongs to nominal civilization.

The first man who possessed influence over a sufficient number of people to accomplish a settled purpose, was Rurik, who came from a little province in Sweden, called the country of the Russes. He was therefore a Russe, and thus gave name to all this great empire, which has ever since been subject to Russian princes. Yet he was little more than a border chief, and governed as the head of banditti rules his hordes. Next came four by the name of Ivan, whose deeds are thought worthy to be recorded in history, but need not figure in the simple annals of the poor, which are our especial province.

Boris Godinoff preceded Peter the Great. From him emanated the first formal decree concerning the people. The poor must ever be the servants of the rich, and when those in power are unprincipled and tyrannical, those who serve them are debased into slaves. In Russia, as yet, the serfs could

change masters at their will, and finding themselves in better condition on the farms of large than small proprietors, they moved whenever they believed it would be for their interest. Boris Godinoff saw that this perpetual migration was an injury to the small proprietors and the general interests of agriculture. He therefore issued a decree, which bears the date of Nov. 21st, 1610, saying, that from this day all migration should cease, and every peasant henceforth remain upon the farm where he was when this Ukase or decree was issued.

This measure proved beneficial to the present interest of the small proprietors and of agriculture, as it was intended, but excited the hatred of the large ones, and could not help resulting in final injury to the whole, so that ever after they numbered the day, upon which the decree was made, as one of the *fatal days* for the people, the first among the many which followed, in obedience to the will of her tyrants.

The second Ukase, from the same source, was indeed a more terrible blow to the freedom and happiness of the humble poor. Until now the number of serfs had been limited to prisoners of war, slaves purchased from foreign foes, and men who voluntarily sold themselves and their posterity. These classes were in no way identified with the free peasants, who cultivated the soil, or served as household domestics. When masters for any reason were displeased with their servants, they sent them away, and not being able to find employment, they often joined bands of robbers, or became professional beggars. The second Ukase of Godinoff, therefore, ordained that all who had served in the house of any proprietor a certain period, should become serfs, entirely at the disposal of their employers, who were not permitted to send them away on any pretence. Thus originated this terrible system of serfdom, which has been so long the curse and reproach of Russia. Thus fell instantly into hopeless bondage thousands and millions of helpless beings, to entail the same upon their children and children's children. The Emperor Nicholas was often heard to deplore their condition, but he did nothing to alleviate it.

At the time of this decree there were among sixty millions of people forty millions of serfs. Over the whole empire, except in the cities, there are only two classes—the master and serf. The serf is not allowed to own anything in his own right, and if he buys anything must purchase it in the name of his master or lord, who may at his pleasure deprive him of it.

The different orders of nobility in Russia, as at present existing, were instituted by Peter the Great, and consist of fourteen classes, all those belonging to them being *employees* of the government. The fourth class and all up to the ninth class in the military orders, and up to the fifth in the civil order, confer personal nobility. The superior classes confer hereditary nobility, but there exists no relation between the classes and the places to which they give the right. Sometimes the place is sought in order to obtain the class, and sometimes the class in order to obtain the place. But though originating with the great Peter, it has never been a popular institution among the people, who have ever prayed earnestly for its abolishment.

No proprietor can own serfs without belonging either to the ninth class in the military or fifth class in the civil service. Once upon this pinnacle of

greatness, the privilege of trafficking in human flesh is added to his other honors. The express word of the law is, that a serf cannot be sold, but with the land upon which he resides, yet it is so easily evaded that they are sold every day, singly or in numbers, without the least difficulty. In the contract the word *hire*, or *rent*, is substituted for *sale*, and one may *hire* as many serfs as he pleases for a hundred years. Another manner of evasion is to bribe the officers who record deeds of sale, and in various other ways proprietors barter their serfs, who have no security and no hope but in the will of their masters. So that without the shame and publicity of a public auction, human beings are sold—family ties are broken—mothers torn from their children, wives from their husbands, and the heart separated from all it holds dear, and those who bid and buy, remove their chattels to a distant province, where they may be again sold or rented in the same way—and again any number of times it may suit the convenience of those invested with such power; and so often is this done that love of home or birthplace has scarcely time to take root in the heart of the Russian peasant. But if it does, and the prospect of removal elicits an expression of attachment to the spot of his birth from any poor creature, and he prays to be allowed to remain amidst the scenes of his childhood, he is very likely beaten to cure him of his folly.

Alas! how surely power and selfish indulgence burden and corrupt the heart. How often it seems that privilege and the means of cultivation destroy every germ of humanity in the soul. Those who are free to enjoy every happiness and luxury, are the least willing to make sacrifices for the happiness of others.

We select a few from among the many stories we have learned, to illustrate the condition of those who have no choice but to obey those who rule over them, and proving that humanity is everywhere the same. A Russian seigneur is conversing with his guest concerning his serfs, and exclaims: "You see you do not know these people—such a race; you know my wife—an angel of goodness: well, she is principled against having married *femmes de chambre*. You see, if they are married they are no longer good for anything; children come, and, in fine, how can you expect a girl who is married, to hold herself ready to obey the commands of her mistress—to conform to her habits?—no, impossible. You know my wife—an angel of goodness; it would be difficult to find a woman of such sweetness and sensibility; her servants have not only an easy, pleasant life, but a Paradise. I will tell you a story. We—my wife and I—were riding one day in the country, and saw a pretty girl standing at her father's door. We stopped to look at her, and my wife said: 'I should like her.' We talk with her, and conclude to take her. But she is an only daughter—an only child—and her father is unwilling to give her up. This is too foolish—we take her, of course—she weeps and prays to be left with her father, and he falls on his knees to implore. No matter, we can't indulge such selfishness. She goes with us and serves us faithfully ten years. Then one day she enters my cabinet without knocking or asking permission, and falls on her knees at my feet. Such manners and familiarity I do not allow in my servants. A man should not thus lower his dignity.

"'Seigneur—father,' said she, 'a favor?'

"What favor?"

"Permit me to marry."

"I said, 'you know, you simpleton, that your mistress has no other *femme de chambre* but you.'

"Yes, monsieur, but I will serve her just as faithfully afterwards as I have to this time."

"Folly, folly, you know your mistress does not keep married *femmes de chambre*."

"Melanie can take my place."

"Do you dare to argue with me?"

"It will be as you wish, but"——

"When I heard this I really feared apoplexy. Nothing wounds me like ingratitude! I need not tell you that my wife is an angel of goodness. One would think the blackest ingratitude would be disarmed before her. I drove Ariana from my presence, and would not believe she would longer harbor such ungrateful thoughts. I could not believe there could be in a human heart such baseness. Five months passed and I began to be at ease again, but the sixth month she came again with the same request. I drove her from me with anger, and threatened to tell my wife; but a little afterwards, my wife came to me, beside herself with fear and distress. I said:

"What is the matter?"

"Ariana is"——

"You will understand—I blush to speak the word."

"Impossible, the wretch!"

"It is Petrouchka the lacquais."

"I was confounded; but as for Petrouchka he was not so very guilty—we could easily punish the monkey; but Ariana, the wretch! I have no patience to speak her name. I could have shaven her head and driven her naked through the streets, the ingrate. Such an excellent *femme de chambre*—such a loss to my wife, who is, as you know, an angel of goodness. Of course we sent her away; but my wife—you know my wife—an angel of goodness, and she was attached to this creature. Oh, how such ingratitude cuts my heart. Say what you will, there is nothing else to be expected of this class of people—no delicacy—wolves; but I have had a lesson," and here he turned away, and, adjusting his mantle, endeavored to conquer his agitation!

But sometimes marriages are enforced rather than forbidden, for human beings are the necessary machines for the aggrandizement of the lord. They are obliged to marry when the master chooses, and in the way he commands. A girl of eighteen is compelled to marry a boy of twelve, whose father or some other member of the family becomes the father of her children until her husband is of age. Machines must be born!

There is no power more absolute than that which the Russian seigneur exerts over his serfs—no class of people more helpless than those who serve a Russian lord.

"Who are you?" demanded a gentleman of a man whom he met on the banks of a river which watered the lands of the rich lady Aleana Timfana. Who are you, and what is your trade?"

"I am the fisherman of our lady."

"A fine fisherman you must be, with not a single boat upon the river."

"What is the use of a boat if there are no fish?"

"How long have you been fisherman?"

"Only seven years."

"And what were you before?"

"Coachman."

"And why did you leave that business?"

"The new lady dismissed the equerries."

"What lady?"

"The lady who bought us, Aleana Timfana—you know her—a great lady, and no longer young."

"No; but why did she make you a fisherman?"

"God knows. I was at her place of Tambeuf. She called together all the people in her service; when she appeared, we knelt to kiss her hand. After this she asked each of us what was our employment. When my turn came and I told her I was a coachman, she said: 'A coachman! A fine coachman, I should think, such a looking creature! You no longer belong to the number of my equerries. Go shave your head and cut your hair; you will be in future the fisherman of my establishment, and if my fish pond is not kept in order you will be called to an account. So you see what is expected of me, but I cannot make fish, and should like to know how a fish pond like this is to be kept in order.'

"To whom did you belong before?"

"To Serge Serghieitch Pehiref, who inherited us. I was his coachman in the country, but in the city he had another."

"You have been a coachman all your life?"

"Oh no, before I belonged to him, I was cook when we lived in the country, but not in the city."

"To whom did you belong when you were cook?"

"To his uncle of whom he inherited us."

"And of whom did the uncle buy you?"

"Of Titania Vaciliévna."

"And who was she?"

"Oh, she was the daughter of Bolkoff. She was never married—did you not know her? She inherited us from her father; she was our mistress twenty years."

"Were you her cook?"

"Yes, at first, but afterwards she made me Ko-fi-che-nok."

"Ko-fi-che-nok! pray what is that?"

"I do not know, only they changed my name from Kouzma to Auritown, and I was attached to the office—our mistress ordered it."

"Your real name was Kouzma?"

"Yes, Kouzma."

"And you were Ko-fi-che-nok seventeen or eighteen years?"

"No, I was part of the time actor."

"Bah, what sort of an actor?"

"Our lady had a theatre in a large chamber, and I played."

"And pray what part did you play?"

"Oh, they dressed me up, and told me to go here and there, and say this and that, and I did as they told me. Once I was blind man."

"What did you do after this?"

"Next I was cook again?"

"Why did they make you cook again?"

"My brother had run away."

"Well, what did you do when you lived with this lady's father?"

"Oh, in the family of her father I was all sorts of things. At first, I was errand boy, then postillion—that is, when they drove four horses I was mounted on a high saddle upon the left forward horse with a whip in my hand. After this, I was hunter."

"Hunter! with horses or dogs?"

"Oh, both; but I hurt myself and the horses, and we were both made lame. The master was very angry and beat me, and then sent me to be apprentice to a boot maker in Moscow."

"What! you were already a man when they made you hunter, and now you are sent to be apprentice to a boot maker?"

"I was then twenty years old."

"What! you were an apprentice twenty years?"

"Yes; the master ordered it, and I could not help myself; but he died then, and I returned to the village."

"But when did you serve as apprenticeship as cook?"

"Oh, they do not need to learn that; the women cook, and we taste, that is all," said the poor man, on whose wasted and jaundiced visage a smile tried in vain to play.

"Well, well; you have had quite a variety in your day; what will you do now since you are fisherman, and there are no fish?"

"I do not complain, but thank God that they have made me fisherman."

"Are you married? Have you a family?"

"Oh no, this is impossible; our lady does not permit her servants to marry. 'God forbid that I should suffer this,' she says."

"How do you live, have you a salary or any fixed wages?"

"A salary! Oh, sir, they give us food to eat, it is all that is necessary for us!" And this he seemed really to think, and to have no idea that it was possible for him to fill a higher and better destiny than this of being bandied about like a bale of cotton, subject to the caprices of heartless owners. The story is told by a Russian lord, and therefore cannot be suspected of exaggeration.

The absolute power which begins at the throne extends to all who exercise authority. There are no laws to protect the defenceless, nothing but individual responsibility to which they can appeal. The emperor is an autocrat—his will for the moment is law. Whatever may be on the statute book, he may at any time annul to gratify the slightest caprice. Peter the Great wished to advance civilization, and exerted his power as autocrat in the way he believed would best promote this end. But though his intentions were good, he was not infallible, and those who succeeded him were neither so wise nor so good as he. Yet they were autocrats all the same. If he could have lived a century longer, he could have constantly improved upon himself; for he

was ever ready to learn. But many who have succeeded him have been only too ready to sacrifice the good of the people to their selfish gratification. Even he sanctioned serfdom, and Catharine II. rewarded her paramours with serfs!

An amusing anecdote is given to show the danger of absolute power and absolute obedience with no intermediate steps upon which executioners may pause before inflicting the blow, or to which the accused may appeal for justice. Catharine had a favorite dog whom she had named *Sunderland*, for an Englishman who had given him to her. He died suddenly, and she ordered him to be skinned, merely saying, "Let *Sunderland* be skinned." The order was transmitted through various mouths to the proper authorities for performing the humane act of skinning, without comment, and, when it reached the executioner, he supposed himself ordered to slay a man who was originally a foreigner, but had become a Russian citizen and banker of the empress, and who bore the same name as her dog.* If he did not obey instantly a command of the empress, he might suffer the same punishment himself, and therefore prepared immediately the instruments for this revolting operation. But the poor man being an official of the empress, his title obtained for him a respite, and when she heard what had nearly been the consequence of her laconic words, she was in consternation, but only reflected upon it as an individual instance, and not as a certain effect of unlimited power. How many heads have fallen in obedience to the mandates of kings and emperors, who have themselves afterwards bitterly repented, and if there had been some restriction that prevented the immediate execution of their decrees, their anger would have cooled, and lives, which perhaps they valued most, would have been spared to them. Those who obey autocrats are automatons, and know that the penalty of disobedience is certain death to themselves.

For every trifling offence beating is the punishment; and it is quite possible to get beaten for no offence at all, as a poor man found to his sorrow, who went to the office of police with the passport of his master. When he returned with bitter lamentations he complained that he had received fifty blows of the *bâton*, because the emperor, in walking, after a rain, when the streets were slippery, had fallen, and those whose business it was to keep the streets in order had failed in their duty. They had been summoned to receive their punishment at the moment when he happened to enter to get the passport inspected, and all who were present were beaten without inquiry as to their guilt. And to this injustice the master only replied, "Very well, if you did not deserve it this time you will another, and so you have it in advance, which is perhaps the best way." There seems scarcely ever to exist the attachment between the lord and his serf, which is so common between the negro and his master, and which is at least a mitigating circumstance in a relation so full of evil. Utter selfishness seems to be the result in the bosom of man or woman who is invested with absolute control over a fellow being. Who would believe it possible that a woman's heart could become so hard, and the

* A porcelain cast of this famous dog may be seen at the Johanesse Palace of Dresden, made at the porcelain manufactory of that city after a drawing furnished by the Empress Catharine herself.

milk of human kindness so turned to gall in her bosom, or the instincts of virtue so sensualized and debased in her soul, as we could show by thousands of instances, does really happen, where she is allowed a life of selfish indulgence? We give another story in the words of the author, who witnessed it :

"This morning, whilst I was in company with the prince, there entered Dimitri, the valet de chambre of the prince, and Axiana, the femme de chambre of the princess. Dimitri was born upon the lands of the prince, and had served in his house 25 years. His service had commenced at the age of ten, at first by scrubbing floors, doing errands, and acting as postillion. When older he became laquais, and afterwards *valet de chambre* of the prince, and had for twenty years fulfilled the duties of his office with a fidelity and devotion seldom equalled. In his attachment there seemed something of the instinctive and submissive affection of the dog. His honesty was irreproachable, owing perhaps to his almost idolatrous worship of the prince and everything that belonged to him. He entered slowly, with Axiana by his side, exhibiting his embarrassment by rubbing his cheek and hesitating how to commence his petition. Axiana was dressed as a seamstress, and with her eyes cast down was blushing even to her ears.

"Dimitri approached the prince, and asked to kiss his hand; but instead of offering it, the prince, who anticipated something disagreeable, demanded quickly, 'Well, what do you wish?'

"'Your excellency,' stammered Dimitri, 'see, I am come with Axiana, and if your goodness would be so great—if you have nothing against it, I would like to marry her.'

"'What! what do I hear?'

"'It is a long time, your excellency, that I have loved Axiana; you know, your excellency, that we are from the same village—that she is a good girl. I have thought, I have hoped'—

"'You have thought—you have hoped that I would permit you to marry; simpleton that you are. There are strange people indeed in the world. Here is Dimitri who thinks he has but to wink, and behold, he is established in a household of his own. No, sir; I shall not consent.'

"Dimitri and Axiana did not move, and at that moment entered the princess.

"'What has happened?' asked she, seeing the prince angry, and the domestics confounded.

"'It has happened,' said the prince, 'that this young gentleman has demanded the privilege of marrying this young lady.'

"'Marrying!' exclaimed the princess, laughing at the same time derisively; 'really this is curious enough. You wish to marry,' she added, looking at the two domestics.

"Dimitri was abashed—Axiana blushed and trembled. 'Yes, this is fine indeed,' continued the princess; 'we raise these creatures, feed and clothe them, and train them for our service, with the greatest pains and trouble, and scarcely are they fit for their places, when they wish to go. Ingrates!'

"'But, your excellency,' said Dimitri, 'we will serve you faithfully all our lives.'

"The prince shrugged his shoulders and muttered, 'simpleton!'

"'Serve us!' cried the princess; 'are you a fool? How could Axiana serve me when she has, or is having children? Do you not see if you marry we shall be obliged to send you into the country?'

"'Ah, well,' said Dimitri, 'we will go into the country and work in the manufactory; you shall be satisfied with us.'

"'Send you away?' exclaimed the prince, 'is it for this we have brought you up, made you a *valet de chambre*, to work in a factory? Speak!'

"The two remained silent.

"'You see, then, you have acted like fools; go! drive marriage and all such folly from your heads. Think only of serving your masters, and praying to God; this is much better. Go!'

"They went out slowly and sadly. I was astounded and grieved, and said to the prince,

"'These domestics have served you a long time, faithfully?'

"'Yes; this knave, Dimitri, 25 years, and this girl, Axiana, 15 years.'

"'And they have been faithful to you?'

"'Zounds, they are my very best domestics; and for this reason it is so base in them—for this reason their presumption exasperates me.'

"'On the contrary; I should have thought this would have been a reason for granting their request.'

"'What!'

"'Yes, I should have thought services so long and devoted, merited a reward, and I would have permitted them to marry, not only because they are honest and love one another, but from gratitude.'

"The princess smiled, and said, 'this would be the way in a novel or romance, but we are actors in real life, and when we have a good domestic it is policy to keep him as long as possible.'

"'But you break the hearts of these poor people, and perhaps drive them to sin. You already complain of the immorality of your domestics. Are you not also guilty, if you thus force them to guilt?'

"'Oh, we cannot descend to argument and details, we only know we wish to be well served. Indeed, does Dimitri think of depriving me of my best *femme de chambre*? We will see; if he still persists in marrying, we will furnish him with a wife that we can spare better, and that will do just as well for him.'"

This is the religion of a woman who professes to be governed by Christian principle—the morality of a woman who considers herself a model of purity. She is what the world calls moral, because she has had no temptation to be otherwise, but her code concerns only dukes and princes. What her servants may be she cares not as long as they serve her well. For herself she probably made a marriage of love, but what right has a domestic to pretend to a heart, or even to human feeling? As far as affection and morality are concerned he is looked upon as a brute, and for disobedience he deserves only the scourge. What must be the life of those compelled to such a cold and heartless servitude? How can they feel even a brute's regard for their masters? and not being permitted to love one another, how can there be a single stimulant to exertion—a single sweet in the bitter cup of life?

The marriage bond among serfs has none of the sacredness and permanency

that it implies among superior beings, but may be rent asunder by the master at his pleasure, and women in high station are so brutalized that they look upon the marriage covenant as a tie subject entirely to their interests and caprices. We have read, in good authority, the story of a countess who, having been absent many years from her estates, returned to find her slaves had formed many marriages in her absence, and though they had been consecrated with all due ceremony by priest and before the altar, she did not hesitate to rend them asunder, because they were not according to her ideas of physiological fitness. In a fury she said to the intendant, "Is this the way you execute my orders? Marrying blonds with browns, and browns with reds? Send that fool of a priest to me; is this the way to marry people? We will have this sottishness remedied." The priest came, and after a violent reprimand, was obliged to go to church to bind, in new links, those whom he had stupidly pronounced "husband and wife," and assured "God had joined together." The countess evidently had not become a convert to a more modern theory of marrying according to physiological developments; she wished "blonds to be married to blonds, and browns to browns," and the old ties being severed, the new ones were formed according to her ideas of the order and fitness of things in the holy state of matrimony.

When we come to write of German peasantry, we shall see many things sad to behold, but it will be a pleasant contrast to all this. But even the servitude here, and the miserable state of those who are in bonds have in them nothing to excite our horror, or move our pity like the debased and brutal hearts of those who are lords and ladies. Surely it is better to be the trampled serf, than him who thus ruthlessly crushes the blood from human hearts, and looks on unmoved to see the writhings of a human soul. Who would take the gift of such a power, after once having seen its effect on him who exercises it? Who would not shudder at the thought of being transformed from a being of love and mercy, to a cold and heartless executioner, to whom blood and anguish have become pleasant things, and selfish gratification the one only object of interest in life? The serf is to be pitied, but may he never become something a thousand times more deplorable, the unbridled master of another.

In Germany we shall see poverty, but in every home, however humble, there will be the light of love, and where this burns bright, the darkness will not be all darkness. A happy family does not sink under the weight of poverty. There is no evil so great that love will not lighten it, no cup so bitter that love will not sweeten it, and though there may be now and then a happy household, and indissoluble links between loving hearts among slaves, there is ever the harrowing fear that they will be ruthlessly blighted and sundered, and too often the more harrowing reality of broken and bleeding heart-strings and desolation of spirit.

APPENDIX C.—(Page 72.)

THE remarks of the authoress upon the character and capacity of government officials are worthy of attention in this country. It is to be hoped that the time will never come when offices, in state and nation, from President down to fence viewer, will be held for life or for long terms. Rotation in office, whether brought about by the triumph and defeat of rival parties, or by the removal of old, and appointment of new officials, is a salutary principle in politics. If the public suffer much from the inexperience, ignorance, and venality of new men, all history proves that incapacity and corruption are certain evils under hereditary or life-long rulers.

As long ago as 1821, Baron Stein, in a letter to Von Gagern, expressed opinions of the government officials strikingly similar to those of the text.

"For myself I can say nothing more about public affairs than that while I have little confidence in the present leaders, I have an unbounded trust in Providence; and that necessary as a constitution is to Prussia, and beneficial as it would be, if fairly worked, I expect nothing from any machinery, which will necessarily be opposed by the persons who have possession of the king's ear, and the court influence generally: and I see plainly that we are still, as we have hitherto been, to be governed by salaried persons, *equipped with mere book learning*, without any substantial interest in the country, without property, by mere bureaucratists—a system which will last so long as it can last—'*Das geht so lange es geht.*' These words contain the soul of our and such like spiritless *government machines*: in the first place salaried—and this implies a tendency to maintain and to multiply the number of salaried officials; then *book-learned*—that is living in the world of the dead letter and not in the actual world; *without interest*—for these men stand in no connection with any class of the citizens who are the mass of the state: they are a peculiar *caste* these men of the quill; lastly, *without property*—this implies that they stand unmoved by all changes that affect property, in sunshine or in rain, with taxes high or low, with old chartered rights maintained or destroyed, with independent peasants or a rabble of mere journeymen, with a dependence of the peasants on the proprietors, or of all on the Jews and the bankers, it is all one to the bureaucracy. They draw their salary from the public purse, and write—write—write on—secretly—silently—invisibly with shut doors—unknown—unnoticed—unnamed—and bring up their children after them, to be what their fathers were—very serviceable writing machines.

"Our machinery—the old military machinery—I saw fall on the 14th October, 1806; possibly the machinery of the desk and the quill and the red-tape has a 14th of October already doomed for it in heaven."

Words of sober truth and serious import, of which we should take heed in

this country, and never let the idea gain ground that government is a thing apart from the people—an instrument to rule the people—instead of a creation of the people to manage their joint interests, and promote the general welfare.



APPENDIX D.—(Page 86.)

COMPARE the remarks of the authoress, with the following extract from Alison's History of Europe. Vol. ii., Chap. 48, page 586.

“Gerard David de Scharnhorst, who was now intrusted with the military direction of Prussia, and whose great scientific abilities subsequently rendered him so distinguished in the fields of European glory, had quitted the Hanoverian service for that of Prussia in 1801. Taken prisoner at Lübeck, but subsequently exchanged, he had powerfully contributed, by his decisive conduct at the critical moment with Lestocq's corps, to the brilliant result of the battle of Eylau. In him a blameless life and amiable manners were combined with the purest patriotism and the soundest judgment; exalted attainments were undisfigured by pride; vigor of thought was adorned by simplicity of character. The perfection of the French military organization, as well as the energy of their army, appeared to him in painful contrast beside the numerous defects and dejected spirit of that over which he now presided; but, instead of sinking in despair under the difficulties of his situation, he was only inspired by the magnitude of the evil with additional ardor in the work of amelioration, and induced, like Stein, to take advantage of the general consternation to effect several salutary reforms, which, in more tranquil times, might have been seriously obstructed by the prejudices of aristocratic birth or the suggestions of interested ambition. Boldly applying to the military department the admirable principles by which Stein had secured the affections of the burgher classes, he threw open to the whole citizens the higher grades of the army, from which they had hitherto been excluded, abolished the degrading corporeal punishments by which the spirit of the soldier had been withered, and removed those invidious distinctions which, by exempting some classes from the burden of personal service in the army, made its weight fall with additional severity on those who were not relieved. Every department of the service underwent his searching eye; in all he introduced salutary reforms, rectified experienced abuses, and electrified the general spirit by opening to merit the career of promotion; while the general strength of the army was silently augmented to an extent which afterwards became in the highest degree important, by the introduction of an equally simple and efficacious regulation. By the subsisting engagements with Napoleon, it was provided that Prussia should not keep on foot more than forty-two thousand men, a stipulation which at once cast her down to the rank of a fourth-rate power,

and totally disabled her from assuming the attitude of resistance to the numerous and hourly-increasing demands of the French armies. To elude its operation, and at the same time avoid any direct or obvious infringement of the treaty, he took care never to have more than the agreed on number of men at once in arms; but no sooner were the young soldiers sufficiently drilled than they were sent home to their hearths, and other recruits called to the national standards, who in like manner, after a brief period of service, made way for others in succession. By this simple but admirable system, which is the true secret of the political strength and military renown of Prussia, so much beyond the physical resources of the monarchy, a military spirit was diffused through the whole population; service in the army came to be considered, instead of a degradation, as an agreeable recreation, after the severe labors of pacific life; the manner, carriage, and intelligence of those who returned from their standards were so superior to those of the rustics who had remained at home, that no Prussian damsel would look at a youth who had not served his country; the passion for arms became universal; and while forty thousand only were enrolled in the regular army, two hundred thousand brave men were trained to arms, and ready at a moment's warning to join the standards of their country.

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